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BOMBING CAN WIN

by AIR MARSHAL SIR PATRICK PLAYFAIR

THIS summer and autumn the RAF and the USAAF, working in combination, have demonstrated their air superiority over Western Europe. Now two questions of utmost urgency have arisen: First, how much damage has our bombing done *inside Germany*? Second, to what extent can our raids be stepped up in the months immediately ahead?

For an answer to these questions the *Atlantic* turns first to Air Marshal SIR PATRICK PLAYFAIR, K.B., C.B.O., K.B.E., who was born in India in 1889, educated at Cheltenham and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. He was gazetted Second Lieutenant to the Royal Flying Corps in 1912, and as a flying officer served throughout the First World War. He was decorated with the Military Cross in 1916, and with the American Distinguished Service Medal for his service as Commander of the first two United States air squadrons to fight with the British in 1917-1918. Bombing by air has been a lifelong specialty of Sir Patrick's. From 1938 to the outbreak of the present war, he was in command of Bomber Group No. 1. In September, 1939, he went to France in command of the advanced air striking force. In August, 1940, he became Commander-in-Chief of the RAF in India — a post he held until his recent return to England. — THE EDITOR

THE appearance of an almost wholly new form of warfare is a very rare event. It has happened only a few times in history. Large-scale attacks by bombing aircraft on the centers of production of an enemy nation are, however, a new form of warfare in the full meaning of that term. They are neither military nor naval attacks, nor are they even a revolutionary development of those traditional forms of fighting as were, for example, the submarine and the tank. They are a new form of warfare altogether.

No wonder, therefore, the world is finding it exceptionally difficult to assess the results, potentialities, and limits of this new arm. After all, an immense body of traditional lore and doctrine has been built up on the subjects of both military and naval strategy.

No such body of established knowledge can possibly exist in the case of air fighting. The most we can do is to assess as clearly and objectively as possible the short history of air warfare, and to reach in the light of that assessment tentative conclusions which again must be opened to continual revision.

The natural mistake of the soldier (who supposed that the incontestable fact that neither Alexander, Caesar, nor Napoleon could reach a decision by means of air warfare had some bearing upon the problem with which we are faced) is only an extreme of the error which lies behind a question very often asked in both Britain and America today: "Can bombing alone win the war?" The operative word in this sentence is "alone," and in principle the question is so

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oversimplified that we cannot give it a straight answer. Nothing, for example, is more certain than that bombing alone could win a war in which, say, one side possessed ten thousand operational heavy bombers with air bases near to its enemy's centers of production, while the other side had only negligible air defenses. Such a war would be over in a few weeks. But that again is an entirely academic consideration in relation to this war, in which both sides are protected by the most elaborate defenses covering their centers of production, in which neither side possesses as yet a really large force of heavy bombers, and in which both sides are deeply and irrevocably committed to large-scale military and naval action.

To acquire any practical significance, we shall have to rephrase our question and ask whether bombing can prove the decisive factor in this war. If our enemy is being subjected to strains and stresses of different kinds, no one will be in a position to say which of them has finally made him crack. For instance, it is one thing to bomb, say at the rate of between five and ten thousand tons a month, a Germany which had no other considerable preoccupations and which could devote its great resources to defense and counterattack. But surely it is a different and more severe strain to bomb, as at present, a Germany stretched to the uttermost point of effort in maintaining over two hundred divisions on the Russian steppe and tundra, a Germany which has suffered casualties numbered in millions, which has to devote its vast productive resources almost completely to war goods, and which has therefore only the narrowest margin left for the production of consumers' goods to re-equip those who have been bombed out.

We begin to see then that the bombing offensive against Germany is merely one of the forms of strain to which the United Nations themselves must be subject and to which they in turn are subjecting their formidable opponent before he can be broken. At the end, no one will be able to say either that bombing won the war or that, on the contrary, bombing had little to do with the victory. Bombing was one of the indispensable means of attack without the use of

which the victory of the United Nations would have been long delayed and might even have failed of fulfillment altogether.

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It is more interesting and practical to attempt to assess the actual effects which our bombing offensive is having at the present time. Any inhabitant of the British Isles who approaches this problem will naturally be inclined to do so in the light of his and his nation's experience during the German bombing offensive against Britain in the nine months, September, 1940, to May, 1941. It is just this experience, however, which has made some people (most of whom perhaps were not in Britain during that period) skeptical of the attacks of bombing.

"How," we are sometimes asked, "do you expect to reduce Germany to submission by bombing when she could not reduce you eighteen months ago?"

A number of considerations are relevant here. In the first place, it is now possible to say that the bombing of Britain did not leave us as unscathed as some of our American friends in their generous enthusiasm for our resistance seem to suppose. A good deal of material damage was done, and although when fierce assaults have been successfully withstood a wave of elation and self-confidence naturally sweeps over a nation, this is not to say that there were not moments during the course of the assault itself when the nights seemed grim and the days brought little relief. However, the main reasons for the German failure to reach decisive results by bombing in 1940-1941 are of a simpler and more tactical nature.

First, they continued their day attacks long after the appalling losses which were being inflicted on them by our Fighter Command should have warned them that they could not establish daylight air superiority over this country. This lack of adaptability was symptomatic of Teutonic thoroughness — which always has its debit side. They turned to night bombing (during September, 1941) only after they had lost a very considerable proportion of their available bombing force. If they had retained all those aircraft

which they lost by day in the Battle of Britain proper, their night offensive would have been of a much heavier character.

The same lack of adaptability, but in this case more or less inevitable, can be discerned in the fact that the German Air Force was ill-trained and ill-equipped for night bombing. Their aircraft were designed primarily for day bombing, and in the case of the Stukas for close support of their army against an opponent who had insufficient fighter protection. This handicapped them in a campaign which proved to be of an entirely different character. Again, the types and sizes of the bombs which they carried were, at least in the early stages and judged by 1942 standards, almost toy objects when employed for mass attacks on great cities.

Secondly, for years the blackmail of an aerial bombardment of London has been hanging over our heads, and of recent years many a page of our national history might have been written differently but for the existence of this grim threat. To the enemy it must have been a tempting bait. The great city lay within a hundred miles or so of their bomber bases. It provided one of the few almost unmissable targets for a bomber. The Thames provided an ideal guide to the inexperienced pilot. London was the capital of the country, and even its partial destruction might have been expected to have a disproportionate moral effect. It was a very considerable center of production. The Luftwaffe fell for the bait and raided London on ninety-two nights in succession, with only three nights off (on which their aircraft were completely fogbound). This gigantic effort, which cost them dear, failed in effect. For all the advantages of London as a target were more than offset by one fatal disadvantage: London was simply too big. It could absorb a good deal more than the tonnage of bombs which the Luftwaffe could hope to deliver on it with the force that they then had available.

In short, the Luftwaffe was unsuitably equipped with respect to both aircraft and bombs for the attempt to reduce this country by night bombing, and its main target was wrongly selected. Furthermore, the phase of the war and the general position of this coun-

try were unfavorable for the success of such an attack.

The war was in its initial stage. Great Britain was not yet fully mobilized for fighting. Her productive resources had not been by any means completely transferred from peace to wartime purposes. She still had heavy stocks of food, clothing, furniture, and consumers' goods of all sorts with which she could rehabilitate her bombed-out families. Moreover (and this was even more important) she still had a considerable surplus of labor which could be drawn on to repair the damage without at the same time withdrawing workers from war production.

Finally, Germany did not subject Britain to any other form of attack during the course of the bombing offensive (except to the indirect attack of her submarines, not then in full force). Why she did not do so, why she did not mount at least harassing military attacks on some parts of the British Isles and thus increase the problems with which a hard-pressed Britain was faced, remains one of the great mysteries of the war. It may be that in her efforts to convince us as to the knockout effect on the nation of the bombing of London she succeeded also in hypnotizing herself. The enemy failed mainly because her attack was too small.

In spite of all this, however, we know that 43,000 civilians of Great Britain were killed, an equal number seriously injured, and a far greater number rendered homeless. Of the responsible men who guided the fortunes of the country, few did not breathe a sigh of relief when, during the summer of 1941, it became apparent that the bombing offensive had ended for the time being.

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Now compare this situation with the one which today faces the RAF and the USAAF, two squadrons of which I had the honor of including in my command in the last war. Not all the advantages are with us, of course. Our airfields are more distant from our targets, and those targets are much more formidably defended than was Britain in 1940-1941. But to set against these two disadvantages there are considerable advantages.

In the first place, both the USAAF and the RAF are equipped with aircraft and with bombs far more suitable for a sustained bombing offensive. The Bomber Command of the RAF is being steadily equipped with three heavy four-engined types, the Stirling, Halifax, and Lancaster, each of which carries several times the tonnage of bombs carried by the Heinkels, Stukas, and other German planes which raided us eighteen months ago. Even the two-engined Wellingtons — still an important part of the force at the disposal of the Bomber Command — are powerful aircraft expressly designed for this type of long-distance strategical bombing. The American B-17 Flying Fortresses and B-24 Liberators are formidable, effective, and well-defended bombers, and the British Mosquitoes and the American Bostons are a valuable support to the heavier aircraft.

Second, the bombs which we have now developed (as have the Germans also, as we shall know to our cost if they are ever able to free a considerable bomber force for a counterattack against our cities) are far more formidable instruments of destruction than were the bombs of yesterday. Attention has been fixed on the 3½- and 2-ton high explosive bombs which the RAF has been dropping on German cities. As our reconnaissance photographs show, the effect of these bombs is certainly very great. But the less spectacular incendiary bombs are probably of greater practical importance.

The character of bombing raids appears to be changing. The German raids lasted all night. A few aircraft at a time flew over a city in single file, as it were. Today many hundreds of aircraft attack the German cities in the space of about an hour. For example, several hundred thousand incendiaries were dropped on Cologne in the space of ninety minutes during the raid of May 30-31. Perhaps the Germans hoped by long-drawn-out attacks to destroy morale as they have done on the Continent. Our object, on the other hand, is to destroy the target completely, with morale as a secondary consideration. On the question of selection of targets, the advantage of experience is on our side. The Ruhr, by far the greatest center of population in all Europe, is the spot of Ger-

man territory nearest to the British bomber aerodromes, and it can't be shifted. The cities of the Rhineland and of North Germany — including Hamburg, the second city of Germany, and Cologne, the third — are all targets vital to the enemy, and their destruction would mean an immense contribution to the winning of the war.

This takes us to the final and most important consideration. The phase of the war and the position of Germany now are both quite different from the early stages and from the position of Britain in 1940. Germany is being subjected to the most violent strain by the Russian campaign. She has transferred an astonishing proportion of her productive resources to war purposes. She is really short of food, clothing, furniture, and other consumers' goods with which to rehabilitate bombed-out families. She has no pool of labor from which to draw for bomb-damage repairs without taking men off war production. *This, then, is the comparison which enables the authorities in Britain to be confident that they have the opportunity of inflicting far more important damage upon Germany than she was able to inflict upon us.*

I am not saying that is an easy job. The German defenses are formidable and ever growing, and they inflict losses upon our attacking bombers. On the other hand, the very necessity to build up this immense German defense system is in itself a heavy burden on the enemy. No less than one and a half million Germans are engaged on full-time defense work. Three quarters of a million of these are highly trained men of the German armed forces, working and servicing the guns, searchlights, night fighter squadrons, air communications, while the other three quarters of a million are engaged in fire fighting and all the other indispensable tasks of passive defense without which their cities would be burned to the ground.

Two other popular misconceptions as to the possibilities of a bombing offensive should be mentioned. It is sometimes suggested that even if we succeeded in destroying all the cities in Northern and Western Germany, the German war effort would be unimpaired, because their factories have been moved to the Southeast. This is an

error of scale. Of course, Germany has developed all the factories she can in Silesia, Saxony, Austria, Czechoslovakia, and all those regions which are less vulnerable to air attack. But in order to wage war on the present scale she must have the output of all these new factories *and* of those in the Ruhr, the Hamburg area, and the Rhineland. At least 50 per cent of the German productive capacity lies in this vulnerable area. The United Nations would not have much difficulty in crushing a Germany which had lost 50 per cent of her productive capacity.

The second error is also one of scale. It is sometimes thought, particularly in America, that Great Britain is simply not a large enough island to contain all the aerodromes necessary for the gigantic bombing force which is to be dispatched to Germany. But the island is not so small. After all, it is more than six hundred miles from John O'Groat's to Land's End. You can pack a lot of aerodromes into that space. Nor is there the slightest difficulty about finding suitable sites for all the aerodromes which are needed, although the labor involved in constructing them, and to some extent the agricultural losses involved, are serious factors. However, we are overcoming them, and there will be plenty of bases for all — and more than all — the bombers that we can get assigned to the job.

4

The remarkable achievement of the United States Flying Fortresses and Liberators in bombing, with fighter escort, targets in Occupied France (for those alone are within the range of fighter aircraft) raises the exciting question of whether these aircraft may not be able at some future time to penetrate to German targets in daylight.

This prospect of a round-the-clock air offensive upon Germany is an extremely attractive one. Let us suppose that the industrial section of some great German city could be accurately bombed at dusk by several hundred American four-engined aircraft, set well alight, and then bombed a few hours later in the hours of darkness by a thousand RAF bombers. There is no doubt

that if the American aircraft could start serious fires in the German city, the percentage of bombs dropped on the following night which hit the target would be most significantly increased.

Again, daylight bombing opens up the possibilities of increasing attacks upon armament plants, factories, power stations. Already the RAF is almost daily undertaking this type of daylight attack on German targets. But these are raids by one or two of our ultrafast light bombers such as the Mosquito. If a hundred or so Flying Fortresses and Liberators could bomb accurately in daylight the great power stations and plants of the Ruhr, an immensely valuable contribution to the destruction of the German war potential would be effected.

These are all speculations for the future. What we know already is that the United Nations will undertake and are undertaking an ever mounting air offensive against the industrial centers of Germany. This does not mean that the Russians need no longer continue their heroic struggle against the German Army in the East or that the United Nations need not launch a large-scale military attack upon the common enemy. But through all and over all these struggles on the ground, the bombing offensive will go on and the production of the vital weapons of war of all kinds will be struck down. Key plants will be hit; products which are of high importance for the battle on the ground will never be produced or will be destroyed; hundreds of thousands of German factory operatives will be deprived of the housing upon which their efficient working depends. Our best estimate is that 200,000 persons had to be evacuated from Cologne after the raid of May 31. The displacement of these factory workers and the destruction of the factories will continue at an ever increasing scale until the enemy can no longer supply the fighting men with their material requirements of all kinds or maintain the home front. The attrition will have become exhaustion, and the end will be near. But we must have the means to do it — more and more and more bombers; and we must get on with the job at once!

BOMBING CAN WIN

We Can Do It Now

by FRANCIS VIVIAN DRAKE

An American citizen, FRANCIS VIVIAN DRAKE, has been flying ever since 1912 when he received his first instructions in aerodynamics from Handley Page. English-born, Mr. Drake was an early volunteer in the old RFC. He flew at the front from 1915 through 1917, survived many a dogfight, was twice wounded, and after being brevetted Major was sent to this country to instruct American and Canadian pilots. He became an American citizen, followed with ardent and professional interest the development of the American transport planes, flew with his wife the long hauls to South America and across Europe. An unshakable advocate of the air potential which we have at our command in this country, Mr. Drake began publishing in the *Atlantic* in 1940 a series of articles ("The Air Force We Need," January, 1940; "Hitting Power: Does Our Air Force Lack It?" October, 1940; "Air Power: A Specific Proposal," June, 1941; "Victory Is in the Air," March, 1942) urging that we protect ourselves with the weapons capable of swift and decisive victory.

— THE EDITOR

HUGE United States assembly lines last summer achieved for the first time a bomber production that justifies our use of the term "Air Power." For the first time we have in our hands a new and primary weapon of war. There is one basic requirement for its effective use: *concentration*.

To use Air Power decisively means concentrating a lot of big planes at one place. Instead of this, our new bombers have been dispersed all over the world in support of surface forces. In some theaters, the South Pacific and North Africa, this course is unavoidable, and no bombers can be withdrawn from current battles without inviting catastrophe. In principle, however, we shall throw away our most vital asset unless we observe two common-sense principles: —

(1) Just as there is a naval theater where all forces — sea, land, or air — support the naval effort, and just as there is an army theater where all forces support the land effort, so there is an *air theater* where air is the primary and not the supporting weapon. In this war, the air theater is Germany, the vital heart of enemy production which cannot be attacked by either the army or the navy.

(2) *Time* is of critical importance in organ-

izing this air theater, because of the current shift of German war industry to Southeastern Europe, and because of the increasing Nazi production of big bombers like our own. If the enemy is given time to build these bombers up to a mass force, England may be so crippled that we shall be unable to strike in force from her base.

Therefore, immediate concentration remains the dominant need. A few hundred small planes here and there may injure but they can't destroy. A few thousand big planes pounding continuously at one target can smash it utterly.

It is such Air Power that the United States now has in its grasp. By October, 1942, our bomber plants were pouring out multi-engined long-range bombers in such numbers that United States Air Power had begun to dwarf anything ever produced by any other nation. If even one half of our potential Air Power were *concentrated* it could destroy the main Nazi war industry inside Germany proper in one long, irresistible assault. And we now lack very little to begin the job. We have the crews, the spares, the fuel, the bombs. Most important of all, we have the operating bases ready for use.

Major General Ira C. Eaker, head of the United States Bomber Command in Europe, stated last September: "There are enough airdromes in the British Isles, now built and building, to accommodate all the Allied Air Forces needed for the destruction of Germany."

United States Air Power should at last be recognized as a great primary weapon, instead of being subordinated to the support of surface attack. Though every admiral and general in the United Nations knows that victory is utterly impossible without an offensive, the RAF's heavy bombardment of the Reich has been the only direct assault upon Germany itself. Even if we control the whole of North Africa, there still remains the formidable distance between our fighting forces and the vitals of the Axis war machine. The direct attacks of the RAF are hurting the Reich badly. Russian Intelligence reported to Wendell Willkie that "the raids on Germany have had a devastating and demoralizing effect on the German people." At the same time, not even the heaviest of these raids approaches the *decisive* force of Air Power that it is now ours to deliver.

The RAF is doing all it possibly can. It is using every heavy bomber it has. It cannot do more. The air chiefs know that victory is in their grasp if they can only step up the bombing rate. Air Marshal Harris, head of the RAF Bomber Command, said early this year: "If I could send a thousand bombers over Germany every night, Germany would not be in the war by autumn." General Eaker reported from England: "I believe it is possible to destroy the enemy from the air. It should be recognized that Air Power is the most powerful means we have to win the war." These men are the professionals who talk facts, not theories. They are the men best qualified to judge the value of Air Power. The time is long overdue when they should be listened to.

The proposal to concentrate half our bombing power for an air offensive against Germany does *not* involve abandonment of existing fronts in the Pacific and in Africa. I repeat that if only *half* our current bomber production were concentrated in England,

we could launch against Germany proper a reign of devastation that could successfully reduce to rubble her whole means of supplying her armies. General Eaker has said: "By destroying the enemy's aircraft factories you can put an end to his air force. By destroying his munitions plants and communications you can bring his army to a halt. By destroying his shipyards you can make it impossible for him to build submarines. There is nothing that can be destroyed by gunfire that cannot be destroyed by bombs."

Russia alone, with her titanic engagement of the Nazi armies, has kept the door of opportunity open for us. As long as she holds, the Nazi citadel, strained to breaking point by the Russian campaign, remains critically vulnerable to air attack.

2

The Nazi war machine is acutely aware of its predicament, even if we are not. Said General Erich Quade of the Nazi Air Force on September 4: "Because of Russia, the second front must be stripped to the lowest possible limit. Germany and the whole of the Greater Reich *are* the second front. Those areas which are subject to heavy bombing by the RAF should remember that they give their life for final victory."

Nothing is more certain than that the Nazi High Command thirstily awaits that moment when it can summon back from Russia the main force of its Luftwaffe. Over the German radio Colonel Gertz, of the Nazi Air Force, threatened that in the next all-out air campaign against Great Britain "extensive raids on an unprecedented scale will be launched . . . by heavy new bombers." A few days later it was "officially confirmed" in London that the new Heinkel 177, which has been used in experimental raids over England, is equipped to carry "the heaviest load of any bomber ever to fly over England." Thus there is absolutely no doubt that the Germans are looking ahead to the day when, so they are told, the Luftwaffe can knock England out of the war. They are already copying our type of production, stressing the big Heinkel bomb-

ers instead of the ground attack planes used against Russia. We must not take lightly General Quade's threat: "When we are finished in the East, thousands of bombers will be freed for operation over Britain."

Even if they don't succeed in an actual knock-out of England, the island may be crippled. This is a grim prospect, involving as it does the indefinite prolongation of the entire war. This and her own peril drive Russia to cry out for a second major front in Europe while there is still time. The United Nations High Command is aware of the vital importance of this European front. It would indeed like nothing better than to be able to strike a crushing blow against the German citadel. But it is also grimly aware, as the general public apparently is not, of the plain arithmetic of supply and transportation.

3

A transportation system is a huge artery. From the heart — the factories — the artery leads off full-size. Within the United States our arteries continue full-size until they reach our coastlines, rendering us invulnerable to invasion: all of our war machine can be brought to bear against an enemy at any continental point, while he is obliged to transport his war machine in a slender thread of ships.

But the moment we transfer our men and machines to ships, this same limitation begins to work against us. For every slow and dangerous mile that ships steam away from our shores our arteries contract proportionately. On every trip a percentage will be lost to the enemy, contracting the artery still more. Our shortest and strongest artery is the one that supplies England, 3000 miles away. But to take a ship there, unload her, and bring her back takes over a month. Supplying the Mediterranean battle fronts involves a round trip of some 10,000 miles. Every mile represents a progressive contraction of the arteries, until, by the time our supplies have approached the farthest fronts, they have shrunk so much that the heart back home is pounding furiously to get anything through at all. Thus we have the arteriosclerosis of war.

The Nazis, on the other hand, have only to man their Channel defenses, some 300 miles from their central factories — a job for which von Rundstedt maintains a million men and ample equipment. To back an invasion of Europe from the United States, we shall have to pump many men and an enormous tonnage of equipment through 3000 miles of sea-lane arteries.

Now, in the light of these fundamental realities, let us examine the case for a second front *in the air*. We find: —

- (1) A fortified working base (England).
- (2) Essential weapons (our heavy bombers), all self-transportable from factory to foe.
- (3) Surface-transported equipment so small by comparison to that of land offensives that it can be moved and sustained without undue strain through our shortest and strongest artery.
- (4) An attack that can be brought to bear directly against the actual heart of the enemy on which his own arteries depend.

All that is needed to launch our air offensive against Germany, in brief, is the command to assemble the necessary material.

4

The destruction of Germany from the air is essentially a trucking job. A bomber's business is to lift its cargo off the ground, truck it into Germany, and hurry back for another load. Its cargoes consist of explosives. They are packed in thin casings containing ten times more explosive than will go into an artillery shell of equal weight.

A bomber, in brief, implements in every respect the basic purpose of all modern warfare, which is the destruction of men and machines by explosive power. Although it is the newest of all agencies of destruction, a bomber is also the most crushingly effective and the most economical. It can inflict damage out of all proportion to its size and cost. A single heavy bomb can raze an entire city block, wrecking the surrounding area besides. The entire cargo of a bomber, whether or not it strikes its primary objective, lands inevitably on the enemy. Even if a bomber is shot down, the result must be the same. There is no possible way — barring explosion in mid-air — in which

the enemy can prevent complete delivery of the cargo of death, once it is over his territory.

Furthermore, in mass raids the combat loss-rate has been brought down from 10 per cent to 4 per cent. The RAF commander of the Cologne raid reported: "There was little or no opposition over the target, I think because there were so many aircraft that the ground defenses could not cope with them."

The more frequently deliveries can be made and the heavier the load, the more destructive is the effect, the fewer the losses, and the less the enemy's chances of recovery. To bomb Germany completely out of the war, beginning now, involves one basic requirement: the trucking of enough tons to do the job.

It is even possible for us to calculate just how much it *would* take to do this. From actual experience we know how many tons of explosives it requires to annihilate a square mile of buildings, allowing for the misses. When the war started, we knew the exact location of most of the important plants in Germany and we have received considerable information since. We know how many tons of bombs it will take to destroy these plants. We also know how many tons the Nazis dropped on Coventry and on London, what was the resultant damage, and why they could not keep it up. Finally, we know that we are now ready to truck *between twelve and twenty times that tonnage* of bombs to Germany every night and to keep it up indefinitely.

5

The extent of our present bombing power, if it were *concentrated*, is staggering. For example, if we should take half our production for the next few months and fly it to bases already prepared in Britain, we could team in with the British and form a Joint Task Force of 3000 medium and long-range bombers. The bombers can carry from three to eight tons of bombs apiece, across the length and breadth of Germany.

Summarized, this is what the Joint Task Force could do:—

Total force available	3000 bombers
Average force used per bombing night (balance kept in reserve for the next night, etc.)	1000 bombers
Average number of bombing nights per month permitted by weather (RAF experience)	10 nights
Tons of bombs per flying night	3000-5000 tons
Tons of bombs per month	30,000-50,000 tons

Now let us compare this performance with the famous blitz that almost defeated Britain. The worst Nazi raids were on Coventry and on London, and this is the tonnage comparison of bombs:—

Coventry raid (during two nights)	400 tons
Proposed Joint Task Force (during two nights)	6000-10,000 tons
Heaviest Nazi tonnage in one month (on London, during September, 1940)	3000 tons
Joint Task Force, one month	30,000-50,000 tons

Mark these figures well. They contain the essential elements of victory. They comprise no airy-fairy dream of what we might be able to do in 1944. They show what we can do *now*.

To make the present air offensive decisive, it is necessary to step it up and to keep it up. To keep it up, at a rate of 30,000 to 50,000 tons a month, at the present combat loss-rate of about 4 per cent per raid, involves replacements of about 600 bombers and crews per month. *This is well below the joint British-American rate of production.*

The Joint Task Force, in the first six months, could hurl some 300,000 tons of bombs into the *heart of Germany*. This would be the equivalent of over two million 15-inch demolition shells, the firing of which from guns would entail the bloody advance of millions of men through hundreds of miles over perhaps years of time. There are about thirty key cities which together make up so much of the German war effort that without them the Nazi armies could not function for long. In a six months' air offensive, the industry of those cities could be shattered by 10,000 tons of bombs apiece, against Coventry's 400 tons.

The conclusions I have presented are not the outpourings of fanaticism or bias. All of them derive from facts. They have been

attested by the ranking air commanders of the United States and Great Britain. If these conclusions can be refuted, they must be refuted with facts, not rhetoric.

If they are true, then it is true also that we are gazing upon the very face of Victory. If we can knock Germany out of the war, there will be open to the American, British, and Russian air forces an uninterrupted land bridge to within 1000 miles of Japan. What had been done to Germany could be done to Japan. Once the Japanese citadel is destroyed by Allied Air Power, the whole Japanese Pacific empire must collapse.

If we ignore our present opportunity for an all-out air offensive, we have no other course open but to await the outcome of the

great land offensives, to prepare to meet their heartbreak, their extortionate cost. In the First World War the total casualties were 37,000,000 — 58 per cent of those engaged. It is said that our own army is to number 10,000,000 men: Rear Admiral Percy W. Foote recently expressed as his personal opinion that "half of them would be casualties." Five million casualties! By comparison, our share in the cost of a six months' air offensive by the Joint Task Force could not exceed 50,000 to 100,000 men in crews and ground forces.

The whole of the Nazi war economy in Germany lies naked beneath the skies at the mercy of our newborn Air Power — the most vital target the world has ever known.



POEM IN AUTUMN

by MAY SARTON

Now over everything the autumn light is thrown
And every line is sharp and every leaf is clear,
Now without density or weight the airy sun
Sits in the flaming boughs, an innocent fire
That shines but does not burn nor wither.
The leaves, light-penetrated, change their essence,
Take on the gold transparency of the weather,
Are touched by death, then by light's holy presence.

So we, first touched by death, were changed in essence,
As if grief grew transparent and turned to airy gold
And we were given days of special radiance,
Light-brimmed, light-shaken, and with love so filled
It seemed the heartbeat of the world was in our blood,
And when we stood together, love was everywhere,
And no exchange was needed, if exchange we could
The blessedness of sunlight poised on air.

WHEN EAST MEETS WEST

by LIN YUTANG

1

TODAY the East and West must meet. It frightened me to read in the morning papers one day that Wendell Willkie was in Chungking last Friday and back in America this Monday — over the week-end, as it were. It was almost like magic. No matter what will be the type of world coöperation, we are sure that the East and the West will be living closely together, and dependent on each other. Somehow after the breaking up of the nineteenth-century political world, a new world must be forged out of the elements of Anglo-Saxon, Russian, and Oriental cultures.

When we come to Chinese civilization, the general impression is that it is a human, rationalistic, and easily understandable type of culture, and that the Chinese temper is humanistic, non-religious and non-mystical. That is true only to a certain extent. I agree entirely on its being humanistic; I disagree on its being non-mystical, for any culture which has a broad and deep spiritual basis must be in a sense mystical. However, if by “non-mystical” is meant the modern servile and shallow worship of mechanistic and materialistic facts, accurately observed and well tabulated, seemingly sufficient unto themselves, which is the prevalent type of thinking today, then I must repudiate that Chinese civilization ever fell so low. The fact is that any branch of knowledge —

whether it be the study of rocks and minerals or the study of cosmic rays — strikes mysticism as soon as it reaches any depth.

The nineteenth-century shallow rationalism naively believed that the question “What is a blade of grass?” could be answered adequately by considering the blade as a purely mechanical phenomenon. The contemporary scientific attitude is that it cannot. Since Walt Whitman asked that question with his profound mysticism, no one has been able to answer it, and no scientist will presume to answer it today. And let us remember: in that mysticism and distrust of the mechanistic view of the universe, Walt Whitman is peculiarly Chinese. It is my conviction that the progress of contemporary science is forcing modern thought to develop in the direction of depth and of a new synthesis of the mechanical and the spiritual, of matter and spirit.

In reviewing Chinese thought, one is struck by the vast differences both in style and method and in values and objectives. For what is Chinese philosophy? And does China have a philosophy, say, like that of Descartes or Kant, a logically built and coherently reasoned philosophy of knowledge or of reality or of the universe? The answer is proudly “No.” That is the whole point. So far as any systematic epistemology or metaphysics is concerned, China had to import it from India. The temperament for systematic philosophy simply was not there and will not be there so long as the Chinese remain Chinese. They have too much sense for systematizing. The sea of human life forever laps upon the shores of Chinese thought, and the arrogance and absurdities of the

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logician, the assumption that "I am exclusively right and you are exclusively wrong," are not Chinese faults, whatever other faults they may have.

Generally, the reader will find reading Chinese philosophers like reading Emerson. Egon Friedell's characterization of Emerson's method and style may serve as a perfect description of a Chinese philosopher:—

His propositions are there, unprepared, indisputable, like sailors' signals coming out of the misty deep. . . . He is an absolute Impressionist, in his style, his composition, and his thought. He never propounds his ideas in a definite logical or artistic form, but always in a natural and often accidental order which they have in his head. He knows only provisional opinions, momentary truths. He never sacrifices even a single word, sentence, or idea to the architecture of the whole. Things like "order of content," "introduction," "transitions," do not exist for him. He begins to develop this or that view, and we think he is going to weave it systematically, elucidate it from all sides and entrench it against all possible attack, but then, suddenly, some alien picture or simile, epigram or aperçu, strikes him full in the middle of his chain of thought, and the theme thenceforward revolves on a quite new axis. He calls his essays "Considerations by the Way," but everything that he wrote might equally be so entitled.

China's peculiar contribution to philosophy is therefore the distrust of systematic philosophy. I confess this must distress college sophomores, who are anxious to have systems that have no loopholes in them and are strongly entrenched against all possible attacks. They want to be able to say either that criminals are born and not made, or else that criminals are made and not born, and they want to *prove* it. The Chinese reply is that there is no such airtight system on earth and has never been any. Such systems do not exist except in the minds of the deluded, logical dunderheads.

Furthermore, the Chinese can ask a counter-question: "Does the West have a philosophy?" The answer is also clearly "No." We need a philosophy of living and we clearly haven't got it. The Western man has tons of philosophy written by French, German, English, and American professors, but still he hasn't a philosophy when he wants it. In

fact, he seldom wants it. There are professors of philosophy, but there are no philosophers. When one asks about contemporary philosophy in America, one thinks of Professor Whitehead. But what has the philosophy of Professor Whitehead to do with the common man? The fact is, the vast scientific knowledge of the modern age is disintegrating and falling by its own weight, so that philosophy itself has become a branch of physics or biology or mathematics. And when one reads the heavy volume of papers read before the Conference of Science, Philosophy, and Religion, trying to reunify modern knowledge, but comes upon such words as "objectives," "instrumentalities," and "procedures," and "determinant factors," and "processes," one has grave doubts that science, philosophy, and religion will ever be united again.

2

Our international world is rapidly coming to the end of an era. So is our modern intellectual world. The world of ideas is certainly going to pieces, because our traditional values are gone. That brings us to the second difference between Oriental and Occidental philosophy, a difference in approach and values. It does look as if accurately observed and beautifully tabulated facts are all that we have today; our moral values have disappeared, and they have disappeared in a curious manner that I shall try to explain.

There is a clear difference in approach between Chinese and Western philosophy, the approach of values and the approach of facts. This difference is curiously brought out by the contact of the East and the West. It strikes Western tourists as strange that the Chinese have no sense of accuracy, particularly of facts and figures. It is hopeless to get two Chinese to agree on the mileage between two neighboring towns or the population of either. And the Chinese equally cannot understand why a rough idea is not sufficient. Still more damning is the popular assumption by Western politicians that a question like the second front could be settled by the military leaders who have "all the facts," and no sense of judgment

whatsoever on moral, psychological, and political issues. If the Chinese had suffered from this statistical delusion, they would never have dared to take up arms against Japan.

As showing the Chinese ignorance of facts, there was a Chinese scholar who wrote in all seriousness that the human heart was on the right side of the chest; his technique was execrable — he could not possibly have felt his heart with his own hand. On the other hand, the Chinese can come back and reply, "What difference does it make whether the heart is on the right or on the left? If you cut it up, you are bound to see it anyway, and if you don't cut it up, you can't do anything with it. Generally you can't do anything with it anyhow, even if you do cut it up." The West will reply, "Ah yes, but we want to be scientific and accurate and find out where the heart is." And the Chinese will reply again, "It doesn't matter where you find the heart is; it is much more important to have your heart in the right place."

That represents briefly the difference between the approach of facts and the approach of values. H. G. Wells is suffering from the modern scientific Fact-Cult when he believes that we can reunify knowledge by his plan of a "world encyclopedia." He seems to think that the gathering and systematic presentation of data confer upon the scientist a godlike wisdom, that facts are like cold figures, and the human mind is like an adding machine, and that if you put all the facts into the machine, you automatically draw out the correct, infallible answer and the world will then be saved. The folly of this conception is beyond belief. We are suffering not from lack of facts, but from lack of judgment.

Chinese humanism, or Confucianism, concentrates on certain human values. Until we realize the vastness of the difference of approach, it will be found disappointing by Western readers. Confucianism excludes both physics and metaphysics, and concentrates on the values of human relationships. There are not many things we can discover about human relationships, and those few may seem to have little significance. But Confucianism says there is the knowledge of

essentials (*yili*) and the knowledge of externals (*shutu*); the knowledge of externals is the world of facts, and the knowledge of essentials is the world of human relationships and human behavior. For the knowledge of *shutu*, Confucianists had only contempt. Confucius says, Be a good son, a good brother, and a good friend, and "if you have any energy left after attending to conduct, then study books." From the Confucian point of view, the little may be so much, and the much may be so little.

For Chinese humanism in its essence is the study of human relations (*jenlun*) through a correct appreciation of human values, by the psychology of human motives, to the end that we may behave as reasonable human beings (*tsuo jen*). That is all. But it may mean a great deal. The Confucian point of view is that politics must be subordinated to morals, that government is a makeshift of temporization, law a superficial instrument of order, and a police force a foolish invention for morally immature individuals. "In presiding over lawsuits, I am as good as anybody; the thing is so to aim that there will be no lawsuits," says Confucius. And morally mature individuals behaving with dignity and self-respect can be produced only by education and culture and by a sense of moral order through cultivation of rituals and music. The conception of the means of achieving social and political order is poles apart from that of Western students of political science. "Guide the people with governmental measures and control or regulate them by the threat of punishment, and the people will try to keep out of gaol, but will have no sense of honor. Guide the people by morals and regulate them by *li* (the principle of social relationships), and the people will have a sense of honor and respect."

At once an antipodal point is set up against the whole fabric of Western social and political philosophy. According to the Confucian standpoint, the final test of a civilization is the human product — whether it produces a good son, a good brother, a good husband, a good friend, and a good individual who is extremely careful not to hurt others' feelings. Perhaps the produc-

tion of that individual who is most careful not to hurt others' feelings is the end of civilization; perhaps not — how can we know? But it is possible that to a man of the twenty-fifth century our social behavior as individuals and as nations may seem extremely uncouth, and some of the world leaders we are worshiping today may appear no more than barbarians with a tribalistic mind, as we think of Hannibal today.

3

But if we said to ourselves that the present disintegration of knowledge and collapse of values call for a restoration of certain human values, we should not know how to begin. The approach, the technique, the philosophical basis for the study of any kind of human values are not there. So long as the mechanistic technique and materialistic method continue to dominate the thinking of our college professors, it is patent that such values cannot be rediscovered. And by materialism I do not mean preoccupation with material progress, which is a popular charge against the Western world. I am all for material progress. I mean, rather, scientific materialism as a method and a technique and a point of view which has hopelessly paralyzed the European humanities and thrown them into utter rout and confusion.

It would be interesting to study how the professors of the humanities started the rout from their moral fortress and fled in fear of any distinction of good and evil or even moral emotions of any kind; how they came to live in mortal terror of taking sides and trained their minds to see all things objectively as mechanical phenomena, to be analyzed and explained and compared; how they ultimately came to be moral bats, disclaiming all judgments of morals and fearing moral platitudes like poison, and eventually had an abhorrence of the human free will and successfully eliminated conscience from their scholarship.

The Dean of the Union Theological Seminary invited a scientific colleague to give a talk at the morning prayers to the students. The scientist declined on the ground that his realm was "exact knowledge." Since

questions of good and evil cannot in their nature be classified under exact knowledge and God himself shows very little possibility of being reduced to a mathematical formula, good and evil are out of bounds for the professor. What are we to do about a situation like this? Since there is no way of tackling the problems of good and evil by either percentages or statistical charts, the problem must remain unsolved and ignored.

It would be interesting to make a study of the invasion of the humanities by scientific materialism, and of the betrayal of the humanities through the false instinct to ape the technique and paraphernalia of the natural sciences. There can be no conscience in the objective study of rocks and minerals or even of our animal friends, because the natural sciences call only for objectivity in an amoral academic attitude. When that scientific method is stolen and applied to the humanities, in the naïve belief that we are beginning to make the humanities true sciences, that amoral, objective method is carried over with it.

It happens, however, that disinterestedness, which is a virtue in the natural sciences, is and must be a crime in the human sciences. Humanities built upon this basis must be both untrue and inadequate on account of the different nature of the object and data of study. All human sciences are false sciences, and can be called "sciences" only in a figurative sense. I understand there are not only intelligence tests, dealing with such highly subjective matter as "social consciousness" and "personal charm" and "masculinity" and "femininity" and "force of character," but there is in a certain institution even a machine which gives you the correct percentage of a man's intelligence by just slipping the person's answers into the machine. The machine does everything. This is no more than a hoodlum trick practiced by the professors on the well-meaning endowers of the institution.

Because of the rapid rise in prestige of the natural sciences, about the middle of the nineteenth century all branches of human studies were beginning to call themselves "sciences." The words "organism," "natural law," "origins," and "evolution" were

applied to literary and historical studies. Auguste Comte had started the fashion by calling his new sociology "social physics" and society "an organism." What he meant when he said, "Society is an organism," no one has been able to make out. There was a veritable orgy of "fundamental laws" even in literary and social studies. Taine applied them to literary history, Marx applied them to economics, Zola applied them to the novel, and even Sainte-Beuve called his literary and biographical studies "the science of souls." Taine said in his Preface to the *History of English Literature*, "Virtue and vice are products like vitriol and sugar."

But there is no need to go back to history; there are plenty of modern instances. Dr. J. B. Watson one day made the astounding discovery of the possibility of studying the human mind without thinking and feeling, and thought he was on the point of making psychology a true science by eliminating such medieval terms as "consciousness," "will," "emotion," "memory," and "perception" and confining it to the measurements of mechanical impulses and response. His inspiration clearly came from his study of animal psychology. And as a result of the century of development, one need only think of Theodore Dreiser's view of man as a chemical compound, a trapped animal moving in the gigantic chaos of blind chance, blind urges and drives and moral irresponsibility. Cowperhead's inspiration is the squid and the lobster, as Parrington pointed out. We have come to the end of the road.

4

It can be proved that the world has gone to pieces as a direct result of scientific materialism invading our literature and thought. The professors of the humanities are reduced to the position of finding mechanistic laws governing human activities, and the more rigorous the "natural laws" can be proved to be, and the more freedom of the will is proved to be a chimera, the greater is the professor's intellectual delight. Hence the economic interpretation of history, conceiving history as a determinist cage and man as a trapped biped moving in the direction

of the supply of food. And Marx of course was proud of his "materialism" and his mechanistic view of history. For scientific materialism must spell determinism, and determinism must spell despair. It is therefore not an accident that the most admired spirits of our times, not the greatest but the most in vogue, are pessimists. Our international chaos is founded upon our philosophic despair: the despair of Beaudelaire, the despair of Huysmans, the despair of Hardy, the despair of Dreiser, the despair of T. S. Eliot, the eternal regret of Proust, the mild pessimism of Samuel Butler and Dean Inge and Aldous Huxley, and the violent despair of Picasso and the Cubists and Surrealists, Freudians, psychopaths, and hyperaesthetes.

Only a robust mind like that of Walt Whitman, who was not afflicted with the scientific spirit and who was in close touch with life itself and with the great humanity, could entertain an enormous love for the common man and an enormous faith in him. It is interesting to point out that the flowers of New England culture were so close to the Chinese: Whitman in his mysticism and his love for flesh-and-blood humanity, Thoreau in his pacifism and his rural ideal, and Emerson in his insight and epigrammatic wisdom. That flower can blossom no more because the spirit of industrialism has crushed it.

But such pseudo-scientific naturalism in the humanities must forever remain inadequate and pathetic. The tracing of mother love to ovarian secretions must in the nature of human life be inadequate, and is in fact one of the wickedest lies of such pseudo-science. Old mother rats do recover a spell of mother love when they get an injection of ovarian secretions; human mothers, except in the comparatively short period of nursing, must depend upon something else — the daily associations, perhaps common struggles against poverty, and stores of memories and habits of speech or some incorrigible foibles that endear the mother to the son and the son to the mother. The mother-and-son relationship of rats does not have that period. And what about the father, who has no ovarian glands? Science must forever abjure the possibility of demonstrating that

the father has any special secretions of any kind, when his wife conceives or has given birth to a baby. In the same way, our value of love has been destroyed by this kind of science, which began by confusing love with sex and ended by interpreting love only in terms of sex. Love has been dethroned from its pedestal. For this we have the Freudians to thank: —

No more privacy
Of mind and body; these students of mental history
Have stripped the fig-leaves, dispelled all mystery,
Sent the naked, shivering soul to the scullery,
And turned the toilet into a public gallery;

They've dulled the glamor of love, soured the wine of romance,
Plucked the feathers of pride, exposed to naked glance
The Inner Sanctum of sovereign mind, dethroned from its dais,
And crowned the rank-smelling Libido in its place.

Our conception of the nature of man has changed. The bottom has been knocked out of our human universe. The structure can no longer hold; something must break. Out of the shattered fragments of modern knowledge a new world of human values must be built all over again, and the East and the West must build it together.

THE SECOND HUNT AFTER THE CAPTAIN

by ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

I

JUST eighty years ago there appeared in the December issue of this monthly an article called "My Hunt After 'The Captain.'" It began in this wise: —

In the dead of the night which closed upon the bloody field of Antietam, my household was startled from its slumbers by the loud summons of a telegraphic messenger. The air had been heavy all day with rumors of battle, and thousands and tens of thousands had walked the streets with throbbing hearts, in dread anticipation of the tidings any hour might bring.

We rose hastily, and presently the messenger was admitted. I took the envelope from his hand, opened it, and read: —

Hagerstown 17th

To ——— H ———

Capt H ——— wounded shot through the neck
thought not mortal at Keedysville

WILLIAM G LEDUC

The Seer of Lake Bomoseen, the Town Crier, the man who wrote *Shouts and Murmurs* and *While Rome Burns*, ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT now steps forward to help the *Atlantic* commemorate the eightieth anniversary of "My Hunt After 'The Captain.'"

Now in those days it was the austere rule of the *Atlantic* that none of its contributions should carry a signature. Thus even when the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" had led the February issue in that same year, there was nothing to identify it as having been written by the wife of the great Dr. Howe, that handsome matron who had been a Miss Ward of New York. But in the case of "My Hunt After 'The Captain'" all readers in Boston (and the rest did not matter) must have spotted its authorship. For one thing, they were familiar with the style. When the *Atlantic* was launched in 1857, a series of discursive essays had, after a little lapse of twenty-five years, been resumed in its pages with these words: "I was just going to say, when I was interrupted. . . ." But even from one to whom the accents of the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table were not immediately recognizable there was no real effort to conceal the identity of the Captain or of him who had done the hunting. The mystery of the ——— H ——— who received that midnight

telegram was about as baffling as those puzzles which used to clutter the periodicals of the nineties, when the reader who enclosed ten cents was sure to receive a grand piano, a diamond-frame bicycle, or at least a drawing-slate if only he could, after terrific cogitation, supply the missing letters in Gr-ver Cl-vel-nd. All Boston subscribers to the *Atlantic* in 1862 knew (and had been tranquilly expected to know) that the author of "My Hunt After 'The Captain'" was Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the bustling little professor of anatomy at Harvard, and that the Captain was his towering namesake who, like many another member of the class of '61, had not even waited for Commencement in his haste to be off with the 20th Massachusetts.

In his service with that eventful regiment, the younger Holmes was thrice wounded; the second time at Antietam. What his father reported in the *Atlantic* of December, 1862, was his own five-day search through the fringes of that battlefield only to discover, when at last he found his ambulatory case on a train at Harrisburg, that all the while his boy, not badly wounded at all, had been living the life of Riley under a quiet Hagerstown roof. Let me quote from that report:—

In the first car, on the fourth seat to the right, I saw my Captain; there saw I him, even my first-born, whom I had sought through many cities.

"How are you, Boy?"

"How are you, Dad?"

Such are the proprieties of life, as they are observed among us Anglo-Saxons of the nineteenth century, decently disguising those natural impulses that made Joseph, the Prime-Minister of Egypt, weep aloud so that the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard, — nay, which had once overcome his shaggy old uncle Esau so entirely that he fell on his brother's neck and cried like a baby in the presence of all the women. But the hidden cisterns of the soul may be filling fast with sweet tears, while the windows through which it looks are undimmed by a drop or a film of moisture.

The peroration of "My Hunt After 'The Captain'" reads as follows:—

The source of my repeated disappointments was soon made clear enough. The Captain had

gone to Hagerstown, intending to take the cars at once for Philadelphia, as his three friends actually did do, and as I took it for granted he certainly would. But as he walked languidly along, some ladies saw him across the street, and seeing, were moved with pity, and pitying, spoke such soft words that he was tempted to accept their invitation and rest awhile beneath their hospitable roof. The mansion was old, as the dwellings of gentlefolks should be; the ladies were some of them young, and all were full of kindness; there were gentle cares, and unasked luxuries, and pleasant talk, and music-sprinklings from the piano, with a sweet voice to keep them company, — and all this after the swamps of the Chickahominy, the mud and flies of Harrison's Landing, the dragging marches, the desperate battles, the fretting wound, the jolting ambulance, the log-house, and the rickety milk-cart! Thanks, uncounted thanks to the angelic ladies whose charming attentions detained him from Saturday to Thursday, to his great advantage and my infinite bewilderment! As for his wound, how could it do otherwise than well under such hands? The bullet had gone smoothly through, dodging everything but a few nervous branches, which would come right in time and leave him as well as ever. . . .

Fling open the window-blinds of the chamber that looks out on the waters and towards the western sun! Let the joyous light shine in upon the pictures that hang upon its walls and the shelves thick-set with the names of poets and philosophers and sacred teachers, in whose pages our boys learn that life is noble only when it is held cheap by the side of honor and of duty. Lay him in his own bed, and let him sleep off his aches and weariness. So comes down another night over this household, unbroken by any messenger of evil tidings, — a night of peaceful rest and grateful thoughts; for this our son and brother was dead and is alive again, and was lost and is found.

Thus ended what in its day was a famous narrative. But I am obliged to report that whenever he could be induced to refer to it at all, the Captain himself made it clear that he regarded it as a piece of revolting sentimentality. It is in the tradition for the battle-scarred to find distasteful all civilian writing in wartime. Any shrewd person must have guessed that the Captain couldn't abide "My Hunt After 'The Captain,'" but it is only fair to add that the younger Holmes never liked any of his father's writings. In fact, he never liked his father.

2

All those close to the Captain in the after-years of his service on the United States Supreme Court, where, though he always referred to himself as a mere side-judge on that bench, he did somehow manage to reconstruct the English-speaking world's notion of what law is and incidentally to shape the minds of the court's present majority — all those, I say, who were in the confidence of the late Justice Holmes were aware that one of the most persistent and determining factors of his life was his hearty antagonism toward the man who had begotten him. The two were always at odds. The Judge made no secret of the fact that he went into law because his father did not want him to. And there is interesting evidence that he looked upon the nation-wide celebration of his ninetieth birthday as a kind of triumph over his old man.

They will wearily say "Of course, of course" who accept as established scientific truths the brilliant surmises of the late Sigmund Freud, but it is my own notion that this instance of father-and-son relationship might more profitably be studied as a special case. I would venture a guess that the little doctor began it, and began it because he *was* a little doctor. It is important to remember that the elder Holmes was only five-foot-three. Before his eyes his first-born grew into a handsome giant. When the boy was only eleven he passed his father in height. Probably it was just about then that Dr. Holmes began picking on his namesake. Between them they were busy on this planet for one hundred and twenty-six years — from 1809 to 1935. During much of that time, father and son were antagonists.

Justice Holmes held it against his father's Antietam story that it was not even accurate. That colloquy in the train, for instance. "How are you, Boy?" Here he was a Captain in the 20th Massachusetts, fresh from an ugly battle in which one bullet had gone right through his neck, yet someone was calling him Boy. It seems his reply was not "How are you, Dad?" at all. What he really said was, "Boy, nothing."

In this magazine a few years ago, I re-

ported this filial correction and added:—

There is a sequel. More than half a century later one of the girls called him up. Yes, one of the Hagerstown girls. And in a great flutter, the old Judge — but that is another story.

That familiar trick of the trade, to which not only Rudyard Kipling but the author of Sherlock Holmes was much addicted, is really an implied tryst with the reader and here, for once in a way, such an appointment shall be kept — here and, what is more, now.

3

To be exact, it was nearer forty than fifty years later that one of those who had hovered over the wounded hero in Hagerstown wrote to the newly appointed side-judge in Washington. He had only just swum back into her ken, for although he had for several years been Chief Justice in Massachusetts and had published as long ago as 1881 that classic work on the common law which is still quoted in English opinions as though it were Holy Writ, it was only in 1902, when Theodore Roosevelt, not without subsequent twinges of regret, appointed Holmes to the Supreme Court in Washington, that, outside of his own Boston, he caught the eye and ear of laymen and, as in this instance, laywomen. Anyway, it was then that the Hagerstown girl wrote him. Now that he had become great and famous, would he, for old times' sake, have a moment for poor, little, unimportant her? It was that sort of thing. It seems she was coming to Washington and would be lodged at the Shoreham. Would he consider putting aside affairs of state for one evening and slip away to dine with her? *Would he!*

Mrs. Holmes was against it. Not, mind you, because that brusque and tender woman feared the competition. Not she whose epitaph will be found forever in the letter he wrote his old friend Sir Frederick Pollock after her death: "For sixty years she made life poetry for me." Of course, her Wendell's relish of a sightly woman was as constant a problem from the beginning of that extraordinary marriage — she always did say that they had to be married in the biggest church

in Boston because there would not have been enough room in any other for all of Wendell's girls — as it was proverbial in the lore about the Judge when in his last years he became a Washington tradition.

They used to tell a story about his walking with Brandeis down a leafy street on a fine spring day and spying a neat ankle on a girl just getting into a taxi. Turning ruefully to his companion, Holmes said: "Oh, to be seventy again!" If he did say that, he was quoting. For it was an old beau in the Paris of the late eighteenth century who said it first. At least Van Doren's *Benjamin Franklin* ascribes it to that nephew of the great Corneille's, Bernard Le Bovier de Fontenelle, who was appointed for life to the secretariat of the Academy of Sciences and, rather in the manner of our own Nicholas Murray Butler, held on to the job for seventy years. "Oh, to be seventy again!" Whether Holmes ever said it at all is unimportant. It is only important that he might have. It was in character — a character none knew so well as the former Fanny Dixwell, daughter of his old headmaster in the Latin school where he prepared for Harvard.

Fanny Holmes also made him toe the mark for sixty years, but at any dinner-party at the comfortable, red-brick house in I Street it was her notion of how to manage him that on his right there should always be seated the prettiest woman in Washington.

Wherefore, if she opposed his going back through the years to meet his haze-hung Hagerstown past, it was not in dread of her own discomfort but of his. Perhaps she remembered the crash of Charles Dickens when, from a house aswarm with grown and growing children, he rushed so ingenuously to a rendezvous with her who many years before had been the foolish, flowerlike inspiration for Dora in *David Copperfield*. And yet if Mrs. Holmes were to argue bluntly, it would only remind him that he too was getting old. Well, instead she got him into his best bib and tucker, sent out and bought a staggering bouquet for him to take along, helped him into his overcoat, and turned him loose for the evening.

When he hadn't come home by ten o'clock she went to bed. Still wide awake at eleven, she heard his key in the front door two floors below, heard him climb the first flight and go into his library. Then a long, long silence. Finally she got into her slippers, wrapped a dressing-gown around her, and trotted down to have a look. As she had expected, he was sitting at his desk with his face in his hands.

"Wendell!"

He did not look up as he answered: "Woman, shut your trap."

"Wendell!" his wife persisted. "She'd grown fat, hadn't she?"

He did look up then and meekly said: "Yes, my dear."



TWO POEMS

by ELINOR WYLIE

“SINCE WE CAN NEITHER RUN NOR HIDE—”

SINCE we can neither run nor hide
Stand still, myself, and take the missile
Upon the sinister left side
And welcome it, and let it nestle
Against you so, and smooth its ruffled
Plumes, and stroke their down in peace.
And thus shall the pursuit be baffled
And we survive a breathing space.
Since we by no means may escape
By climbing up, by crouching lower,
Let us assume a different shape
To meet the sharp and pointed shower,
This blast that penetrates and threatens
Now its arrows fly in sheaves.
Stand tranquil as a tree that sweetens
The winds that violate its leaves.

SONNET

Is he not fortunate that he is freed
From the chill mortal burdens of my nature?
For he, a fiery and flying creature
Stooped ever to the level of my need,
And it were monstrous and unfair indeed
If I were long permitted to disfigure
His grace; and lean against his greater stature
And shelter in his heart, and make it bleed.

And are you as unlucky to inherit
The loving obligation of a slave?
Your body still is bound upon your spirit
And I will serve it to the extreme grave
And wash the heavy grains of man's despair
From off its feet, and dry them with my hair.

ELINOR WYLIE left certain poems in manuscript in her own handwriting. Miss Jane D. Wise has deciphered them. In the spring of 1943 they will appear in *Last Poems of Elinor Wylie*, to be published by Alfred A. Knopf.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOYS

by CLARA LAIDLAW

1

THE little black boys, Samuel and Hamuel, were the first, indeed the only Negro children I'd ever had in my classes in Northford. I remember very well the first time I saw them, on Wednesday, the second day of school, when my freshman math class assembled for the first time.

They sidled into the room shyly, after all the white children had rushed in to begin disputing noisily over the choice seats in the back of the room. The black boys hesitated just inside the door, looking around in a bewildered way, and then they slid quickly into two empty front seats. I couldn't help noticing how bent and shriveled and small their bodies were. Obviously they were twins, but even the usual physical retardation of twin children did not explain all their difference from the robust white children. There was hunger in the shallowness of their chests, and their thin, bent shoulders told of hard work beyond their years. When they sat down, the seats were almost ludicrously large for them.

The white children buzzed and tussled until I called them to order, but the little black boys sat like twin statues, their eyes gleaming white as they stared at me, their round, fluted lips sober and still. They had cheap new dime-store tablets before them on their desks, and penny pencils, the dull brown ones with pointed erasers wedged into the tops.

When I asked them, as I had the others, if

they wanted to be called by their full names or by nicknames, the frozen stillness of their faces broke for the first time, and the one nearest the blackboard said, his white teeth flashing, "I'm Sammy. He's Hammy."

Some of the little girls behind him began to giggle. I nodded hurriedly and said, "All right, boys. Sammy and Hammy it shall be," and turned quickly to take up the first lesson.

As the days and weeks went by, I paid little attention to the twins. They were quiet and sober and good. They never whispered to anyone and no one whispered to them. I grew used to seeing their black faces staring blankly up at me, or their kinky black heads bent laboriously over their work. With diminished penny pencils clutched tightly in skinny black fingers, they worked hour after hour to produce grubby papers covered with painfully worked problems, all wrong. The class was a slow one; but of all the group, Sammy and Hammy were the slowest. If, after weeks of work, they became finally convinced that if A and B, working alone, could each do a piece of work in six days, working together they could do it in three, then the next day they would be equally certain that, if one tablet cost ten cents, two would cost five.

I used to find myself scolding them occasionally, and they would look up at me with remorse in their liquid black eyes, their mouths drawn down into a mask of guilty grief.

Once I said, "Oh, Sammy and Hammy, what am I to do with you?" and Hammy said, "We're sorry we's so dumb, Miz

CLARA LAIDLAW, a native of Gladstone, Michigan, makes her debut in the *Atlantic* with a short story which was one of a group of stories awarded the First Prize in the Avery Hopwood Contest of 1942.

Carey." Then he smiled and Sammy smiled, like two bad little dogs trying to be ingratiating. So we were friends again, and I began writing on their papers, to their innocent delight, "This is better than yesterday's paper," or "Fine! You had two problems right today" instead of the bare 0's and 20's they really earned.

One day I found a paper of Hammy's from which the comment I had written had been neatly cut.

"We saves them," Hammy said shyly when I questioned him. "Our mammy pastes 'em in a big book we got from the tailor shop. She say — 't aint every boy gets him so many nice words said to him — least, not every black boy."

2

"Those twins!" the other teachers groaned. Poor little black boys, they couldn't do anything at all. The other children shunned them, too, it seemed, and their days would have been sad indeed had they not had each other for company. Each day they brought their dinners and sat alone on the steps eating their plain bread from a paper sack, while the other children ate and played noisily in the lunchroom.

Sammy and Hammy would sit watching the antics of their fellows with eager interest and delight, whispering to each other, chuckling companionably at whatever pleased them, but never offering to join the fun. Their apparent contentment in their isolation puzzled me until one day Sammy said, concerning another matter, "Our mammy say — you twins, so you be twins together," and I understood what the mother was doing for them: making the gulf between white and black be their choice, guarding them thus from fear and from desire for what they couldn't have, making them self-sufficient in their twoness.

Still, their aloofness bothered me. I didn't want to make an issue of it, but when two or three boys or girls would come in to discuss class politics or the play, or to get news for the paper, or just to visit, I'd begin in a roundabout way to talk about democracy and the American dream and the

Golden Rule, and finally, as offhandedly as I could, by way of illustration, I'd bring in Sammy's and Hammy's need of friends. The boys and girls would say, "Yes, Miss Carey," "Of course, Miss Carey," but the shadow would come down over their faces. They would look secretive and stubborn, and I knew they'd been talked to at home.

In a way, you couldn't blame their parents. The twins lived alone with their mother in an old shack 'way down at the shore. At first the black woman had gone about asking for work for herself and her boys, and she had done washing for a few ladies until it had got around that Cash Benson, the town's ne'er-do-well, had been seen hanging around the shack. Now she and the boys managed to live with no apparent means of support, and lately when the woman came to town, everyone could see that she was visibly big with child. "Cash's nigger woman," the men on the street corners called her, guffawing as she passed. No wonder white parents kept their children from making friends with her boys.

She had gone to the Swedish Baptist Church twice when she had first come to town, taking the boys, stiff and clean in their patched Sunday suits. "I been baptized and bred up pure Baptist," she had told Reverend Swanson proudly, hesitantly accepting his proffered hand as he had bade her good day at the door of the church. Behind her the Swedish Baptist ladies had whispered and stared. The next Sunday, when she and the boys had taken their seats humbly in the last pew, there had begun a rustling as, one by one, some irately, some shamefacedly, the white ladies had risen and left the church. The black woman had stayed for the service, though Sammy and Hammy, watching her face, had begun to cry. She had never come again.

The way things were, there didn't seem much I could do except be especially nice to Sammy and Hammy, and that was hard too, because I certainly couldn't praise their work, and to treat them differently from the others would have antagonized the white children and made things still harder for the twins.

Toward spring it came time to have the

annual freshman party. We had a class meeting, and the youngsters decided to charge twenty-five cents a ticket to pay for the lunch, and to have dancing and a program. Miss Carey, of course, was to help with the program. I always got that!

"Mr. President," I said. (We try to teach them to observe parliamentary procedure, heaven help us!) "Mr. President, may I say a word?"

"Keep still, you kids," the class president yelled gallantly. "Miss Carey's got sumpin to tell you."

When approximate quiet had finally been achieved, I said, "The program committee and I are going to need help, so if you can play a musical instrument, or sing, or dance, or recite, or stand on your head —" (Hoots from the class. "Miss Carey made a joke! Listen to her!") "why, come and tell us. We need talent for our program."

Then, before the tumult could get under way again, I added, remembering the time I had missed the eighth grade picnic because my mother had been away visiting, and I had been too proud to borrow from the neighbors, "And another thing — sometimes twenty-five cents is hard to get hold of, so if there's anyone who wants to go to the party but who hasn't the money at the time, why, you just come to me, privately, and we'll see if we can't fix it up."

The next day after school, I was correcting papers when the door opened and the twins sidled in. My heart sank. After all, did it matter what one apple cost if a dozen cost twenty-five cents?

Sammy's black face glistened, and he moistened his lips with a pale tongue. "Us — us —," he whispered.

"We's got us each a box," said Hammy quickly from over Sammy's slight shoulder. His eyes rolled toward his brother fearfully. Obviously, it was not what they had intended to tell me.

"A box?" I echoed, a little relieved that the bewildering price of apples was not in question.

"A gittar," explained Sammy, his black face deadly serious. "We each got us a gittar. We plays us gittar music."

"Also, us — we sings," nodded Hammy

enticingly. They obviously wanted me to say something. Their eyes begged me to say it, but I could not imagine what it was. It somehow never occurred to me that the two black boys would be coming to see me about the party.

But that was it. Sammy and Hammy wanted to go to the party, and, moreover, they wanted to be on the program.

"But I ain't got no two-bits," said Sammy, his mouth drooping sadly.

"Nor me," echoed Hammy. "You said — come to you, Miz Carey —" His voice died away plaintively.

"We'll work for you — hard," offered Sammy.

Their eyes held mine apprehensively, like spaniels' eyes, hoping for a kind word.

"That's fine," I said with unnecessary vigor. "Fine! I'll put you down for the program. And don't you worry about the money. Your music will pay your way."

It was the wrong thing to say. I knew it when the boys stiffened into black statues and their faces hardened into expressionless masks.

"Our mammy say — work for what you gets," Hammy said at last, adding with sober dignity, "So we works for you."

"Yes," I said quickly, "maybe you'd better, so the others won't be jealous and think I like you best."

A look of blind adoration came into Sammy's face, and Hammy grinned in a pleased sort of way.

So it was fixed. I gave the boys the tickets, ostentatiously taking fifty cents out of my purse and putting it ceremoniously into the "party box." The work was to be done later when I needed something done.

3

As the day for the party approached, excitement began to run high in the freshman class. The twins whispered to me that they had been "practicing up," and the sight of their raptly pleased faces intensified in me a little feeling of doubt I'd been trying to suppress. What, I thought, if the white children should be unkind to the black boys? What if the others on the program should

refuse to appear with them? And what about the dance? What little girl would dance with them — and would I want her to, if she would?

I needn't have worried about the program. Apparently no parental ultimatum had been laid down. Perhaps no one had mentioned that the black boys were to make music, or perhaps the hours of the party were to be a sort of secular Truce of God wherein even black boys with a bad mother could have their hour of fun.

The party was to begin at eight, and at seven-thirty the gym was almost filled with children, all the little girls in bright new party dresses, with their hair tortured into elaborate beauty-parlor curls, sitting shyly on one side of the decorated gym, while all the little boys, dressed uncomfortably in new suits, with their damp hair brushed to alarming neatness, were seated on the other. The problem of the first half of the evening, as far as we teachers were concerned, was to coax the two groups, much against their wills, to consent to dance together, while the problem of the last half was to pry them apart, and get them home before irate parents began telephoning.

But first came the program. Promptly at eight, since everyone had already been there for at least a half-hour, the curtain went up, after several false starts and muffled grunts from the laboring stagehands.

Mary Ellen Adams and Jo Anne Merrill gave their usual military tap-dance, which, since Mary Ellen is short and fat and lazy, and Jo Anne tall and thin and active, was rather far from the military effect desired. Little Genevieve Johnson sang "Ciribiribin," which she pronounced "See-ree-bee-ree-bean" for some unknown reason, and, with practically no encouragement, graciously added the encore "Blues in the Night." Glen Tillman played an excruciating violin solo, during which, mercifully, one string broke, so that the rest of the solo was, by anybody's mathematics, only three-fourths as bad as the first. Benny Norton gave a reading in Swedish dialect with occasional lapses into Irish, Yiddish, and just plain American.

Then the twins came out from the op-

posite side of the stage, hesitating, looking dwarfed and lonely under the floodlights, black faces glistening and fearful, patched Sunday best pressed within an inch of its life. They clutched their cheap "gittars," looked out uncertainly at the darkened gym, struck a few chords, and then they sang.

I don't remember much else, not even what they sang. There was stamping of feet when they finished, and shouting. They sang song after song. They sang as the class danced, when it did dance. They sang with the Capehart and without it. They sang while the lunch was passed out until the class president himself brought them two heaped plates and clapped each of the boys on the shoulder by way of congratulation, while the class cheered through mouthfuls of sandwich and cake and waved pop bottles in the air.

They never left the stage all evening. Now, at last, something was well with them: the little black boys, for whom 3×8 was a variable, could sing.

4

After that, school was their heaven. Boys and girls who couldn't play with them outside of school never failed to call: "Hi, Ham! Hi, Sam!" in school. Math homework papers grew mysteriously accurate though tests still revealed the most abysmal misconceptions concerning mathematical practice. Even the seniors had them sing at their class party. They made the senior glee club, though they had feared before to try out for the junior one.

And they haunted my footsteps with a doglike persistence that came near to wearing me out.

"When we going to work out that fifty cents, Miz Carey, ma'am?"

"When the frost is out of the ground," I explained for the tenth time. "I want you to spade my flower garden."

A day later: "When that frost get outa that ground?"

"Not for two weeks, at least."

Two days later: "That frost gone yet, Miz Carey?"

"Not yet," patiently.

"My! My! Sure stays a long time — that frost!"

When at last the frost did depart, the two black boys attacked my little garden spot with a vigor it had never known before. They trailed quack-grass roots to their remotest hiding places and exterminated them forever. They spaded and weeded and spaded again.

"That's a great deal of work for fifty cents," I teased at last, a little troubled at the sight of their thin bent backs stooping over my garden so long.

"Our mammy say — work good," Sammy said firmly, and Hammy's monkey-thin face echoed the stubborn set of his brother's jaw.

"You give us those seeds — we plant 'em," Hammy called pleadingly.

They planted my seeds, they hovered over the new little shoots, they weeded and watered and tended. I tried to give them extra pay, but they stiffened with hurt pride.

"Our mammy say — you take good care o' Miz Carey's garden, for she been purely good to you."

So I gave up in despair and let them do as they wished. I did all I could to get my neighbors to give them odd jobs, but only a few did, for the black boys' mother had had her baby, a girl baby, almost white, old Dr. Bates said, with hair like Cash Benson's.

In school the boys still haunted my room after class. They'd sit staring at my face, saying never a word until I had finished my work, and then not much unless I set the pace.

One afternoon I'd been reading a volume of Blake's poems, and on an impulse I asked them if they'd like me to read them a poem about a little black boy. I didn't think they'd understand a word of it, but I love to read poetry aloud, even if it's only to myself. Only after I had started to read did it occur to me that the black boys might read into it something that Blake had never intended, that I might be shaking their protective unawareness, might be emphasizing their difference in a way bad for them. But I had started and I had to go on.

They sat still as statues while I read: —

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but O, my soul is white!
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And, sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissed me,
And, pointing to the East, began to say:

"Look at the rising sun: there God does live,
And gives His light, and gives His heat away,
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

"And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

"For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear,
The cloud will vanish, we shall hear His voice,
Saying, 'Come out from the grove, my love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.'"

Thus did my mother say, and kiss'd me;
And thus I say to little English boy.
When I from black and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

I watched their faces as I finished. They were still and solemn, but radiant.

"Our mammy say — heaven's like that," Hammy said softly at last.

"Who that man say all that?" Sammy whispered in an awed voice.

"William Blake, a very great poet."

"He a preacher, Miz Carey, I bet?" Hammy asked, looking at me hopefully.

"No, not exactly," I answered, and saw the radiance in their faces dim at my words. Impulsively I added, "But he was a man who thought he spoke with angels, and — and he wrote 'as one having authority, and not as the scribes'!" And I found myself telling them how Blake, dying, sang of the glories of heaven opening before his dimming eyes.

Hammy's face shone, and his teeth flashed in a grin of solemn delight.

"He sure knew — that white man!"

"God sure told him sumpin'," Sammy affirmed, nodding deeply.

"Read it again, please, Miz Carey," said Sammy suddenly.

I read it again, and they both sighed with one accord.

"That's better'n music," Hammy whispered. "Read it once more again? Huh? Please?"

I laughed and shut the book. "No, twice is enough. Some other day, perhaps."

But I never read it to them again.

As he went out of the door, Sammy turned. "You like rock gardens, Miz Carey?"

"Why, yes, of course," I said, "but if you're thinking — You've done altogether too much —"

"We knows a place," Hammy was saying dreamily, "a place where there's moss like a feather bed an' little white violets that's sweet as Jesus' breath —"

5

That was the last I was ever to see them. They rowed across to the place they knew after supper that night, a marshy island not very far offshore. Folks who saw them start said the water was choppy as they were going over. Coming back the boat overturned, and before the men could get to them they were drowned.

I heard the next morning in school.

The late May sun was warm on my hair that day, when school was over and I was plodding along the beach toward the Negro woman's shack. The silvery sand filtered into my slippers and dribbled out with each difficult step. Under the slanting sun the smooth blue waves lapped the shore and retreated in little slipping movements, as if they had never known storms or death.

Around the shack the rank shore grasses had been cleared away with scrupulous care, and in the shifting sand a few drooping plants gave evidence of the twins' efforts to make a garden of their own.

She opened the rough, tar-paper covered door when I knocked — a thin, worn woman of about forty, with the fine features and liquid eyes one sometimes sees in people of her race. Her lined black face was masklike in its calm, but the eyes themselves were alive and tragic.

I don't remember what inadequate thing I said to her, but she must have felt my sorrow reaching out to hers, for she thanked me with something of the boys' doglike look in her eyes.

"They loved you so, Miz Carey," she said strangely, and I had the feeling that behind her simple words there was something strong and seeking, something she wanted of me — wanted badly, if only I could find out what it was.

She asked me in with homely courtesy and pulled out a rough chair for me to sit on.

The one room was painfully neat and bare. In a broken tumbler on the table a small bunch of short-stemmed white violets was beginning to droop, and on the ledge of the one window I saw the purple tulips I had given Hammy two days before. A table, three old chairs, — one with no back, — a small camp stove, and two camp cots were the only furnishings. The floor, rough and splintered from much scrubbing, was immaculate.

That space of floor seemed to me that day to be waiting mutely — waiting for the boys, who hadn't yet been brought back in their cheap little coffins. People never knew until long afterwards that it was Cash Benson who had paid for it all, giving them the best funeral he could afford. That, at least, is to his credit, though he went off the next week and never came back. Reverend Swanson, too, came, the good old man, although he had to face the disapproval of the Swedish Baptist ladies to do it. I've thought of it often since and blessed the kindness of his gentle old heart.

But that day there were just the two of us. I sat by the table, and the afternoon sun through the only window threw the shadow of Hammy's tulips across the bare floor.

The boys' mother stood by the other side of the table, black and monumental and unweeping, staring at me with that queer tense look, seeming about to speak and then closing her lips gravely.

The baby began to cry, and she went over and picked the little thing up from the bed, blindly, as if she hardly knew what she did. After a moment she sat down opposite me, rocking the child gently in her arms.

Awkwardly I tried to comfort her, saying it was good she had the girl baby to fill a part of her heart. She looked at me strangely across the sun-mottled oilcloth, her ugly black face sharp with pain.

"But they was my true-born child'en," she said, as if reasoning with one who was dull of understanding. Slowly she looked down at the whimpering infant in her arms. "She white man's child, poor little thing."

Then she looked me straight in the eyes, not doglike but womanlike.

"I was all alone," she said simply.

I tried to speak, but there was nothing to say now.

When I started to go at last, it was with the feeling of how very futile my visit had been, of how empty sympathy and words of sympathy were to this woman.

She rose reluctantly when I did, saying softly, "You was good as they said you was to come —" Then she added pleadingly, as if she feared I would misunderstand, "But it ain't fitten you come no more. Besides —" Her voice caught, but she swallowed and went patiently on, "Besides it be best you remember Hamuel and Samuel as they was — yestiday."

I nodded mutely, and she seemed satisfied that I had not misunderstood or taken offense.

But on the doorstep she stopped me again, hesitating, uncertain, and I knew that the thing that was haunting her was still unsaid. I could feel the conflict of urgency and fear in her, the tension and the longing, but I had to watch her helplessly, hoping she would speak, afraid to ask for fear what I might say would be wrong.

She drew a deep breath then, throwing her head back nervously. Her eyes were

shining and fearful, and the words, when they came, were slurred and hurried, breathless.

"Last night — suppertime — Hammy 'n Sammy, they full of some word-song you read 'em. They say — it better'n music. They go away singin' it to them two — Something about — black boys? You remember, Miz Carey, ma'am?"

Her breast rose and fell in agitation, and the child, awakening again, began to cry.

"I'll send you a copy," I said thickly. "A poem I read to them."

She shook her head. "You say it to me, please? I never did learn book-reading."

I turned my head away, thinking of the scrapbook of "nice words" she had kept for her boys.

What I could remember, garbled, imperfect, half-forgotten, I tried to say, remembering the two thin, black faces lifted to mine in the quiet of the dusty schoolroom.

She was very still when I had finished, but her face was bright with a faith I could never know.

"My Hammy and Sammy?" she said wonderingly. "Maybe they God's white lambs today?"

And then she wept, putting her face down against the baby in her arms. "Oh, bless God," she whispered brokenly. "Blessed God, make it so. Sweet Jesus, make it so."

I touched her hand silently in farewell and went away. At the gate, when I turned and looked back, she had lifted her head, and I saw that she was looking far out over the water, gazing across at the distant shoreline of that green, marshy island where the moss is like a feather bed and the little white violets are as sweet as Jesus' breath.

SANTOS: NEW MEXICO

by MAY SARTON

RETURN to the deep sources, nothing less
Will nourish the torn spirit, the bewildered heart,
The angry mind: and from the ultimate duress
Pierced with the breath of anguish, speak for love.

Return, return to the deep sources, nothing less
Will teach the stiff hands a new way to serve,
To carve into our lives the forms of tenderness
And still that ancient, necessary pain preserve.

Oh, we have moved too far from these, all we who look
Upon the wooden painted figure, stiff and quaint,
Reading it curiously like a legend in a book —
But it is man upon the cross. It is the living saint.

To those who breathed their faith into the wood
It was no image but the very living source,
The saviour of their own humanity by blood
That flows terribly like a river in its course.

They did not fear the harshness nor while gazing
Keep from this death their very precious life.
They looked until their hands and hearts were blazing
And the reality of pain pierced like a knife.

We must go down into the dungeons of the heart
To the dark places where modern mind imprisons
All that is not defined and thought apart:
We must let out the terrible creative visions.

Return to the most human, nothing less
Will teach the angry spirit, the bewildered heart,
The torn mind to accept the whole of its duress
And, pierced with anguish, at last act for love.

NATURALIST AT LARGE

The Mind's Eye

by THOMAS BARBOUR

1

I WAS born August 19, 1884, on the island of Martha's Vineyard. My mother went there to visit her mother, and I arrived unexpectedly. When I was six weeks old my father and mother went to Ireland on business, and I went along in a bureau drawer of the old Cunard liner *Umbria* — my peregrinations began early. Father went back and forth to Europe several times a year. He had succeeded his father as the director of William Barbour's and Son, the firm founded by his great-grandfather, which had linen mills near Lisburn in Ireland.

When I was eight years old we made a long tour through Europe. I remember vividly the terror caused by the cholera outbreak in Hamburg that year. We were visiting at Mr. Fritz Krupp's house at Essen, an extraordinary establishment. The house was a palace, the gardens enormous. The place was entirely self-contained, Mr. Krupp even having his own fire department. I think his Arab horses impressed me more than anything else, although I remember staring with wonderment at a room stacked high with Oriental rugs. Mr. Krupp, who had been an old friend and schoolmate of my father in Germany, explained that the Sultan of Turkey was often short of cash and occasionally paid for his munitions in commodities. We had a wonderful time pester-

ing our governess by doing everything mischievous we could think of; my brother Rob and I tipped the young Crown Prince of Bavaria into a rather deep fountain, and for this, naturally, we got the devil.

I recall that when we visited the Zoo at Frankfurt am Main, the keeper reached into a cage, opened a tiny box, parted the cotton wool — and there, curled up, was a pigmy lemur. He said it was the smallest of all the monkey family. I can see the little beast now in my mind's eye — a tiny, gray, fuzzy ball scarcely larger than a mouse. The event came back to my mind the other day when I put a lovely little mounted specimen of *Microcebus* on exhibition.

The cholera got so bad that we hurried back to America, and I cannot think of any events that played much part in my wishing to become a naturalist by profession until 1898, when I had typhoid fever. My brother Rob and I both had typhoid fever twice. In those days, no one knew the difference between typhoid and paratyphoid — which, I suspect, accounts for our unusual misfortune.

After the first of these illnesses I was shipped to Eau Gallie, Florida, where my grandmother had a winter home. Grandmother, born Sarah Elizabeth Warren, was an extraordinary character. She was the best shot with rifle or shotgun I ever knew, and she threw as pretty a salmon or trout fly as my brother Frederick, who is a master. She was devoted to Thoreau, and went to Keene Valley to hear Dr. Thomas Davidson lecture on philosophy. I once met him at her house in Paterson, New Jersey. He said,

DR. THOMAS BARBOUR, who graduated from Harvard in 1906, carries on the tradition of Louis and Alexander Agassiz. Director of the Agassiz Museum in Cambridge, he is a scientist whose knowledge of reptiles, birds, and insects is rivaled only by his delight in human nature. This is the second of a series of papers drawn from his reminiscences, which will hold the fruition of his forty years' experience as a naturalist and traveler.

"Where there are two Toms together, the older is a fool." I felt sheepish but, curiously enough, remembered the remark.

2

Grandmother was a born naturalist. She loved the out-of-doors, and with her I made my first memorable excursions. We went to Lake Washington, at the head of the St. Johns River in Florida. We put a boat on a wagon, Gene Kinniard drove the team, and I rode a marsh tacky alongside. We used to leave the house at two o'clock in the morning and get to the lake about daylight. We built fires and cooked our meals at the Cabbage Mound, a tall grove of cabbage palm trees, high and dry in the midst of a quaking bog, which extended for miles after a heavy rain. The fishing was good, and the birds were a sight to behold. I never go near this part of the world now without driving from Eau Gallie out to the Mound, a drive of about half an hour by motor; but every inch of the road, indeed of that whole country, is loaded with golden memories.

My grandmother was not particularly tall but she was strikingly beautiful, even in her old age, and entirely aware of the fact. She was inordinately proud of her hair, which reached almost to her heels when she let it down. She was usually as brown as a gypsy and was as restless as I am. It was nothing for her to slip quietly away and then send us a letter from Stavanger in Norway, where she had gone salmon fishing, or from Cuba, or from Gaspé.

Her father was a clergyman, the Reverend Doctor David Allen Warren, who started as a Presbyterian but got into a row with the Synod because he declared that the Lord's Prayer was incorrectly translated — it was insulting to ask the Lord not to lead us into temptation because, naturally, He would not be so unkind as to do any such thing. The congregation, being very fond of him, slid with him over into the Congregational fold with its complete autonomy, and he continued to preach in Verona, New York, until his death.

Verona was near an Indian reservation, and Grandmother thrilled me with tales of

how, as a little girl, she would come down early in the morning to dig out the pine knot which was buried in the embers each evening so that the fire could be easily kindled the next day. She would sometimes find three or four Indians sleeping on the floor in front of the hearth. They would leave a haunch of venison, or fish from Oneida Lake, or berries, out of gratitude for the hospitality. The time, of course, was well over a hundred years ago.

Grandmother and I went down to Miami from Eau Gallie. The railroad had only been built a short time before, and we stayed at the Royal Palm Hotel, which was then only partly built. A day or two after we arrived, a gray-haired gentleman in the dining room came over and spoke to Grandmother. He was Henry M. Flagler, who had been an usher at her wedding. He suggested that we go with him to Nassau, where he was to buy some property.

So it happened that I got in Nassau my first glimpse of the tropics — an iron which entered so deeply into my soul that it is still completely embedded. The specimens of snakes and lizards which I secured at that time became the nucleus of my own collection and are now part of the collections of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard. Imagine a timid, introspective youngster thrown, at the most impressionable moment of his life, into the one spot most ideally framed to arouse imagination to the fullest. Grandmother was as keen as I to sail over the Sea Gardens and peer at their wonders through a water glass. I don't remember glass-bottomed boats in Nassau at this early date. We sailed among the little cays which surround New Providence Island, picnicked, and collected shells. Grandmother made herself extremely unpopular by collecting and taking back with her to Eau Gallie one John Sumpter, who had been Lady Blake's gardener — and Sir Henry Blake was Governor of the Bahamas. He took care of her garden till he died.

I can thank Grandmother for starting me on the road to being a naturalist — she was the only member of the family who thoroughly encouraged me all the time. Father and Mother were perfectly fair and believed

that I had the right to decide about my own career, but they were utterly unenthusiastic. I think the only time Father ever came to the University Museum — it must have been early in my freshman year — he walked up to Alexander Agassiz and asked if he knew where I could be found. At this time, of course, Mr. Agassiz didn't know me from Adam. But he asked Father, "What is your son interested in?" and Father answered, "Pickling toads." So Mr. Agassiz steered him down to Samuel Garman's quarters where he found me.

I was no stranger to the Museum, for the reason that I had been previously under the spell of an ardent lover of Harvard, Theodore W. Moses of Exeter. Dr. Moses, a friend of my father, tutored me when I had trouble at school because of an attack of typhoid fever which knocked me flat in the middle of the school year. He asked Father to allow him to take me to Cambridge when he went up for his twenty-fifth reunion in June, 1899. I had been destined for Princeton, but this visit to Cambridge changed the course of my life. I did not want to listen to the tiresome speeches on the afternoon of Commencement Day, so I sneaked off and visited the Museum. Here I wandered alone for hours, completely entranced. I had been often to the natural history museums in New York and Washington, but here was something entirely different, and I soon discovered that this was essentially a museum for the edification of naturalists rather than for the great urban public which the museum in New York had to cater to.

I spotted some specimens which I thought were wrongly labeled — and as a matter of fact they were. I wrote with all the dignity of my thirteen years to Dr. Woodworth, then Acting Custodian of the Museum, who was rather infuriated by my temerity. As I look back on it, I don't blame him. I suspect that my letter was as fresh as green paint. I made up my mind that very day that if I lived I would be Director of the Museum. I had to wait until 1927. Mr. Lowell wanted me to take office earlier, but I begged him not to push matters. I was perfectly willing to wait out of consideration for my predecessor. No consideration was ever more completely

wasted, or more ill-conceived, for my predecessor left the Museum in a huff and never entered it again or spoke to me as long as he lived — and he lived to the ripe old age of ninety-one.

3

I came to college as complete a social misfit as ever breathed. I was abnormally shy, suffered from a bad inferiority complex, was tall and gangling. But fortune favored me. I had spent the summer of 1901 at a boys' camp near Bridgewater, New Hampshire. There I had a wonderful time puttering with a tiny museum of natural history and writing a list of the reptiles of New Hampshire and something of their habits. Dr. Glover M. Allen had been a counselor in this camp the year before, and in some way I learned that he was a kind and friendly person. So he proved to be.

When I came to college I chose a room in the corner of Conant Hall, because there was no place where I could be nearer the Museum. I chose Professor Robert T. Jackson as my Freshman Adviser, to my great good fortune, for he and I have been good friends from that day to this. I soon found that Allen roomed in Perkins Hall, directly across Oxford Street from my lodgings, and as soon as I was settled and had an evening clear, I went over and knocked at the door of 28 Perkins Hall. I found him and his roommate, Austin H. Clark, both at home and introduced myself. One thing led to another. Austin Clark introduced me to Garman in the Museum. Allen introduced me to Henry B. Bigelow, who was preparing to take his doctor's degree, as was Glover. Gradually I found myself at least a tolerated member of a small congenial group of men of the highest intellectual quality, whose conversation was infinitely more enlightening and educational than most of the courses which I took during my not particularly distinguished undergraduate career.

My brother Warren contracted tuberculosis and Grandmother's friend, Dr. Edward Trudeau, cured him at Saranac. Then he advised Warren to go to Bermuda for the winter. I joined him for the Christmas holidays. As usual, I was infatuated with

the chance to collect. The coral reefs at Hungry Bay were easily reached at low tide, and everything was new and enchanting.

I stayed in Bermuda long after I should have been back in Cambridge. On my return I got more or less caught up, but my marks were not very good. The next spring Dr. Bigelow and I went to Bermuda with Professor Mark to open the Bermuda Biological Station for Research, an organization which still exists. While in Bermuda on this second trip I got word that Professor Shaler had done the unprecedented and had given me a D in Geology 4. This made me a dropped freshman when I returned to college, and I had to report like a convict on parole to George Chase. Then I began to work at my studies. Next term I was again in good standing and got good marks for the rest of my undergraduate years. But when the time came to take my A.B. degree I asked Mr. Cram, the registrar, whether it could not be granted *cum laude* as I had the requisite number of A's and B's. I found, however, that my sins were not to be forgiven me, and I got no such thing.

I did not take my A.M. until after I had come back from the East Indies, nor my Ph.D. until after I had been to South America as a member of the North American delegation to the First Pan-American Scientific Congress, held at Santiago in Chile. Archie Coolidge was a member of our delegation. Probably I should never have met him if we had not been thrown together in this way, for I took no history or economics, or indeed anything, during those days of free electives, except zoology, botany, and languages. Archie and his secretary, Clarence Hay, became dear and valued friends.

On the Santiago trip, Archie would come up to me at sea with two pads and pencils and we would see how quickly we could write down the names of the nineteen provinces of China or the twenty-three states of Mexico, or bound the province of Uganda or Togoland, or name the Grenadine Islands. It was good practice in learning geography, and a knowledge of geography is infinitely useful to a museologist. I don't say that I always won at these games, but I held my own pretty well, and Archie made me feel

proud by saying that he had never known any other person who knew so many place names and their location. It was simply the vagary of a peculiar type of memory. But this, with an ability to remember the names of animals, thousands and thousands of them, has been useful; and I have more luck in holding on to the names of more different kinds of animals than anyone I have ever met. I feel perfectly certain, however, that my friend Elmer Merrill can spot more plants at a glance than I can animals.

While I was an undergraduate I was too shy to make any friends among my classmates. I came to know some of them very well later on, I am proud to say, the most distinguished of them being Herbert Winlock, noted Egyptologist and former Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. I literally did not know that there were any such things as clubs in Cambridge. I had heard some names, but they meant nothing to me. I joined the Harvard Natural History Society and attended its meetings quite faithfully, becoming President in my senior year.

4

Even before I entered Harvard, one of the greatest stimulants to my career had come to me in the course of my schoolboy visits to the New York Zoological Park, where I used to spend my Saturdays. I knew Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, the president of the Zoological Society, because one of his sons was a schoolmate of mine. To me, a shy fifteen-year-old in those days, he seemed very awesome, but one Saturday afternoon he did something which enriched my life more than he was ever aware. On this occasion he sat down beside me in the train going back from the Bronx to Grand Central Station. He asked me what I had been reading and then said, "There are four great books for boys who like natural history." And he named them: Wallace's *Malay Archipelago*, Belt's *Naturalist in Nicaragua*, Bates's book on the Amazon, and Hudson's on the La Plata region. Well, I read them in this order. Wallace's book, coming first, made the greatest impression; I read it over and over again

until I knew it almost by heart. And my desire to see the Dutch East Indies became so all-consuming that I must have seemed a veritable monomaniac to my parents.

On the first of October following my graduation from college I was married, and my wife and I set sail the next day for Europe, en route to the East Indies. I was twenty-two and I had the best of all passports in my pocket. It was a letter of introduction from Mr. Agassiz to Dr. Treub, the famous botanist, head of the Gardens at Buitenzorg and Minister of Agriculture. After sundry mild zoological adventures in India and Burma, we finally fetched up in Batavia. Major Ouwers, the charming and friendly director of the Zoological Museum in the Buitenzorg Gardens, passed the word along, and all day streams of men and boys — and girls, too, for that matter — lined up either at the museum or at our lodgings near-by with hollow joints of giant bamboo carefully plugged with wads of grass and leaves. Each contained a treasure — snakes of countless sorts, frogs, toads, lizards, insects, and fishes. We pickled and shipped unceasingly. I had been for a long time surreptitiously learning Malay, so when I reached Java I could bicker and bargain, and consequently acquired a great collection very reasonably.

We had some weeks on our hands before the trim little steamship *Both* made one of her three-a-year voyages to the eastern islands of the far-flung empire of Insulinia. After deep cogitation, we had picked out this voyage as offering a chance to see the greatest number of localities mentioned by Wallace. There were numberless voyages to choose from, as the little steamers of the K.P.M. (*Koninklijke Paketvaart Maatschappij*) poked their noses in and out of scores upon scores of out-of-the-way harbors. Finally, on January 24, 1907, we set forth.

Our passage was leisurely, loading and unloading was slow, and there were always letters to be waited for or merchants whose affairs dragged on, as always when one is dealing with Orientals. First came Bali, a very different Bali from the island as it is, or was a short time ago. Then Lombok, chiefly memorable as producing a new toad, which I named *Bufo cavator*. Then Macassar,

Buru, Ambon, Ceram, Obi, and lovely Ternate.

Here came a real thrill, for I was stopped in the street one day as my wife and I were preparing to climb up to the Crater Lake. With us were Ah Woo with his butterfly net, Indit and Bandoung, our well-trained Javanese collectors, with shotguns, cloth bags, and a vasculum for carrying the birds. We were stopped by a wizened old Malay man. I can see him now, with a faded blue fez on his head. He said, "I am Ali Wallace." I knew at once that there stood before me Wallace's faithful companion of many years, the boy who not only helped him collect but nursed him when he was sick. We took his photograph and sent it to Wallace when we got home. His delightful letter acknowledging it and reminiscing over the time when Ali had saved his life, nursing him through a terrific attack of malaria, I have managed to lose, to my eternal chagrin.

The voyage continued all the way around the great spidery mass of the island of Helmahera, one of the loveliest in all the world. The only rough night I remember was when we anchored away offshore at the Supu Bay. I had been told that we should catch the mischief there, but slept on deck as usual and mighty nearly got rolled overboard before I woke to what was going on. Actually I almost rolled into our meat supply. Since we had no refrigeration, this came on board on the hoof in Bali and stood in a row, tied to the ship's rail. Hitched to the other rail were the *Orang nanti* (the Chain People, prisoners of war), shackled together. They had been captured in the Achinese war in Sumatra and were going to build roads in Ceram. The fact that the beef had to be butchered on deck — and there was not very much deck at that — meant that my wife sat sewing in the opposite direction, so to speak, waited till she heard the hose which washed the gurry overboard, and then turned about to find the table being set up. The ship's officers and the three or four passengers on board all ate together on the open deck. There was no ice aboard: our meat was fresh for just one day.

The absence of ice made photography difficult. The film of thirty years ago softened easily and disintegrated in warm wa-

ter. Fresh water on the ship was coolest late at night, so that is when we had to develop our pictures. Some were lost, but luckily we saved the best of them by putting a little formalin in the water to harden the film.

5

At Ternate we were boarded by a Mr. Sedee, who had agents in numberless little outposts and who dealt in rattan, dammar gum, and bird of paradise plumes. He was a mine of information — knew all about Wallace, though he had never actually seen him. And he said one day, "Tomorrow we land in Ake Selaka and there lives Mr. Duivenboden." In due season we found him and were introduced. He was dressed in immaculate white, spoke perfect English. His father had been Wallace's host and his mother a Javanese lady: as a small boy he had seen Wallace and remembered him. He took me into the woods, sat beside me on a giant fallen log, and whistled in a peculiar way. In a few moments, hopping down the long snaky trunk of a climbing palm, appeared a bizarre-looking brown bird. Here was I, sitting at the very spot where Wallace had collected the extraordinary-looking bird of paradise which bears his name. Wallace speaks of the elder Duivenboden as the scion of "an ancient Dutch family, but who was educated in England and speaks our language perfectly." He was a very rich man, possessed many ships and more than a hundred slaves. "He was, moreover, well educated and fond of literature and science — a phenomenon in these regions."

The next day at Galela, a neighboring village and the seat of a rather cocky ruler, as it turned out, I went shooting at dawn. The island fairly swarmed with parrots, lories, and cockatoos of all sorts. I saw a giant cockatoo in the top of a tall tree. I shot it. Down it came, fluttering and flapping through the foliage, to fall at my feet. I picked it up and, to my utter astonishment, dangling from its leg was about eighteen inches of gilt chain. Of course it had to belong to the Rajah — a favorite pet which had escaped that morning. There was the devil to pay. I paid a considerable amount

of hush money, and I never even got the bird.

We had a little launch on board, called by the Malays "Child of the Fireboat" (*Anak Kapal Api*). When we were anchored near shore and she was not needed to tow cargo lighters, we were generously allowed to use the launch. In her we explored the rivers and bays which beset this extraordinarily indented coastline. The Kali Weda ran inland, twisting and turning for a good many miles behind the town of Weda. The forest here was sumptuously magnificent — great masses of pandans and canes and bamboos along the bank, and then the high woods. At times the little river ran through a green tunnel. We could hear pigs and deer crashing in the underbrush, but never got a sight of them. What we did get, however, were some enormous lizards — they were three feet long — with a great fanlike sail on their backs and tails, like Permian Pelycosaurs in miniature. To my joy, on coming home, I found that this creature was entirely unknown, and I named it for Professor Max Weber of Holland, who had shown a kindly interest in our journey (*Hydrosaurus weberi*). I cannot for the life of me understand how Wallace missed finding this creature. We took it at Piru in Ceram as well as here, and it was conspicuously different from allies known from the Philippines and Amboina. It is hard to convey to a person who is not a naturalist by profession the extraordinary feeling of satisfaction which overwhelms one at handling a great, conspicuous creature which has hitherto eluded notice by one's colleagues.

6

Fortunately, we approached New Guinea through the narrow passage between Bantanta and Salawatti rather than through the more ample Dampier Strait which afforded Wallace approach, but he was sailing in a schooner. We had steam and could buck the swift current, albeit slowly. Wallace said, as he drew near, "I looked with intense interest on those rugged mountains, retreating ridge behind ridge into the interior, where the foot of civilized man had never trod. There was

the country of the cassowary and the tree kangaroo, and those dark forests produce the most extraordinary and the most beautiful of the feathered inhabitants of the earth — the varied species of the bird of paradise.²² Wallace was not given to hyperbolic expression, for he had been collecting commercially in the Indies for years before he approached Papua, and had had his senses somewhat benumbed by a long stay in Amazonia before that.

Think, then, what were the feelings of a youngster just of age, whose previous tropical experience had been a single voyage to the Bahamas and something of India and Burma on the way east. As we moved slowly through the strait, with the billowing mountains of green near at hand, the little villages of thatched huts borne on high stilts by the waterside, catamarans and sailing prows constantly moving along the shore, I was completely overcome. I am ridiculously emotional by nature at best, and when the first mate, who stood beside me in the bow, pointed ahead and said, "That is Papoea," as the Dutch call New Guinea, a lump which I could hardly swallow came in my throat.

Then followed unforgettable days indeed. Sorong produced a spiny anteater which we kept alive and were able to observe. A dish of ground coconut soon accumulated enough ants, which we thought would keep it happy. They didn't, and I am quite sure now its principal food is earthworms and not insects. The great, bird-winged butterflies of the genus *Ornithoptera* were abundant. They flew so high that we shot them with dust shot and got a good series, which satisfied us entirely until we found a lot of pupae, which we strung up against the curtains of a vacant stateroom. Here they emerged, and we got perfect specimens.

On to Doreh Bay, Wallace's old headquarters. I sent him photographs of the natives here and he wrote me that he was sorry I had, for he disliked them so. They were not unfriendly in 1907, however, and on every fallen log in the forest beautiful metallic weevils swarmed, just as they had in Wallace's day, and we had unbelievably good collecting. I came back to the ship one afternoon, having left my wife on board, and

found that she had done something for me which touched me greatly. A native had brought on board a big green snake about four feet long, hitched by rattan fore and aft to a piece of stick. She purchased the snake for a stick of tobacco and a small mirror and then, feeling that it might get away, opened the top of our big alcohol tank, cut the snake loose from the stick, and herself forced the reptile into the pickle. She firmly believed that the snake was a poisonous one. It was not, but hers was a brave and kindly act, since she loathes snakes as much as most people do. And she had garnered the first specimen of *Chondropython viridis*, which had certainly never before been collected by an American.

7

By an arrangement with the K.P.M. authorities in Surabaya, we were allowed to delay the itinerary of the *Both* for a very reasonable indemnity. This, and the fact that Mr. Sedee had much trading to do, gave us a chance to see a good many points of interest along the north coast of New Guinea, among them Windessi, where Mr. Van Balen had been immured as a missionary for years. He and Mr. Van Hasselt, located on Mansinam Island in Doreh Bay, were the only Dutchmen in New Guinea at that time. Van Hasselt had tried to translate the Bible into Numfoor, the most widely spoken of the Papuan idioms.

A knowledge of Hawaiian will carry you from Honolulu through all the Polynesian Islands to New Zealand with only a few consonantal changes, but most languages in New Guinea won't carry you across the street, since almost every village speaks its own tongue. I understand Mr. Van Hasselt had to give up his task because the presentation of abstract ideas in Numfoor was utterly impossible. I report this, however, on hearsay.

Pom, Wooi, and Ansus were the towns we visited on Japen Island. Here the natives were distinctly non-coöperative and Ah Woo would not go on shore, saying that too many Chinese had been eaten there in the past. We tried a landing on Wiak Island, at the little town of Meosbundi, but when we went

ashore and tried to buy some drums and other objects for the Peabody Museum, we saw the women sneaking off into the thick bush and climbing away up into their little houses set up fifty or sixty feet above the ground. The first officer allowed that this was a bad sign and we had better pull out. And we did, quite obviously just in time, for a cohort of yelling, mopheaded natives thronged the beach. Perhaps they were simply showing off, but the officers of the ship had no desire to encounter the inquiry which would have perforce been held had we been killed, even though we had signed waivers of responsibility before we left Java.

We pushed on to Humboldt Bay, now Fort Hollandia and the base which Richard Archbold used for the great aeroplane which in 1938 carried his expedition to the mountain lakes. Sir John Murray told me that when the ship *Challenger* visited Humboldt Bay in February, 1873, it was absolutely impossible to land. The natives met them with showers of arrows and they sailed away. We landed on Metu Debi Island in the mouth of the bay amid swarms of natives. We found them stark naked but, on the whole, quite jolly and congenial. They were a little short-tempered if they were crossed, as, for instance, when they somewhat indiscreetly wanted to see whether my wife was white all over. She was the first white woman they had ever seen. In fact, we were so completely disassociated with their idea of human beings that not only at Djamna, but here in the village of Tubadi, she was allowed to enter the Karriwaris, where the sacred paraphernalia are stored. Native women, under pain of death, are forbidden to enter there.

These people were most bizarre in appearance. The women were buxom and not unpleasing in mien, with a short skirt of beaten bark shrunk about their waists while the bark was wet and allowed to dry there. In their ears were several dozen rings made of tortoise shell, about four inches in diameter. The whole ear margin was pierced with a row of holes. Their heads were covered with little braids of hair, each weighted, to hold it in place, with a tiny ball of dried clay.

The men wore bands of fiber tightly bound

around their arms. In these were stuck flowers or bunches of brightly colored leaves, and often also a dagger, made of a cassowary's thighbone or a human thighbone, chipped to a point. Many carried stone axes, and almost all had bows and bundles of arrows. We photographed their arrow release for Professor E. S. Morse, who was studying the evolution of archery. In their noses they wore the tusks of wild boars, one pushed up through the nostril and through a hole pierced in the side of the nose on each side — a sort of glorified Kaiser's mustache and quite striking when seen from a distance. They wore their hair in great, luxuriant mops, and carried a comb constantly stuck in it. This was made from the spiny, coarse wing feathers of the cassowary and was used to keep the hair fluffed out symmetrically. They not infrequently wore a band decorated with hibiscus or other flowers around their brows. They either wore no clothes at all or bizarrely shaped little gourds decorated with patterns burned on them, in which a small round hole was cut. All in all, they were highly satisfactory savages and looked just as they should have.

Our visit to Humboldt Bay was the climax of the trip. Our leisurely return was as pleasant as could be. All along the line we picked up almost everywhere objects which had been collected and saved for our return. We stopped at just as many places on the way back as we did going out. Several unexpected delays caused by waiting for dammar gum to be brought down from the interior gave us a chance to garner a great store of ethnological objects for the Peabody Museum. It was well that we did, for in those days Papua was still unspoiled. Of course, I have lived in hope that by some chance I might once see the interior. Crane with his *Illyria* cruised over three hundred miles up the Sepik River, and my friend Richard Archbold journeyed abundantly and fruitfully both afoot and by air.

But though no such expedition has been possible for me, Professor Osborn did me perhaps the best turn of my whole life when, that afternoon riding from Bronx Park to the Grand Central, he advised me to read Wallace's book.

» The vengeance mounting in Europe today is awful to contemplate.
What will the wreckage look like in the sunrise of the peace?

WRECKAGE AT SUNRISE

by H. M. TOMLINSON

1

THE prospect from London Bridge is not what it was. The appearance of great antiquity can be disturbing. In a cold light one sees in a glance that for war the guidance for a good life must be reversed. Generosity in war might set your town alight; and havoc no sane man would think of, especially in a morning light, takes its infernal place as a benediction in death's new way to success. The worst becomes the best. For our gift of reason, which places us above the beasts, can justify, according to circumstance, every variation in all conceivable desires, as though devilry could juggle unseen with our soundest argument. What tiger would sink into prolonged and careful study, and then give himself to rigorous training, that he might enter another den with the least risk to kill his neighbor's cubs? Tigers are not known to do this. Simple ferocity is deficient in intellectual planning.

Despite the assurances of the Church and the academies, we should not accept too confidently the story of our superiority to the beasts. That unique ability to think things out is dubious. We are beginning to see that the best of intentions followed in flawless logic may take us anywhere but to the desired haven. So odd an outcome of man's special privilege, that the conclusion to an argument for prosperity can be in hell, appears to carry a further warning. It would be prudent to assume, apparently, as the saints have told us, that man's supreme gift is not

from blind chance and for no purpose whatever. But suppose he did get it that way? No, we will not. We dare not. As some security for the continuance of hearth and home, let us firmly believe that in such an idea hope dies for want of air. That supposition is nihilism and old night. There is a wide choice for the use of the mind, but let one purpose remain above all others, the ageless search for truth amid the mystery of existence, and from this search it is better to exclude self as much as we can. Self, we have sad cause to know, is unsympathetic in this greatest of adventures.

The mystery is excessively darkened at this moment, as a consequence of man's efforts to improve his place in the universe. Let us look at our wreckage in a morning light. To put things right again, we are called upon to destroy instead of create, and obey without misgiving. There is no misgiving because our way of life and our cherished institutions, without which we feel existence could have no meaning, have been marked for burial, and the last rite has come so near that we have had to stare Death in the eye, waiting for his stroke, for a period which felt like a century. It is not enjoyable. But in the meantime, we cannot help noting, the moral order we defend has become as reproachful as a policeman's helmet in the gutter the morning after a riot. The symbol of law and order is soddened and battered. This unsought trifle of observation, while we still actively dodge explosions, while trying to save the altar, is startling in its mild reminder of sanity in neglect.

It is as if we were warned that sanity, which we had almost forgotten, is still some-

One of the two greatest essayists in England today, H. M. TOMLINSON brings to his observation of our present crisis the experience of threescore and ten and the knowledge which he gained as a war correspondent at the British headquarters in the First World War.

where in the background of our affairs, waiting for the passing of the gun wheels. Just for an instant we surmise that those wheels cannot be endlessly turning; a calm morning will come, with no ships blowing up, and no houses on fire. Only the silent ruins will be there, waiting for a recreative word. And then?

Well, one begins to wonder already, and in fear, whether the primitive surge of passion necessary for the defeat of an enemy who would abolish us may be no simple force. It may carry us beyond our aim, and we not know it. It may have unsuspected attributes. Its logic may take us far astray, and lose us. There was a book, written soon after the end of the other war, by a brave soldier and thinker, and its author, C. E. Montague, called it *Disenchantment*. What disenchanted my friend Montague was the continuing hateful look of the world when he had put up his sword, his enemy being down and out. Do you remember, too, the valorous warrior in the old fairy tale? He was a good man, but his aim became impure in his pursuit of a monster, and thus it happened that when at last his cunning shaft transfixed the brute, and he was victorious, he saw that he had also struck his love in the heart, and his world in victory turned all desolate.

How much more confident we should feel in battle if we knew that, in the welcome dayspring of peace, we did not in victory look round on desolation, with beauty dead in it! Even now, while we watch the enemy for the first signs of his downfall, a doubt takes us of our liability in victory. The gravity of the matter begins to be felt when we know that the English-speaking peoples are chiefly responsible for the future welfare of mankind. That is our fate. If we refuse it, our fate will be no better. Though whether we have the good-will for the task, and sufficient knowledge for it — Have we so much as the knowledge? You have but to listen to the clamoring voices around to guess that Peace and her dove, when they arrive, if welcomed by common passions, might show only a few scattered feathers by next morning. It will be far easier to win the war, though that has looked impossible on some days, than to save the peace.

2

The worst thing in the shouting and the confusion is the suggestion, as though we were haunted, of ghostly sounds heard out of that other war; menacing echoes, well remembered, from the dark of the past. Those disenchanting noises grow more familiar and more insistent as the gunfire and alarms of this war increase. You say it is mere fancy? That all in those years is dead? Yes, it is certain our friends are dead, those gallant hearts who stood to it in the old front line, with only a clear conviction, and no heat, and no hate. The echoes are not of their battle cries, for they never exhausted their souls with hate. But voices from that half-forgotten war we certainly hear; and they are older even than that, and reach us from a past still more remote. They are as old as humanity; as old as cruelty, and as recent as rage this morning over frustration and loss.

The fierce excitement which confuses past and present is becoming the war's most alarming problem. How if, when we have victory, we have our worst selves to fight? Barbarism not only quickens its own sort, but can make barbarians of us all. The Nazis, desperate through fear, are murdering innocents and old people, thinking to rouse a general terror which will preserve them when they turn their backs. Their loutish ignorance of course is unaware of the power of the army of the dead. Dead men tell no tales? Do they not! What a tale these dead men are telling! The spilled blood of innocents is more terrible than heavy batteries. The memory of the martyred is in the very grass and stones, and follows the retreating feet of executioners.

Some hostages are shot; and free in that place from possible danger, the Nazis march to another village, to do the like. A huddle of unknown men and women lies against a wall, and the quicklime is sent for, to end the matter. But the matter is not ended. Dire phantoms have been called up, which guns cannot manage. Horror, hate, vengeance, fury, the hosts of the pit, take the place of the villagers, and thus it is our lot to fight, not only evildoers, but the malevolence they have released universally from the dark of

the mind. How did each of us feel when news came of what happened at Lidice? Yet, with such news, we are expected to be rather better than Cromwell's Ironsides, who were not surprised and changed by anything; as good at least as George Washington himself, who had occasions to be indignant, but did not lose his head. Those atrocities, in truth, force us to battle with ourselves, and for that secret warfare there is no practical manual, no guidance at all but one's own candlelight kept by what faith we can muster in the best message, known to us all, ever vouchsafed to wayward man.

The clamor of the multitude is not easily resisted when it comes of revolt against cruelty and a loathing of brutes, for it finds ready response in one's own heart. It is a generous emotion. But it is only an emotion. Resist it we must, for our purpose in this war is superior to all transient gusts of the feelings. The foundations of an international commonwealth, as free as is possible of the motives which have made Pandemonium the newest and most appropriate name for Earth, would be ruined by stains of hate. Resistance to wrong counsel will come easier when we remember, amid the tumult, that common people everywhere, whatever their color and nation, are friendly to the friendly, prefer good neighbors to bad, and life to death. Our foes are the men who have our fellows in their power. To break the power to control the lives and opinions of our neighbors, whoever has it, is our sole excuse for taking to the gun, though that argument was forced on us.

3

It says something for democracy that its chosen leaders in this revolution are men so superior to their opponents, in most that makes men great, that we are as grateful as though we had been given a sign. Roosevelt, from London to China, for one, is heard because the right word tells as surely as sunlight; his counsel creates a good spirit where the immediate prospect is without hope.

But we should fail, nevertheless, if we depended only on our leaders. Amid the clamoring of the multitude we catch the right accent at times, and know that the nobodies

could not have chosen such leaders if unaware of the virtues. But recently I heard an unnamed British airman broadcasting. His aeroplane, he told us, was one of a flight of fighters which chanced on thirteen German air transports over the sea, flying troops to Libya. He related how they shot down eleven of them: "an airman's dream come true." Following down a giant plane to the water, to make sure of it, he saw what happened when its company was cast into waves alight with flaming oil. That young man's voice fell. It was clear he meant to tell us more, but faltered, and said simply, "It wasn't good to see." He then went off the air.

And a soldier home on leave — he was through the Battle of London — was with me on the Sunday morning when it was announced that more than a thousand planes had bombed Cologne. He exclaimed in horror, and put his hand on me, as if for support. Later, thinking it over, he recalled the dreadful argument which the Fascists had started, and confessed that it was our hard luck to show them what its conclusion must be. There was no other way. Still, he was affected. Nor did a man or woman in London that I spoke to about Cologne express anything but regret for the cruel logic of it, for they knew what it meant. They themselves had suffered it, in their minds, bodies, and homes.

Amid the uproar, one meets persons speaking as citizens of the world. They express, in what seems to be chaos, their sense of individual responsibility; and certainly without that understanding of civility even a democracy would die. The great city is the city of the best men and women. Its rulers cannot make it great. If the right spirit is not in its tenements, then the city is as dead as Babylon, or deserves to be. And if ever there was a day in the story of humanity when the common man must summon his wit and will to decide which way history shall go, it is now. All depends on him. Unless that fellow chooses to refashion this earth nearer to the heart's desire, civilization must perish. The danger is, not that he is unworthy and unwilling to choose, but that he has never understood history to be but the

story of himself, and from as far back as the day when he shaped flints. History is, in all its lessons, no more than the imperfect reflection of his apprehension of good and evil.

4

"O, Sairey, Sairey," Mrs. Harris once reprimed to Mrs. Gamp, "little do we know what lies before us." But Mrs. Gamp, having no reason at the moment to be cautious, remembered simply that she had had to be a mother more than once, and said to her friend, "Not much, it's true, but more than you suppose."

Mrs. Gamp's speech, as a rule, roved in attractive guile while dodging its subject, but for once, concerning the shape of things to come, she was more honest than nicer people often are when accounting for trouble. She knew what to expect, when aware of a cause for it. No romantic mystery was made of destiny and its inscrutability; no sorrow, as with noble minds, over man as the helpless sport of the gods. She didn't know much about the future, but she could not pretend to be non-contributory and in complete ignorance of what was in store.

Shall we, too, own up? Because more often than we are willing to admit — there are pride, prejudice, and perhaps investments, to be preserved — what lies before us must be the result of what lies behind us. Even war, like plague, has an ancestry. Even peace, when we see it, will have features resembling whatever is present in our minds this hour. What is it we are thinking? Could not forethought work good into it, as well as the satisfaction of hate, and improved bombers? We have seen how battle tests the virtues in men and their societies, and that lofty bunkum and clever subterfuge have not the survival value of dirt. This suggests it would be better not to pretend that we did not generate folly's progeny; that their father was Fate. It is clear that man may dispense with the help of Norns and Fates. I have but to look on ruin in London, remember what has happened to this planet since the use of metals was discovered, and name the successful creature who did it all, to understand that man has nothing to learn

from the Furies. If he is a little lower than the angels, he can be, when he tries, the most ferocious and destructive beast that ever lived.

General tribulation does not fall from the blue uninvited. We have known for some time that it is more expedient to examine the drains than to attribute epidemics to witchcraft. Destiny is but the last refuge of fools who could have known better, and acted more decorously, but discovered too late they were woefully out in their reckoning. The common defects in humanity, which are such splendid fun in satire, are enough to account for history's black chapters and our present desolation. There is no need to add the further hopeless idea of an Immanent Will which does not care what happens to us. Let us, since we are forced, admit the truth of it: as we are, so is our world. How much does that leave Fate to do with the future?

After all, our understanding of the problem of living was slighter than our churches, libraries, laboratories, and universities suggested. Enough knowledge was possessed to have crowned a civilization, but good intent would not appear to have gone far enough to correct perversion by cleverness and greed.

Has there ever been a grave upset in social relations, such as this blasting spectacle we now watch to see whose house will next catch fire, that has not had its origin in plain sight for years, to those with eyes to see? It is already an old tale when the man in the street, casual and unlucky fellow, stares in dismay at the announcing headlines. Too late! He affects the innocence of a child in a street accident. He is unaware that he has been shamefully inattentive, for he could easily have known that this was on its way to run into him, unless he and his neighbors gave it urgent thought, and balked it. Too late now! There is nothing for it but the recruiting office, or the bankruptcy court, or both; both, usually, being in the same block.

5

It was written of the Treaty of Versailles at the time it was published, "This is a bridge, of tinder over hell." If you would learn what the rosy confidence of proud man can be

when he is most sure of his brains, and at a turning point in history which would have sent archangels hurrying back to the empyrean anxious for further advice, go to the records of what public men in Europe and America were saying and doing for ten years following November 11, 1918. On the other hand, don't. It might make you ill. But I was a journalist then, and for long after, and was compelled to suffer it.

As to Hitler and a number of others, if we knew the millstones were about their necks, and at this moment they were dropping into the midst of the sea, tonight would be calm and starry. But our greater problems would still be here. Hitler is incidental, not a cause but an issue, like the outcome of neglect when the human swarms are disorderly. We should never have heard of him in a world that had been sanely active. In May, 1919, I was editing the *London Nation* in H. W. Massingham's absence. One press day the text of the Peace Treaty came in. The journal was nearly done, but that emergency had to be examined and given first place. Then J. A. Hobson appeared in my room, the most welcome man in England. He was not heard to enter at any time; he had the approach of a wraith. I thrust the document at him gladly, for a first perusal.

It is certain that all serious American students of society and its ways at least have heard of Hobson, and they may care to know that Lenin, to his confessed advantage, had read that Englishman's works. J. A. Hobson was the most selfless, learned, and wise politician and economist I have known. His tall attenuated figure stood at a reading desk that day for an hour, without a movement, except to turn another page of the document tenderly. He had an air of arrested venerability. He was aged, but would not grow older. His dry and drab exterior would remain unchanged by weather and circumstance, on the point of extinction, but constant. I remember him with care, because, though he has really gone, his quality is with us, and could help. His sparse and grizzled hair and mustache were untidy. He would have been quite neutral but for his eyes, which had a dancing glint. That sign of vigilance was most of the liveliness his body showed, except

that, when he was stirred, one eyebrow rose, a warning to the clever ones that they were seen through, if they cared to notice it. One of life's pleasures has been to watch that eyebrow go up, and an admonitory index finger rise with it, at the end of a loud debate, when Hobson's sly fun and better knowledge kindly lowered us to ground level. At length he turned from the desk, looked at me over the top of his steel-rimmed spectacles, and used his index finger on the document for punctuation. He said, "This is a political and military document. It means bayonets, not bread. It took four years to win the war. It will take forty to win the peace."

6

Though more than half that period has gone, we are still hard at it. There can be no single and simple reason for this long unkindness of Fate. It is not in nature that troubles so protracted, involved, and severe should fall on innocents from an ever-vengeful sky, or humanity would have died out before it had reached the ability and leisure to improve the grape and make music. Nor could those frustrations have come from the diabolism of a few evil men, however powerful. There is no easy absolution for us. Our activities must have been wrongly inspired. What intelligent man would care to swear his country's past is like the virgin cheer of Eden? He remembers there is the evidence of history.

History is not bunk, as a famous and pious industrialist once said it was, perhaps hoping to exorcise some effects he disliked by denying all cause. History, for one thing, and sometimes unluckily, is the potent heritage of old time. Because of law, we look to harvest beyond the sowing; and as to one crop, whatsoever statesmen sow, that we must reap. Every country has its lively variety of politicians, which makes it difficult for one nation to be solely responsible for universal woe. Some countries, usually small, have long outgrown the desire for aggressive war; and some greater nations have become weary of the glory of trumpets and drums. We may fairly say of the American and British peoples that they regard war with horror. But

horror of war, however, does not preserve peace.

Let us recall how, during the last war, we became so numbed by years of horrible concussions that when the uproar stopped we were but glad. Our grateful apathy was the opportunity, golden of course, for men of energy and cunning whose interest in personal advantage remained unimpaired and close. The abrupt and welcome end of the war, and the following inconsequence of populations tired in body and will, were the chance for those who represented conventional ideas and aims, out of which the disastrous conflict had arisen, to slip back into the seats of power. This they did, unrecognized for what they represented. And there, in control, they were, during all the years when naked swords were beginning again to peep through the soil. Our chosen leaders ignored the phenomenon. We may only surmise that among the general ideas which govern the policies of industry, commerce, and finance, not a notion was to be found for controlling and extinguishing the glitter of lethal steel, when its sharp points began to spike up once more in the fields of earth, superior to corn.

Not an idea to promote a purpose so good seems to burn brightly with those whose thoughts are fixed on personal advantage. But it is for ideas we are at war, since we have been forced to declare that we would sooner perish than allow all the best that humanity has won to be lost in ultimate night. We will not taunt those politicians and publicists who could not find, in the years behind us, time to attend to ideas, and to discern the difference between black and white, but we may point to the fact that they could have read Hitler's testament. They should have noticed that such infectious stuff out of fevered ignorance, which could not have gone far in a land where print was free to all and purchase optional, was imposed as holy writ on the folk of a great country; a nation always strangely submissive to harness, curiously willing to obey orders contrary to its own repute for scholarship, thought, and art, to ignore its sentiment for religion, and to march in a tranced state, it never knows where, to it doesn't know what. The voice of

the author of that book held spellbound a multitude with a peculiar aptitude for war. No, it is not easy to forgive our politicals for not knowing, many years ago, what was under their noses.

There was the smell of it. Nor was that all. Their attention was called to this pervasive warning of disease; yet they pretended to be unaware of anything peculiar. They declared they noticed nothing foul, nothing inimical to life and loveliness. The smell, though bad, they thought was probably a sign of growing strength. It meant a rising of new power, an influx on the wind of generation at work. They sagely rebuked those whose alarms and revulsions broke into the calm which is essential to chancelleries, if great office is to be kept with that dignity which shows its foundation is as the everlasting mercy.

And, after all, who were they that interrupted the ancient tradition of official calm? As a rule, merely artists, scientists, and writers, and other thinkers, most of them young people of generous instincts outside the pale of orthodoxy; and these, if occasionally their reputation was world-wide, instead of being confined to the rules of exclusive clubs, to popular print, and to the needs of party intrigue, only appealed to reason; and as the public of every democracy has been in the habit of looking to its legislature for the best available knowledge and opinions, and never there for reason, but only for reasons, legislators and candidates for a share of power, and publicists who desire as much control as eloquence can win, may always safely ignore the smallish groups which represent thought, because thoughtful men and women are not likely to affect popular franchise.

7

This can only mean that never yet has there appeared on earth a fair democracy; it has not yet been called up. Such a community could appear only at the call of wisdom, which has been named the fear of God; so men till now have not enjoyed its liberty. That liberty can be had but at a price—a price men may be reluctant to pay, I suppose, even for residence within the jurisdic-

tion of Zion. They are slow to give up anything, even the causes of their tribulations, such as the satisfaction of hate. There can be nothing remotely resembling a city ruled in wisdom while citizens are slow to surrender self, and to surrender it for no more, in return, than the privilege of serving. The desire for mastership is difficult to forget, though the majority of those who seek mastery usually find themselves, in the long run, at the end of the bread line, or in a worse place. It is not so easy as it seems, to give our best to society, instead of our worst, for our existence is suffered by our neighbors not on the highest terms, but the lowest. This is obvious even in the arts, and in politics it is notorious.

If clews are to be found for a way through chaos, we should begin somewhere near that admission. Any effort seen anywhere, in one's own community or outside it, to control the right to serve where there are liberty, equality, and fraternity — values not in the foundations of any city ever built — should be dealt with shortly as the police handle a malefactor breaking the peace. It should be so highly unprofitable to assume a claim to mastership that men would as soon choose to be lepers. But education for that has hardly begun. The schools are not built. No church is here yet. The pioneers are but surveying the wilderness, and the only faint promise is an Atlantic Charter. The capitals of the world have been growths out of surges of blind life lusty for power, and now they are threatened with decay. Material welfare in its finest display depends on the sanctions of multitudinous nobodies, and when those sanctions are withdrawn from the historic prospect of ships, harbors, spires, warehouses, and factories, that show of rich reality proves to have no better roots than the famous hanging gardens of Babylon.

Those gardens have perished. And the magnificent efflorescence of this age of ma-

chines, young and freely budding as it is, spreading wild everywhere till of late, may die off; for the winds of heaven blow where they list, and they blow now from a wintry quarter, bad for all human interests subject to rust. The latest work of our hands is not only more delicate, but requires justification from which gardens are exempt. The admired wheels, without they have good reason, may cease to turn. They got their form and use from the motives of this age, the spirit of our time; but that inspiration was always ambiguous, and religion and the arts have been shy of it, on instinct, when not deriding it. To attempt to justify industrial civilization with the plea that it works, while we witness it in dissolution because of its inherent falsities, would be unintelligent. Great cities have the aspect of the wilderness. Our democratic institutions, with no more to keep them going than their old inspiration, will fall, and our forums and schools revert to thistles and chance weeds in emptiness. In Europe already the weeds are in possession of the rubble; we look around and even see the sterility of our former brave notions. Desolation!

What then? As to failure, we may cheerfully own to that, in a morning light, while there is freedom to begin anew. There are other worlds. There have been signs for years that the soul of man was ready for new and greater adventures. The oceans and continents are all explored. Material conquest can go no further, except to the conquest of itself. The breath of life is stirring. Man's apprehension of circumstance is widening. The possible is enlarged. We have glimpses of space exacting greater faith and courage to explore than were needed for the circumnavigation of the earth. We start from here. It is another day, and we have struck tents, and are on the march. "'Dear City of Cecrops,' said the poet. But shall we not say of the world, 'Dear City of God'?"

BEYOND VICTORY

by ARTHUR KUDNER

1

THE old cowhand sat there squatting on his heels. We had been in lazy discussion about the state of the nation. It was late afternoon and to the east the piñons threw long indigo shadows up the hills. At last he buttoned up the talk. "Anyhow," he said, "it'll sure be hell when all this is over."

He rode off down the canyon then as he always had, ready, competent, contained. I thought of all the years he had been chambermaiding cattle up these draws and across the mesas, parched or shivering as the seasons willed. Flush years, lean years, confident years, fearful years for the nation and the world. He had survived them all. During even the best of them, the most he had got out of it was fifty a month and a tender behind. Yet he was now worrying, and not about the war but about the future of America. It struck me it must have taken a very thorough spreading of defeatism throughout our country to have accomplished that.

How is it with us, I wondered as I watched him go. What he says I hear other men saying also. Have we as a people really lost faith in ourselves and in the limitless promise of this most favored land? Is it indeed true of us now, as Walt Whitman mourned in 1876, that "never was there, perhaps, more hollowness at heart than at present, and here in the United States. Genuine belief seems to have left us"? How was it, say, a hundred

years ago? At the beginning of the most astonishing and fruitful century the world has known, and which singled out America as its special beneficiary, did men sense and were they uplifted by what might be in store?

Suppose we look back a moment. Suppose we mingle in a typical political gathering of those days somewhere in the hinterland of the United States and listen to a local politician report on national affairs.

"President Harrison is dead, cut off at the threshold of his term," he is saying, "and in his place we have Tyler, so hard-mouthed and mule-headed that his cabinet resigns en masse during his first year. He loses the confidence of Congress almost before he starts and has nearly gotten himself impeached. And what treason there is in high places when we see the son of a Secretary of War hanged at the yardarm for conspiracy.

"We are dragging bottom in a frightful depression, yet the legislative and executive arm alike are helpless to make any constructive moves. Business is paralyzed; specie payments have been discontinued by all banks for more than a year; like a string of firecrackers, more and more banks burst while Congress wrangles year in, year out.

"We are a most minor country, my friends," the gloomy speaker warns. "Hideous and awful war with England looms over the Oregon boundary. Food and clothing are hard to come by; the heritage of our children is poverty and exploitation. Doctors are diamond-scarce as grippe ravages the nation. Small wonder that Asiatic cholera has appeared among us. Yet, on top of all this, Congress, crowning folly with extrava-

Born in Lapeer, Michigan, ARTHUR KUDNER has seen and participated in the enormous development of the motor industry in his native state. Head of the advertising agency which bears his name, he looks out from his headquarters in Radio City to survey the nation-wide potential that we are now building up to win this war—a potential which he is sure we shall carry over into the peace.

gance, has seen fit to squander \$30,000 on the Morse system, a crackpot invention for telegraphic communication.”

A dire prospect, certainly. Yet out of it flowered that wondrous century which brings us up to now — and my cowhand friend’s conclusion that it’ll sure be hell when all this is over. Out of it flowered, also, the men we needed in the times and places which needed them, from Lincoln and Grant to the explorers and boomers and inventors and enterprisers and empire-builders and industrialists and boosters and debunkers for which our development called.

Perhaps there is something deep in the American marrow — far deeper than the cadgy and sterile pessimisms we speak from off the top of our minds — that made these things possible. Perhaps it is something like that which moved Old Man Lester, another venerable Southwestern cowman of my acquaintance, to reply, when asked if he were not worried sick about a seemingly endless drought, “Nope. I’ve always noticed that in this country it rains just about thirty seconds before it’s altogether too late.”

2

What was happening when the date line joined the nineteenth and twentieth centuries?

The Wrights were conquering the air with consequences that revolutionized the ways of peace and the concepts of war, and forever changed the geographical security of empires; the first radio messages were stuttering their faltering way across the Atlantic; speed in all things was accelerating to the point where space lost its sense of meaningless dimension. Electric power was sparking a gap in men’s minds and plans; taking form were vast superpower projects to harness the waters that irrigate where they do not engulf immense regions of the country. The telephone developed so enormously in a generation that in 1922 the annual expenditures of the Bell System were two thirds those of the United States government before the First World War.

Iron and steel production and coal mining were quadrupled between 1890 and 1920.

After the First World War we were producing twice as much steel as England, France, and Germany combined. In 1920 we were mining nearly half of the world’s coal.

In the social field, the motorcar was destined to transform American life, to break urban constriction and rural isolation alike, to redraw the mercantile map of the country and gather vastly greater territory into new trading areas. It was to haul in its train a whole era of suburban development, and to effect such an industrial upset that the population of Detroit quintupled in the span of a generation. For good or ill, photographic film and its offspring, the movies, were influencing the manners, dress, morals, and outlook of youth, while woman’s place outside the home was being enlarged and staked down by the development of the typewriter.

In agriculture, those were the pre-plow-under days, and the two decades before the turn of the century saw under cultivation new farm lands that equaled the combined areas of England, Wales, Germany, and France. And epitomizing the astounding sweep of progress and prosperity, here arose the skyscraper city — huge, utilitarian, frantic in aspect and application, but often beautiful, aspiring, and altogether American.

Will it be “hell,” then, when this war is over? Not in my book. Nor, I think, does the old cowhand believe it either, or he would be moving heaven and earth to get the herd he tends sold while beef prices are in the stratosphere and the selling is good.

Is there good ground for the conviction he disclaims? Look about you. The unlocking of the world imagination is under way. All the fruits of science are just beginning to ripen. In terms of factories, machines, transportation, almost anything material you can name, we have means and opportunities in such measure and variety as the past could scarcely have dared imagine. Under the pressures of the war there are developing in this country the makings of an era of prosperity and expansion so widespread and dazzling as to make anything in our earlier experience seem puny potatoes indeed. When the war is won — and it is only too plain now it will take a lot of winning — will the people be energized by the vision of

the phenomenal possibilities before them, as once they were energized by "the American dream"?

3

Let us examine a very few of the things that foreshadow what may be. The normal monthly output of new locomotive horsepower in peacetime in this country is about 40,000. In another year we should be producing in *air* horsepower per month something like 20,000,000. After the war, this immense bank of engine power will have to be dispersed. Progress in manufacture will force it. The dispersal will be made at absurdly low cost. At the close of the last war I saw OX-5 engines costing thousands of dollars to build sell at \$90.

The dispersal of this vast amount of air horsepower will work a revolution in business, transportation, and communication. Spell out its implications for yourself as you prefer, whether in terms of tree-ripened oranges picked tonight in California, which will be on the New York market at eight o'clock tomorrow morning, or of transcontinental shipping generally, or more important, transcontinental *thinking*, accelerating from, so to speak, eight days from coast to coast, to eight hours. The whole velocity of trade, travel, living, will speed up proportionately, and marketwise this can be made to mean at least the equivalent of doubling the population. The railroads and airlines alike know all this well, and already are studying their potentials.

The new industries that are incubating now are almost uncountable and unimaginable in their eventual effect. I think it entirely possible that in five years a rubber tree will be as foolish economically as a wild strawberry. When you can determine at the outset the characteristics in a raw material that will exactly fit it to its ultimate function, why should you putter around with the milk of a rubber tree? A tire tread needs a different material from a garden hose, an oil pipe from a shoe sole, an airplane connection to serve at 30 below zero from a kitchen floor covering. Why handicap yourself by starting with the same material for all these different applications and services? Progress

on synthetic rubbers will in the next few years answer that one with what is known in the popular idiom as the bird — especially when the accidental discoveries bound to come out of present activity have made their contribution. Even Charles Goodyear had to thank an accident for the vulcanization of rubber, and we haven't begun yet to be able to audit our accidents on the asset side in the matter of synthetics.

Even so, we are much farther ahead on artificial rubbers than most people think, except in point of physical capacity. Any one of perhaps a dozen synthetics today will beat the result we got out of natural rubber in tires thirty years ago at a comparable stage of the art, and in 1938 Goodyear built synthetic tires with longer tread wear than could be had then from the best of natural rubber.

A few weeks ago I talked of this with the erstwhile manager of one of the leading rubber plantations of the Far East. Somewhat to my surprise he agreed. "I have been doing some figuring," he said, "and on the basis of what we know even now I can produce more rubber with 350 men in a factory than I can produce with 10,000 men on a plantation. Or, to put it another way, I can get more rubber from 40 acres of factory space than I can get from 50,000 acres of plantation."

4

On the new industries side, we are just about to enter the plastics and light metals age. Our capacity in aluminum is on the way up from 300 million pounds a year to somewhere near a scheduled 3 billion pounds a year, and in its raw state aluminum is twice as plentiful as iron. Our magnesium output increase is also up by 1000 per cent or more. What this can mean as a contributor to a new economy of plenty can be visualized from the fact that magnesium is available by oceanfuls; it is many times more abundant than such old and useful stand-bys as zinc, lead, copper, and nickel combined.

It is not visionary to say that before we are through, this shift to light metals may be as consequential as the shift from the bronze age to the iron age. Think back to

a time much later than that, and recall how steel ushered in an era of unprecedented progress and wealth that changed the face of the earth and refashioned the social and political ideologies of mankind. And already steel's day is passing the meridian. Around the corner is coming a new and fabulous time in the potential of light metals and plastics. The papermakers are exploding the fibers of wood pulp and recompressing them into gears and gadgets which they say will outwear steel. The coffee planters in Brazil are casting their excess into plastics in an amazing variety of shapes and forms. The chemists and chemurgists and capitalizers of plenty and waste everywhere are at their epoch's great chance like a bear at a bee tree, so that in the lifetime of most of us the average American family will enjoy ampler and more satisfying living standards—in terms of cheaper and better housing, more conveniences and leisure, better education and health—than ever before.

You know what is happening in fuels and in the utilization of them. The compact and efficient Diesels of the type that power the streamliners are, in smaller editions, driving tanks, submarines, tugboats, auxiliaries, trucks, and buses in such quantities to meet war needs that production this coming year will reach a rate more than twenty-five times that originally projected in peacetime for two years hence; and with the absorption of engineering and tooling costs involved in such production you can guess how much more widely available this low-cost power will be, when peace comes, than was originally contemplated.

Again, the 100-octane gasoline capacity we are getting means, with the lighter metals, a world of smaller motorcar engines of higher power and lower costs — and the gasoline technicians already say they have in their laboratories fuels three or four times as powerful as our present 100-octane gas.

This is mere highlighting, a meager sample of what will be. Consider, in addition, the possibilities of centrifugal casting, powdered metallurgy, heat-toughened and flexible glass, the new and astonishing developments in black light, electronics, radio and television, the interesting advances being made

in demountable and prefabricated dwellings, in dehydrated foods, in the whole science of nutrition — a foretaste of which is had in the striking contrast between the Army's field ration in this war and in the last one. In medicine, the advance is reflected in an able surgeon's remark that "in the light of our present knowledge every wound we treated in the last war was mistreated." Add to these the long list yet unrevealed of original and exciting ideas and inventions and devices being worked upon in a thousand places and ten thousand minds. Pile on top the banked-up needs that will require to be filled after the war, ranging all the way from civilian housing and conversion facilities and mercantile stocks to elastic girdles and canned beer. Now you begin to see the prospect, but you do not see it adequately until you have added at least a glimpse of the possibilities outside our own country. By lifting the living standards of the backward peoples everywhere even a little, we should be able, in collaborative progress, to run our factories on the backward peoples' raw materials perhaps for longer than any of us shall live.

After the last war there was no such thing in America as a factory parking lot or a broadcasting station. That is not so long ago. Nor was there a foot of concrete pavement in a state like Indiana. Nor was there such a thing as a highway truck as late as 1919. In that year, a leading rubber company wanted to make a dent in the truck tire business. A competitor held the market in tight grip on solid-rubber truck tires. So the ambitious challenger brought out a pneumatic truck tire. Everyone scoffed at it. The truck makers refused to redesign trucks on which pneumatics could be mounted. Finally, as a demonstration, the challenger built its own trucks and started a highway transport line from Akron to Boston. The roads were so bad, the venture such rough-and-ready pioneering, it took ten days to make the trip, and the trucks could not carry anything else but the extra tires needed on the way. But hardship and blowouts and bad roads and tough going be damned, the trucks got through and the foundations were laid for our huge highway transport industry.

By the close of this war we shall have as

many aviation-trained people in America as were familiar with automobiles at the time of the last war. You can spin out and embroider the possibilities in that to suit your most buoyant mood, remembering that when you have designed a plane to land at twenty miles an hour you will have made landing it in bad weather or emergency virtually as easy as bringing a motorcar to the curb.

5

To speed and to ensure the coming of these things, we are recruiting, developing, and maturing under the forced draft of war necessity the greatest source of new wealth which any country can have — our stock of young managerial and executive talent. It is always this group which spurs and quickens progress and which, to have sweep, must penetrate up through and beyond entrenched conservatism or fearful and reactionary management.

For a dozen years this group has been cramped, frustrate, unproductive, under the paralysis of the depression. Now it has suddenly sprung to action, its faculties challenged, its energies released and expanded. The process is something like this, to be specific: Normally 15,000 men work at Buick, say, on one type of product. Today the men who directed and managed that personnel are being swiftly spread thin over a personnel calculated to reach 40,000, making a whole variety of new and unfamiliar things. And these new things are unprecedentedly and inexorably fine in design, quality, precision, materials. No barriers of cost or competition stand between them and perfection. New plant layouts, new machines, new alloys, new tolerances, new techniques, new products, new training requirements — all these are crowding the heads and aspirations of these managers. They are in an educative hothouse, and they are burgeoning like nobody's business. I have talked with dozens of them. They are explosive with new ideas, new standards, new ambitions. Fifty years of peacetime would not offset the training for bigger things they are getting now.

By the same token, the rank and file in industry is experiencing a similar regeneration.

I suppose, before our enemies are beaten down, ten million or more men and women, above and beyond the normal industrial personnel, will have learned a trade, most of them a machine trade. They will never be the same. From the dread and uncertain state of being a person lacking method and capacity, frightened and adrift because he has no internal reliances or assets, each becomes sustained and aspiring by pride of craft, dignified by the consciousness of being a producer, and will never again be content until he has found an outlet for his skill.

Something of the same sort of growth will be found in most of the young men who enter the Army. The six or eight millions of them who come back will not be the inept young gaffers who went away. They will have learned some truths serviceable and grave — how to handle themselves, how to handle other people, how to handle the specialties they dealt with in the service — and they'll be on the prod, wanting to get set and get ahead in the glittering new world that's looming. Most important, they will have seen the world and judged for themselves, and they will know, as traveled Americans all know, that there is no other people and no other country like their own homeland, and they will bring to its preservation and advancement a firmness of conviction and a certainty of purpose which will not be turned aside. They will have had a bellyful of regimentation, too. They will have resolved, if they feel as most of us did after the last war, that there'll be no more "standing in line" for anyone.

6

Now the big thing in making the rich promise which lies at the war's end come true is at bottom a psychological thing. The people — all the people — have to believe in it. They have to see the vision, for it is as true in economics or in industrial potential or in national development as in the Bible, that "where there is no vision, the people perish."

We had that vision once. Before we had it, in the 150 years from Plymouth Rock to the War of Independence, we coasted along as a snarl of colonies and did not amount to

much. Trading rank tobacco and ranker rum for English furniture constituted most of our activity in trade. We made little more use of the continent's vast resources than did the Indians whose knuckles we rapped.

But out of the War for Independence sprang an idea. The people were caught up with its force and magic. Impoverished, on their own for the first time, their trade, credit, markets gone, they themselves far-scattered along a narrow strip of coast between the wilderness and the sea, they yet saw in this new free land a wondrous and beckoning horizon. All men were created free and equal; any man's son could be President; under a government which Jefferson called "the world's best hope," a man could rise as high as his abilities could carry him; there were beaver in the streams and gold in the hills of this "chosen country," to continue Jefferson's phrase, "with room enough for our descendants to the thousandth and thousandth generation" — and so believing America went to town. We ranged the seas, the turnpikes and tollroads, the wilderness trails, traded everywhere, suffered every hardship and capitalized the outcome, because we believed in what lay ahead. In the next century and a half, we produced as much wealth as all the remainder of the world had produced in a hundred centuries. And the bulk of the wealth we have has been created in the lifetime of people now living.

We lost our national nerve for the first time during the recent depression. We lost the horizon as well as "the true aspect of things past." And then we began to worship Security instead of Opportunity. We know now, if we have not always known it, that when a man or a nation sets up Security to worship, the temper is out of the mainspring. The dynamics are gone. You think about dividing wealth instead of multiplying it. You lean on government instead of needling it. Your preoccupation is with the difficulty instead of its solution. You nibble at the seed corn instead of manfully preparing the field for its increase.

But you cannot successfully argue Opportunity to the man in whose brain doom is ringing and who is worrying about his next meal. The vision of Opportunity has to

clear his head before he can hear you. Then and only then will his understanding take in the truth that the greatest security to be found on earth is in the grave. And that the next greatest security is to be found in the penitentiary. Neither invites him at this clear stage; *he* is on his way to sunnier and more fertile fields.

Beyond Victory, be it near or distant, — perhaps, before we are through, as a vital constituent of it, — we must spread and illuminate the vision of what is possible after the war. When that is done and its magic is working, the impediments and hurdles, fancied or real, the disheartening accumulation of limiting legislation and restrictions that constrain initiative, hamper the venturesome, and intimidate the bold can be stripped away, because the first ones who fall in line when the people march purposefully in a given direction are the bureaucrats and politicians. They have learned to do that or be trodden down.

I know that many men highly placed in business and finance take another view. They want the process reversed. They speak sincerely of the need for a "favorable environment for risk-taking" and for "restoration of incentive" and for "assurances of reasonable rewards" as indispensable preliminaries to productive action. They are very logical; they may even be right. But it seems to me they want to idle the motor and conduct a highway safety survey before refining the gasoline to put in the tank to make the automobile go. That may be the right of it; a good many economists also say it is. I confess these gentlemen abash me for the most part, sending the lay mind reeling with their swarming statistics and confident second-guessing. But I should like to point out that too often in their equations, it seems to me, they overlook a primary factor without which there would be no statistics to tabulate and no economy to rationalize.

The primary factor I mean is a dauntless man. Out of a passionate belief in his idea, out of stubborn will and an unshakable conviction at his heart, such a man refuses to be put off, dissuaded, or discouraged, but drives steadily on until he has founded a business, a fortune, and a legend. Most of our great

businesses and industries of today were founded by such men. Most of their collateral was character, and most of their capital was faith; and so it will be of such men until the last trumpet.

Sharpen your pencils and thump your comptometers all you will, the vision comes first. And when the people sense what can be, when after the war they realize we stand, if we so will, on the threshold of a time more rich and productive and serviceable to all than the world has ever known, one spark in the right place at the right time will set off

national comprehension and release their energies to apply and direct our vast facilities in such fashion as to make fulfillment possible. Then we shall all see what Walt Whitman saw, singing of America in a less liverish mood than he felt in 1876, as exultantly he hymned:—

The Present holds thee not — for such
vast growth as thine,
For such unparallel'd flight as thine,
such brood as thine,
The FUTURE only holds thee and can hold
thee.



THE STONES SPEAK

Nazi Patrol

by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE stones have each a face,
as I pace on guard.
Each dead stone seems to grin.
I stamp with my gun-butt hard
tamped down on brow and chin.
I tramp with a booted heel
sealing the street with a seal
of red, as I stride on guard.

Moon silver and dead black
is the empty street
endlessly stretching on.
Echoes clap from my feet.
Dawn, will it ever be dawn?
Doors and windows are fast.
Who lurked there, who fled past?
Silence — till eardrums crack.

We shoot, we burn to the ground.
We stand on guard.
We scourge and mock and revile.
We are metal, smooth and hard.
They fear us! And all the while
voiceful are buried bones,
hate wells up from the stones,
naught changes, naught atones,
as we stand and hark, on guard.

» The autobiography and very human transformation of a Salem child who broke out of her chrysalis of invalidism to meet the challenge of reality.

THE LITTLE LOCKSMITH

by KATHARINE BUTLER HATHAWAY

9

So, in those first bad times, the talisman my brother gave me was not enough. He had given me intimacy of the mind, and the voluptuousness of poetry. He had tried to make it seem an honor for me to be different from the others. But I was terribly greedy, like the fisherman's wife, and I wanted more things.

I remained year after year on the outside, destined, it seemed, always to watch the drama and action in other lives. And after several years of hungry onlooking, and of bewildered wanderings and blind seekings, I became somehow at last (instinctively and without knowing what I was doing) a very perfect imitation of a grown-up person, one who was noted for a sort of peaceful, wise detachment. Because of this apparently contented detachment, and a modest air of superiority, and my secret devotion to the art of writing, which kept always intensifying and enlarging my world of imaginary experience, I deceived myself and everybody who knew me into thinking that I knew a great deal about life.

I had always avoided meeting beautiful and worldly-looking girls with the same care and intensity with which I had invariably noticed and stared at them from a safe distance. In theaters and restaurants I always picked them out from among the ordinary people and lost myself in contem-

plation of them, almost as if I left my own body and entered into theirs. I liked the ones whose arrogance gave them absolute ease and simplicity of movement. I would watch a ravishing beauty go slowly down the aisle of a theater, with her evening cloak hanging off her shoulders and her escort hovering close behind her. I would watch her turn and go into the row where their seats were, and as she moved with cool nonchalance toward her place I could see for a moment her profile or her full face. I would stare at her even after she sat down, when all I could see was her hair, her neck, and her shoulders and the profile of her escort's face turned toward her smiling, while she coldly disregarded him for a moment until she chose to turn and reward him. It was her purity of movement as she came in that I deeply admired, and then, after she sat down, her essence of stillness — nothing unsure, nothing faltering.

In public places, for I never met them in my private life, wherever one or more of these exalted beings were to be seen, I always picked out one among them and identified myself with her. For in such a girl I remembered something which I had forgotten until each time I saw her again. I remembered the person I secretly, childishly believed I had been meant to be. As I stared at her, I felt toward that regal girl a prescience, a clairvoyant intimacy, as if I had been she in another incarnation: without my present fatal disguise I should feel and look and move the way she looked and moved, as destructively and cruelly perfect and calm and exalted as she, who by her entrance made the rest of the audience

A daughter of Salem who studied at Radcliffe, KATHARINE BUTLER HATHAWAY lives and writes today at her happy anchorage in Blue Hill, Maine. With a rare degree of prescience, she has explored the relationships in a New England family — relationships made the more sensitive by her invalidism. The story of her "magic transformation" which is being told in successive issues is one to be read aloud and remembered.

suddenly change into shapeless, comic, wriggling caricatures of human beings.

Whenever I occupied a seat in a theater I slyly managed to sit on one of my feet in order to lift me up a little higher, and also I stuffed a part of my coat under me, furiously intending that nobody should notice my tricks. Without them I could not see over the top of the seat in front of me, much less over the shoulders and around the backs of the heads of other people. Even with these awkward and clumsy devices of mine, my foot and ankle aching painfully after an hour or two in that position, I was not any higher than a ten-year-old child; and yet from this humiliating level I utterly forgot the little locksmith that I was, while my eyes, just clearing the tops of the seats in front of me, made me believe that in the conspicuously beautiful and regal girl I was gazing at, who was in everything the very antithesis of me, I was staring at my own defrauded self and feeling vicariously my own rightful feelings of proud separateness and ease in contrast to the crowd of fidgeting, homely people around us.

Because of this memory or this illusion of identity, nothing would have induced me to face one of these fortunate contemporaries of mine. I owned a little arrogant set of substitutes for those things which I believed were really mine, and these sustained my self-esteem in the world I lived in. My talents and my jokes and my mask of childish charm were always treated in the world I lived in as evidence that I was a superior and valuable human being. In order to maintain my own beguiling jolly feeling of superiority, I could not afford to let anything shatter my precious little set of substitutes. I had to stay always carefully among the kind of people — the literary and artistic people, or the humble, simple people — who valued my various exhibits. Most people I ever met did seem to value them, and my self-esteem rarely suffered.

There were in fact only two kinds of persons, and they were really one kind, who could destroy me and all my little tricks with one casual glance. They were that heartless and worldly and beautiful young woman, wherever I saw her, whoever she

happened to be, and the adoring young man who inevitably accompanied her. As long as they were unaware of me, I could stare at them and forget myself utterly as I merged in them, but I could never let it happen that they should look at me or speak to me. For I knew from experience that if they should merely pass by me near enough for either of them to give me an accidental instant's glance, that glance, first of cold curiosity and then of immediate dismissal, would tell me as cruelly and explicitly as words could have done that by their ruthless standard I didn't even exist. Whenever that glance touched me, I could not deceive myself. I knew, as they knew, that my substitutes were worthless, that as a young feminine human being I was a pitiable failure, and there was no help for it. One such encounter destroyed all my defenses as one bomb destroys a building, but they were no sooner all in ruins around me than I began to repair and build them up again with a curious, indestructible persistence. But it was much pleasanter not to have the bomb hit me.

And so, when I stumbled upon the idea that it would be a great thing for me to have a house of my own, and when I decided that the kind of house I wanted and the only kind that would be suitable for me was a very cunning little house, a sort of fairy-tale cottage, it must have been because the rebellious arrogant person who in youth had fought for existence inside the prison of my disguise had somehow been silenced and forgotten, had even learned to submit humbly at last, and had tried to make the most of whatever beguiling charm and appeal there might be in accepting and playing the part of a quaint, crumpled little figure, who, something like a Walter de la Mare character, was ageless and sexless and supernaturally wise.

But the predicament had not been solved. It had merely been ignored and forgotten, and left far behind me, an unopened package containing a time-bomb. And now, at the composed and quiet age of just past thirty, the huge passion, the greedy enormous dream of youth which, unspent and unrecognized, had caused me such be-

wilderment and pain and then been somehow put aside and made unimportant, must have demanded room at last, for it upset all my modest notions and took for its scene of action the high square house on an azure bay, and I unsuspectingly obeyed the order. Unconsciously I think I was still looking for magic. I think I was still looking, although I didn't know it, for the secret which would restore me to my true shape.

With all my air of wisdom and knowingness, I knew only one thing that was worth anything at all. I knew enough to follow a crucial instinct, when it came, even though it contradicted everything that I had been or known before. In terror and joy, I went ahead with my negotiations.

10

On a day early in September I signed the deed. Sitting at a desk with a pen in my hand in Judge Patterson's office on upper Main Street where the iron deer lurks in the shrubbery, in the town of Castine, on Penobscot Bay in the State of Maine, I felt as if I had already become an entirely new person. With the signing of that document, I changed from being a trifling, detached summer boarder in that town into being one of its citizens with a house and land belonging to me.

In my life that change was epoch-making. For I had become one of the town's summer boarders, a race of people whose lives are finished, and who therefore are treated by the real citizens with patient compassion, as though they were not quite normal or were victims of a disaster. The abnormality or the disaster which converts normal persons at some period of their lives into chronic summer boarders, and turns them into a mild sort of nuisance and responsibility which good-hearted normal people must look after in exchange for small sums of money, consists in their apparently having no homes of their own, no occupations, and — I hate to say it, but I am afraid it is true — in their being people whom nobody anywhere overwhelmingly wants or needs. They are mostly ladies, not very prosperous, not very young.

I had been one of the worst of these parasitical creatures, but when this miracle happened to me, the town became for me a miraculous town. I opened my eyes, and like every convert, I felt as if nobody else had ever seen what I saw.

My town! I love it. The old possessive eagerness wells up in me now as it always does whenever the chance comes to tell about it, especially to some person who has never heard of it before. Castine is built on a high, wind-swept green peninsula barricaded with granite cliffs and washed on one side by the Penobscot River where it widens into the Bay, and on the other by a winding tidal river. Nowadays Castine is reached by land over two long roads which follow the edges of the peninsula along the shore of its two rivers. One road follows the shore of the Penobscot River, and the other skirts the salt estuary whose name is the Bagaduce. Near the wide root of the peninsula a crossroad joins the two river roads, making what is called by Castinets the Twenty Mile Square, and farther down they are joined again by a shorter crossroad where the peninsula has grown narrower approaching its tip, and that is the Ten Mile Square.

There are no other drives in Castine. The two river roads and the two crossroads are all there are. Going either way, you pass farms sloping down to the river, deep-rooted old houses with work going on around them and geraniums in the windows, you dip up and down over wonderful round roller-coaster hills, you pass little coves circled with fields, every now and then you see a small silvery-gray deserted house with its old lilac bush and apple orchard, and crossing the Ten Mile Square you go through a piece of woods where in spring and summer you hear whippoorwills and hermit thrushes. Driving toward Castine you have a river either way you come, and either way you come you begin to feel a wildness and excitement in the sea-surrounded air that is stirring and indescribable.

All I knew of Castine in the beginning was the cliffs, and the Brophy Cottage boarding-house, and an occasional drive around the peninsula. I was a passive and unawakened and virginal summer boarder with no at-

tachment to anything. My eyes had never yet dwelt with faithful tenderness upon the little village on the opposite shore of the salt estuary, the Bagaduce, and my mind had never yet imagined any such devotion to that place as was later to enrich my life. But even in my period of black ignorance I knew enough to adore the cliffs. Sometimes at night, the time when it is most frightening and most wonderful to lie there in the darkness between the sea and the sky, I think I began to be dimly aware of the *genius loci* which inhabits Castine.

This *genius loci* is a strong unseen presence which, if we were ancient Greeks, would surely be given the name of a god and be honored by us with an altar in the Witherle Woods, because it is an influence which takes quite simple, everyday human beings out of themselves and astonishes them, during that short, exciting season, with the sudden acquisition of many charming personal qualities they never had before.

In those last sultry days and nights in August, every year, the cliffs, the Witherle Woods, the shores and the fields of the Ten Mile Square, and some of the nearer islands of Castine are filled by a powerful invisible something which makes that peninsula more alive and more stimulating than ordinary places are. The result is a kind of intoxication among the people who happen to be there. The native-born yield to it instinctively without any great change in their habits, but it is interesting to see how, under its influence, the behavior of hitherto conventional, cautious summer visitors can be completely disrupted and can give way to a mood of unprecedented personal allurements and joyous abandon, which they generally lose again after those two or three weeks are over. It is lovely to see in otherwise brittle and conventional people and their lives this short interval of boldness and gayety and this incandescent glow, as if some ancient primitive aphrodisiac charm were working on them. In fact, it is difficult, seeing such things happen there which never could have happened in any ordinary place, not to be struck with the idea that one of the very old pagan spirits must still cling to this place, left over since long before the French

and the Jesuit fathers came, when the Indians and their gods had it all to themselves.

11

I signed the deed for my house just as the summer season ended and my boardinghouse was about to close. I went immediately to call on my new unknown neighbor. I told her I had just bought the house next door to hers, and I asked her if she could let me have a room in her house for a few weeks while I was having repairs and changes made. After a little gentle nervousness and hesitation she consented, and said she thought her married daughter, Lorna Clement, who lived across the road, would be willing to give me meals.

I looked with eager and interested eyes upon my new neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas. I should have liked them whatever they had been, because they were the first neighbors of my own that I ever had. I had an enormous faith in my own way of doing everything, now that I had begun at last. I had an idea that I could make something rare and wonderful out of whatever material I was to find. And I knew, the moment I saw the Douglasses, that I had been lucky in the material.

Mr. Douglas had bright blue eyes and a ringing welcoming cordial voice, which pealed forth in song from the Unitarian Church choir every Sunday morning. He had an elegance and style of manner which for some reason usually seems incongruous in a countryman. But it was not a city elegance. He called Mrs. Douglas "Wife" when he spoke to her, just like a woodcutter in a Grimm's fairy tale. Most conveniently for me, he was a farmer who sold milk and vegetables. Mrs. Douglas was one of those rare slender, middle-aged ladies in whose face and way of moving and talking you can see more clearly the very feminine young girl of the past than you can see the fifty- or sixty-year-old woman who is supposed to have taken her place. She had not acquired the thick disfiguring shell within which most of the boys and girls of a generation ago are so cleverly concealed that you can hardly believe they ever existed. With

Mrs. Douglas the shell was so thin that you could look right through it and see, only slightly blurred, the soft, innocently engaging absent-minded girl.

When she and Mr. Douglas talked to me, discussing my house, and I told them my plans and asked them to tell me about carpenters and painters they knew, I was delighted to hear in their voices the inflection which I had learned to recognize as one of the unique characteristics of Castine. Their voices kept going up and down, up and down, indulgent, humorous, and persuasive no matter what the subject of the conversation might be. The effect of this inflection is that even in the most casual remark the inhabitants of Castine always seem to be insisting gently and humorously that they want to comfort you for everything and want to excuse you for all your faults. "There, there, everything is all right, don't you be frightened or upset about anything," say the men's voices as well as the women's voices in Castine, no matter what words they are saying. That sound was just what I had been needing all my life to hear. I think of it as one of the physical elements of Castine, like the Castine air, which the inhabitants are so used to breathing that if they have to go away they discover to their surprise that they cannot breathe well in other places. In the same way they become so spoiled by the sound of reassurance in every local voice that when they go to cities they are painfully surprised by what seems like inhuman harshness or at best a very strange indifference toward them in their casual encounters with people.

12

One of my new treasures was the brick path along the front of the house. It was an old brick path laid in the grass, leading in from the road to my front door — a door which had a fanlight above it, in whose thin old glass the light of the sea was reflected. I had been brought up in a city famous for its Georgian architecture, where fanlights and brick garden paths are found even in the slums. I had been brought up never to pass any beautiful specimen of our archi-

tecture without noticing and admiring it. And yet our family happened never to have owned or lived in one of those Georgian houses. I could not believe at first that I myself now possessed a fanlight and a brick path, and not in the slums or the too familiar and respectable streets of Salem, but surrounded by the enhancing light and air of a town where I was alone and free.

Even out in the water I owned property. My wreck was out there. If you rowed out at low tide you could look down through the water and see it, I was told. It was a historical wreck, the British transport *St. Helena*, which had been sunk in 1778 by American guns firing on her from Nautilus Island opposite. I was told about it first by a man named Frank Grindle, whom I had hired to paint the outside of the house. Mr. Douglas told me he was very quick and wouldn't charge so much as some of the other painters. He had an eager, nervous face, and he was a great talker. When he came down off his ladder, he used to stop to talk with me, and one day he told me I owned a wreck. He said he had often been out in his dory and reached down and got pieces of wood off her — old oak that had been so long in the water that it was hard as a rock and black as ebony after it was carved into something and oiled and polished. Several people owned carved chairs and other things that had been made out of it.

One day when he came to work he brought me one of his pieces of my wreck. He promised he would take me out in his dory at what he called the next low dreen of tide, so that I might look down and see the half-buried vessel for myself. I liked Frank Grindle because when he first began to talk to me his eyes shone with witty amusement at the idea of my being the proprietor of the *St. Helena*, and because he seemed to know it would amuse me too. He used to talk very fast and eagerly about other things besides, — all kinds of things, — and while he was talking his eyes would dwell on me with an attentive, indulgent, smiling look, somewhat as if I were a child. He told me things about himself. He told me he had been around the world, working on what he

called "them palace yachts," one time with a Vanderbilt and again with an Astor. That was where he learned manners, he said.

He told me that after he came home from sea he got to drinking so, he was drunk and a disgrace all the time, and how he had cured himself by going into the Maine woods as a lumberman, and how he had hurt his thumb in the woods and amputated it himself because there was no doctor there. Very proudly he made me look at the stump so that I could see what a neat job he had done.

I asked my neighbor, Lorna, if Frank Grindle's stories were true. For in spite of his candor there was something extravagant and unbelievable about him. She declared that, strange as they did sound, they were true. He had been a terrible drunkard; since he cured himself he had never drunk again. He was a great reader as well as a talker, she said. He took four or five books a week out of the library. He liked books about science. Everybody in town believed that if he had had an education he would have been somebody. I could believe that too. There was something magnetic in his eagerness.

Frank Grindle played a part in the beginning of my life in Castine, and he played a part very near the end of my eight years there. After I had lived in my house several summers he told me one day how glad he always was to see the lights in my windows the first night I came back in the spring. He liked a pink lamp-shade which he could see from his house at the bottom of the field. It made a rosy light, he said, and it was nice to see it after the house had stood up there dark and empty all winter.

One spring morning, the next to the last year that I went there, as I was driving along the road from Bucksport toward Castine, I was anticipating my arrival and, among all the other familiar things deliciously reawakening in my mind as I came nearer and nearer, I was thinking of how Frank Grindle would probably be pleased to see the rosy lamp that night. The first piece of news I heard as I stepped out of my car was that he had been killed an hour before. He had always been too impatient, too

quick, people said, and didn't take time enough to make his staging solid, and that morning he had just gone up on it to paint the eaves of the Castine Inn when the staging gave way and he was killed the instant he struck the ground.

The thought of him has interrupted my attempt to describe my house and land. For when I think of the first autumn, and remember myself sitting on the terrace doorstep meditating about the *St. Helena*, I cannot help remembering Frank Grindle too, and how he spoke and smiled. He was so alive that he is even now more vivid to me than any of the other men who worked for me at the same time. That first autumn his ladder was always somewhere up against the house and he was slapping thick white paint onto the clapboards while I sat at a lower altitude on the terrace doorstep, enjoying the warm sense of unspoken friendship and protection surrounding me.

13

I have always loved willows, because they are the only trees which have wantonly escaped from the classic idea of a tree; instead of growing straight up into the air they lean sideways at all sorts of sad and desperate angles, their branches jetting out of them anywhere, like soft green spray, instead of being placed symmetrically on each side of the trunk, and because sometimes several trunks grow fanwise out of one root. This waywardness in their structure gives willows a look of wild, romantic abandon, as though they were changelings and held the spirits of people who have been crossed in love. I like them too because they can be so old, all tumble-down and rotten and apparently dead; and yet when April comes, there will rise out of those black, crumbling ruins the most tender and youthful green wands, holding new leaves high in the air in great round, soft, billowy bouquets, more expressive of spring than any other tree. Because of this wonderful mingling of agedness and tender youth, willows seem to belong to a race of trees apart, one that is ancient and magic and lorn. I felt very rich and lucky indeed as I stared at my own row of

willows arching down the slope. Their shapes made a wonderful decorated border against the eastern sky, of whirls and scallops and festoons, which my eyes were never to grow tired of tracing.

Just in front of the willows stood a little weather-beaten building, which I always made sure to include in each of my roaming, exploring, appreciative glances round my place. My glance not only included it without fail but always stopped for a moment or longer to give a special secret caressing attention to it, and a promise for the future. I had not forgotten that when the idea of buying a house first struck me I had believed that I wanted to buy a thimble, and nothing but a thimble—that is, a small weather-beaten outbuilding or cluster of outbuildings which I would transform into something fascinating on a doll-size scale. Afterward, when to my surprise I had bought a large and very real house on a grand scale, again to my surprise I discovered that I had also bought a thimble, without even knowing it. For, along with my house, land, brick path, fanlight, willows, and historical wreck,—along with all these magnificent incredible treasures,—a thimble had been thrown in free.

And a perfect thimble. It was no mere ramshackle old shed, but a solid, well-proportioned little building, containing one room with six windows and two doors. I was told by my neighbors that it had originally been a cream-house, later used as a henhouse, but for a long time it had not been used at all. Inside, when I first looked in, it was as uninviting as an ex-henhouse is likely to be. The half-open loft appeared to be stuffed with old boards and dust and cobwebs, but the dark beams were sound and the lower floor was firm and strong. After it had been thoroughly washed and scrubbed a good many times, I discovered that the floor of the thimble was particularly beautiful, made of very wide old boards, curiously rich in color, mottled and stained from use and age until they had become a deep purplish brown, blending into purplish gray and dark brown.

It became my close-fitting, protecting shell which held only me alone during the

hours I worked at writing every day. I was the little soft, amorphous, silent one who lived inside it, like a snail, and almost grew to be a part of it during those hours. When I was writing, I tended to become my original shell-less impressionable, unguarded self, the unworldly child of God who exists inside of every person, more or less imprisoned, and it was therefore necessary to acquire a shell, such as my thimble, for protection during those hours when one took off the protection of the outer self.

When I was in my thimble, and in this impressionable state, I used to be aware of other living but non-human inhabitants who shared my shell with me. They were silent as I was, or their voices were too small to hear. Against those deep purplish boards one morning I watched in shocked horror the convulsions of a chalk-white butterfly being carefully strangled by a spider, after it had flown into the web and caught its wings. I watched the spider clasp the butterfly until it shook in the orgasm of death, and its wings drooped, and it did not move again. Then the spider turned it over and over on his thread until it had ceased to have any resemblance to a butterfly and was only a narrow little bundle hanging in the web.

A hummingbird darted in one day and flew up into the peaked roof, high above the windows and the open door by which he had come in. He flew back and forth, and back and forth, in what appeared to be a frenzy of terror. I opened every window and both doors, hoping to show him that he was free to go. He couldn't seem to see what was so simple. Finally I left him, thinking that he might do better if he were alone. When I came back several hours later, he was gone. At last he had made the great discovery that what he had imagined was a prison was really open wide.

My thimble, I adored it! I planted morning-glory vines that grew up on strings over the outside. Sometimes I used to feel and hear a brisk little wind suddenly seize the thimble in its clutch, and knock the vines against the outside walls; then the capricious little Castine wind would go away as suddenly as it had come and leave the thimble and me in our usual stillness.

(To be continued)



MRS. WILLOUGHBY'S DIARY

by MARY ELIZABETH PLUMMER

1

MRS. PETER WILLOUGHBY dipped her pen into the Meissen inkwell on her desk and wrote energetically across the flyleaf of a 1941 diary, "Each day, each week, each month, each year is a new chance given us by God." It was New Year's Day, and she had resolved to keep a diary from now on; and not only that, but somehow to get her diary up to date — a large task, because she had not kept a diary since 1920.

"A great deal has happened since 1920," Mrs. Willoughby said pithily to her husband, who lay prone on the sofa, reading *Murder at Smutty Nose*.

"How true," said James Peter Willoughby. "I might also observe that much happened before that."

There was silence for a few minutes in the Willoughbys' living room on Sutton Place South. Then Jim remarked, "Lizzie Borden's dead," and turned a page.

Mrs. Willoughby rested her fair head on a slim white hand, and thought about various things that had seemed important for a while in this country in the last two decades — such as the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill. She tried vainly to recall its provisions.

"I have a slight headache," said Mrs. Willoughby. There was silence from the sofa. "I shall never again stay up until 3.00 A.M. on New Year's Eve," she said. Silence again.

"Jim, dear," said Mrs. Willoughby, "if

you were going to summarize briefly everything that has happened to you and me since 1920, how would you go about it?"

"It would depend on what audience I hoped to reach," said Jim. "I am going to take a nap." He departed in the direction of the bedroom.

Left alone, Mrs. Willoughby thoughtfully studied her right foot, in its light-blue satin boudoir sandal, and considered her problem. In order to get her diaries up to date, she would have to write an essay hitting the high spots: her marriage, the birth of her children, the most memorable things she had read and heard in her adult life, and something of her intellectual and emotional development.

She dipped her pen once more, and wrote across a sheet of blank paper a tentative title for this treatise — "Twenty Years in New York: A Montage."

Enervated by this effort, she sat back in her chair and gave herself over to recrimination for having permitted all that time to seep away unrecorded. She had lived a rich, full life in a very significant period of the country's history. By now, a simple day-by-day account of her doings in those years would comprise twenty diaries. They would have been a reservoir of material on which to draw for background for her future projects; a satisfaction for her old age; a heritage for her children. Perhaps at some future time, when the current of interest flowed back from events abroad to life at home, they might even be worthy of publication in an abridged form — THE JOURNAL OF JANET WILLOUGHBY: *Life of a Sensitive, Thoughtful New York Woman of the Nineteen Hundreds.*

A native of Bedford, Indiana, MARY ELIZABETH PLUMMER is a promising young satirist who served on the staff of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* before taking up her residence in Manhattan. Her heroine, Mrs. Willoughby, has made warm friends in our audience. This is her third appearance in the *Atlantic*.

There were few, if any, published diaries of New Yorkers who had remained at home and who never had held a job of any kind, thus having a free mind to contemplate and judge critically various aspects of New York life. Hers would have filled a real need. Perhaps she should make her paper a longer work, with subtitles, such as "A Résumé of My Life at Twenty-seven."

She pushed back through the mists of memory, trying to recall some of her thoughts at twenty-seven, but didn't succeed. That had not been one of her important years. This one, she knew, was going to be. At midnight, she had felt a sloughing off of her old, hedonistic self. She would be strong, purposeful; would staunchly perform tasks that she previously had put off until such time as she should really wish to do them.

"How sad," she thought, "that so often on New Year's Day one is ill-equipped to start carrying out one's high resolutions!"

2

She felt so despondent, considering this matter in its relation to the general subject of man's frailty and the difficulties of his arriving at a state of perfection, that she decided to refresh herself by dipping into her former diaries.

These were two old books which she kept in an ivory-colored box on a high shelf in her bedroom closet. She went in and extracted them from their box, returned and started to read with interest and appreciation.

The oldest diary was a small leather book which formerly had been locked, but which now had the lock cut. It dealt with Mrs. Willoughby's life at seventeen. On the fly-leaf were two adjurations: —

"Write books and plays.

"Avoid gossip. Low-grade intelligences always speak in personalities."

The first pages were crowded. The account of January 1 overflowed to January 2, and contained several comments of a critical nature, including the observation that "L.G. is so stupid he is fascinating."

The next day's entry was an exposition of the attractions of "H." "He is steadfast in his purposes," she read. "He is foursquare."

Mrs. Willoughby frowned with distaste at this description, and flicked over a page. On the next page she told of playing a phonograph record of a popular love song, which, she wrote, "seems almost as sacred as the marriage service."

January 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, and 16 were vacant. Under January 17 she merely had written, "A beautiful day." January 18: "I have a new red coat with a gray squirrel collar." After January 21 there was nothing until May 7. Busy entries followed through June 27, most of them detailing conversations she had had with Charles K., a man of twenty-one who had beguiled her greatly at that time. They had talked together a great deal, and she had written it all down. Here was the day when they had had that long, interesting talk about "X." It was on a cloudy day in June. They had had this long, interesting talk, and then it rained. It poured.

The diary then skipped to July 4, and told how her father had enjoyed setting off the Roman candles on their lawn in Mount Kisco.

"July 5. — I do not want to be clever. I want to be understanding."

"July 6. — I am a greater believer in limitless possibilities."

There was nothing in the diary after that date.

"Well," thought Mrs. Willoughby, "that is not a very full diary, but it is something. That year is not a complete blank, like my life at twenty-seven. It is something to be able to read these jottings about my life at seventeen and realize that I am not nearly so foolish now as I was then."

The second diary was a red-backed National Diary, which had printed inside its cover the Postage and Parcel Post Rates for the United States and Possessions. In the first pages Mrs. Willoughby had noted various things that she was going to do, such as improve her personality, do more foreign and United States travel, and keep up and revive old friendships. Mrs. Willoughby was twenty at the time.

These notes took up to January 8. The makers of the National Diary had printed at the top of that page, "Battle of New Orleans. 357 days to come."

Mrs. Willoughby's major interest, on the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, had been to describe people she knew with a single word: the first word that occurred to her when she thought of them.

"Mrs. K. — 'fecundity.'"

"Stephen J. — 'efflorescence.'"

This labor had been abandoned after describing about ten of her acquaintances, and she had started listing in her diary the fortunes that she received, with her weight, when she stepped on a drugstore scale. The weight cards nearly all said 116, but the one-sentence character analyses were always different, and always, she felt, accurate.

"February 12. — 'Weight 116. You have an inherent power for organization. Develop your abilities to the fullest extent.'"

"May 19. — 'Weight 116. Your keen, analytical mind is of great assistance in solving the problems of others.'"

Scattered through the diary were observations and fragments with no quotation marks around them, but with a familiar ring. Under January 20 was written, "He taught her all she knew. It was as if she had grown up in his arms." She did not know now whether this was a quotation, an idea for a story, or what.

July 14 set forth the idea that there's always a moon in a certain town in Maine. "Sometimes it's balmy with a moon, and sometimes cool with a moon." Reading this now, she felt sure that it was something out of *College Humor*.

Another note said, "Take the great women of history."

Why? She had no idea where this came from.

The diary was blank after July 14, except for the manufacturer's printed reminder near the end: "Have you ordered your diary for next year?"

Mrs. Willoughby was still absorbed with this book when her friend Lolly Winters called and said it was time to go to Mrs. Valentine Sledd's eggnog party. She put her old diaries back in their ivory box in her bedroom closet, and tucked the new one into her desk, with the unwritten paper entitled, "Twenty Years in New York: A Montage."

3

The reason she did not get out the new diary when she returned home that evening and describe Mrs. Valentine Sledd's eggnog party was that Mrs. Sledd's party was simply too trivial. The rooms on Gracie Square were full of purposeless people screaming inanities, and Mrs. Willoughby was unwilling to deface her diary with their bromides. Tomorrow she would make a simple, austere note under yesterday's date: "Eggnog with Mrs. Sledd."

The next day, to her own surprise, she did this, and added an equally austere note for January 2: "Luncheon with Gretchen H." Similar entries continued until late spring, by relentless exercise of her iron will. If she skipped a week, she went back the following week and wrote down something for each day, as nearly as she remembered it.

In the late spring, she and her husband spent a week-end in Williamsburg, Virginia.

"We saw the oyster fleet at Hampton Roads," Mrs. Willoughby wrote in her diary upon her return. "We had Southern fried chicken, Virginia ham, black-eyed peas, and candied yam for dinner one night. Dessert — plum ice cream. There was an open fire in our bedroom."

"Our host had a beautiful old garden, with spice bushes and magnolia trees. There were catbirds and thrushes in the garden. We sat on the veranda and sipped scuppernong wine."

Writing these things, Mrs. Willoughby began to feel like a Southern belle of the Spottswood period. A great languor came over her. She made no more entries in her diary until September 1, when the Willoughby family returned from a vacation in Maine.

Her interest in her diary was reawakened at this time by a couple of sentences she read at the start of the book, *Since Yesterday*: —

"Do you remember what you were doing on September 3, 1929?"

"Probably not — unless you have an altogether exceptional memory."

Mrs. Willoughby found this question very disturbing. "Jim," she said to her husband, "what were we doing on September 3, 1929?"

"I have no idea," said Jim. "Why do you want to know?"

"I was just thinking," said Mrs. Willoughby. "I wish I had kept a complete diary for all the years of my married life."

"What would you have written in it?" inquired her husband.

"I would have written all the delightful things you have said and done," said Mrs. Willoughby fondly.

James Peter looked dubious.

"I would have quoted some of your impromptu rhymes," said Mrs. Willoughby, "such as 'Weary pilgrim, dressed by Milgrim,' and I would have told how you used to sing in the bathtub, 'Good morning, good morning, another day is dawning.'"

Jim smiled, but said, "I don't remember doing that."

"Of course you don't," said Mrs. Willoughby, "because you didn't keep a diary."

"I also would have noted some of the interesting thoughts I had when I arrived at the hospital before Jane was born," she continued.

"Too intimate," said James Peter Willoughby.

"Such things make a very good diary," said Mrs. Willoughby, inexorably.

"Among the things that I never have been sorry about is the fact that I have kept no diary," said Jim, feeling that he had narrowly escaped being immortalized in his wife's journal. "What if all the 120,000,000 people in the United States kept a diary? What a mass of material there would be, and for what purpose?"

For a moment even Mrs. Willoughby's mind was appalled at this idea.

"Hundreds of thousands of diaries would fall into the wrong hands," continued Jim. "The result would be chaos."

Mrs. Willoughby's spirits were somewhat dampened by this black picture, but her will, newly fortified by a holiday in the sunshine and sea air, was inflexible when she went to her desk and her diary late that evening, to pick up the loose threads of her life since the spring week-end in Virginia. She was dismayed to see how many blank pages there were, but pleasantly refreshed to read in her last entry about the oyster fleet at Hampton

Roads and the catbirds in the garden, which she certainly would have forgotten had she not written them down.

How many delightful happenings had she let slip from her mind since then? Where had she been going, in her little Delman shoes?

Well, she would note some small things that she wanted very much to remember. Some of them had happened a good while ago, but they were valuable. They shed light on the fads and foibles of our time.

Mrs. Willoughby dipped her pen, and wrote a brief note about having seen a woman slap a man on the Madison Avenue bus, and how the whole bus had begun to argue the merits of it; but somehow the quality of the scene escaped her. She was unable to reconstruct it entirely. Then she told about seeing an old man on the street carrying a placard which said, "Watch your step, ladies. Love your husband and not somebody else's," and a man who had been gliding along on roller skates, walking his dog.

She followed these vignettes with some general observations on the pleasure of being back in New York after a holiday — "in order to see such surprising things as the above," she added after a moment's reflection, because the entry lacked unity.

Suddenly she felt very sleepy, and decided to call it a day.

4

Things moved apace now that Mrs. Willoughby and her friends were back in town. Worth-while activities presented themselves on every hand, and the crisis abroad went from bad to worse. Lolly Winters stopped designing houses to give full time to new duties, and named Mrs. Willoughby as chairman of a Means Committee. The minds of men and women were serious. Bernadette, the Willoughbys' cook, affected by the tension of the times, dreamed that the sky cracked and the Lord came down.

There was no time for Mrs. Willoughby to keep her diary. Still, she had a great desire to get her little individual life, so fragile in this mad whirl of events, down on paper, coördinated, even as the claps of thunder sounded.

Thus it was that Mrs. Willoughby sat

down on New Year's Day of 1942 with her diaries, and thought about the lovely life she had had up to that date, and wished that somehow she could make clear how significant her life was, and the life of everyone else in the world.

She was in the incorporeal state of one who has had four hours' sleep, and who recently has exchanged New Year's greetings with utter strangers.

She glanced through her three diaries and said to herself that many of the entries were trivial and frivolous. Perhaps it was just as well that so many of the pages were blank. How, then, was one to make permanent the passing moment; how explain the importance of his little individual days before passing on forever?

Her task today obviously was to write a

brief summarizing record of her life, which would relate the gravity of the present hour to the great hours of her individual development over the last two decades.

For a moment she was tempted to entitle this treatise, "My Favorite Hats and What I Have Done in Them," because nearly all her great moments had come when she was wearing a memorable hat; but she dismissed this thought as unworthy, and wrote across a sheet of blank paper the title, "Twenty-one Years in New York: A Montage." She was still deep in thought when Lolly Winters called, and said it was time to go to Mrs. Valentine Sledd's.

"I can't go," said Mrs. Willoughby, and hung up.

She crossed out "Montage" on her paper and wrote, "Conspectus."

BOYDEN OF DEERFIELD

by LEWIS PERRY

I

ON A September morning in 1902, an inconspicuous and almost frail young man who had graduated from Amherst College the previous June walked up to the front door of the old schoolhouse in Deerfield, Massachusetts, which was Deerfield Academy. It was no coincidence that, within, the board of five trustees was holding a meeting to decide whether or not they should close the Academy. Chance no doubt played some part when the trustees finally decided to engage the applicant as the new principal, — for the outcome of almost all such interviews is unpredictable, — but chance has had very

little to do with the fact that Frank L. Boyden, the young man from Amherst, has remained as principal now for forty years.

Approval of the choice was not universal. As the neighbors looked out of their windows at this one-hundred-and-twenty-pound youth with glasses, — not at all the type they had hoped for, — the feelings of many were that Deerfield Academy, which had had its ups and downs since its foundation in 1797, was in for another disappointment and had much better close up for good. Little would be added to the ancient luster given it by such a former head as Dr. Edward Hitchcock, who had propounded and proved to an astonished world the theory that the earth is millions of years old.

Always a believer in athletics, although apparently no athlete himself, the newly ap-

LEWIS PERRY, the youngest of that famous triumvirate of brothers which included Bliss and Carroll, graduated from Williams College in 1898, taught at Lawrenceville, then at his Alma Mater, and has been Principal of Phillips Exeter Academy since 1914.

pointed principal on his first afternoon in office called out the fourteen boys in the school for football practice. They were an oddly assorted group dominated by a big freshman whom we shall call Smith. In a scrimmage Smith was thrown heavily and let go some oaths which constituted a great part of his meager vocabulary. Instantly the diminutive new principal stopped the scrimmage, looked the six-footer in the eye, and said, "Cut that out." "Yes, sir," said Smith. This was Frank Boyden's first case of discipline, and no more important case has come up in his forty years of service.

Late that afternoon a townswoman who had seen the principal crossing the road in the morning leaned over her fence to exchange ideas with a neighbor who was working in his garden. "I saw the new principal this morning," she said. "He'll never do."

"You're wrong," chuckled the gardener. "I was at their football practice this afternoon. We've got a man."

On that first day Mr. Boyden called on Captain Ephraim Williams, a patriarch of the village. He found him sitting in a rocking chair before a blazing fire, a shawl on one arm and in his other hand a fan. "I have a shawl and a fan," he said, "because I am not sure whether I am going to have a chill or a fever." But Captain Ephraim Williams, like Sophia Smith and Mary Lyon, thought the education of the Deerfield Valley of supreme importance. These people were willing to scrimp that boys and girls might be educated. Consider Dickinson hired a woman to keep house for him at twenty-five cents a week, and when he discovered that she was saving money on it he married her! In the old cemetery at Deerfield are two tombstones, and on the bottom of one is the following inscription: "These stones were gratuitously erected by Consider Dickinson in memory of his Father and Mother-in-law." But Consider Dickinson and his wife left their fortune to found the Dickinson High School in order that the boys and girls of Deerfield might have an education.

Seldom if ever can the ways and means of education which have proved successful in one country, one school, and, I am almost tempted to say, in one teacher's classes be

transplanted to another country, school, or class. In education, certainly, the style is the man. So, to approach the secret of Mr. Boyden's great administration at Deerfield, it is necessary to know something about the town itself.

With its wide streets, spreading elms, old colonial houses, and exciting ancient history, it is, of course, one of the most beautiful and fascinating towns in New England. In the seventeenth century the settlement was several times raided by the Indians, the most serious raid being in 1704, when many captives were carried off to Canada, some never to return. In one of the earlier raids on Deerfield and the neighboring town of Hadley, tradition has it that one of the "regicides" who had condemned King Charles to death reappeared to warn and rally the defenders. With the somewhat later history of Deerfield is connected the name of Eleazar Williams, undoubtedly the great-grandson of the Reverend John Williams, of Deerfield, and somewhat more doubtfully the "Lost Dauphin" of France, as he steadfastly maintained he was until his death in 1858. The "Lost Dauphin" once told George Sheldon, the historian: "When I am on the throne of France, I'll send over a battleship and take all the people of Deerfield to Paris and give them a good time."

Deerfield has always been more a part of the world than some of its small neighbors, and its inhabitants for centuries have been not only readers and lovers of books but, together with scenes and settings in Deerfield, the stuff of which literature and art are made. Somehow the chance remark which a wonderful old lady of over eighty made to me this summer seemed to epitomize the spirit of the place better than I can. "In Deerfield," she said with some pride, "we have always danced."

2

Some sixty years ago Polish people began coming to the Valley, to cultivate the tobacco and onion fields. Saving their money and buying up farms, they have become a very substantial part of the population of the region. Even in 1902 they were there in great numbers, and whatever admiration

one may feel for cultivated natives of Poland, one cannot help thinking that the granite doorsteps of Yankee farmers were probably more fertile soil for seeds of education than the front yards of immigrant Polish peasants. Nevertheless, Frank Boyden set about spreading the gospel that every boy and every girl in the neighborhood should have an education, and that they should get their education at Deerfield Academy. So the new principal hitched up his buggy and began to call on the neighbors and the people of the surrounding farms. To anyone who knows Frank Boyden, that was a perfectly characteristic thing to do. He has an interest in people which is genuine, and many of the staunchest supporters of Deerfield Academy today are the sons and the daughters of the people whom he called on forty years ago.

From the first it became apparent that it was the new principal's ambition to make of Deerfield Academy a community school. Besides an evident belief in athletics as a kind of scholastic tonic and, for the town, a social solvent, he soon showed concern for the social manners of his boys and girls. The four receptions a year which he arranged may not seem to be an infallible recipe for social graces, but they pleased the town and Mr. Boyden. Consequently, they were popular in school. The neighbors brought in ice cream and cake, and the neighbors have been doing so ever since. When one goes to the great commencement dinner where at the present time fifteen or sixteen hundred people sit down, some part of the dinner, you will find, has been brought in by the neighbors.

Naturally, when a strange young man comes to town and begins to secure a foothold, local prejudice and opposition appear, and that happened here. The political leaders of the town did not like to have their control questioned. But the good women of Deerfield were staunch allies of the new principal. One morning on the post-office steps a local politician was heard to mutter as he stroked his beard, "These women are raising hell around here. They want to cut off from the check list the names of voters who have died. Why, if we did that, we shouldn't have

enough voters in Deerfield to send a representative to Boston."

I do not propose to describe the difficulties which Mr. Boyden encountered. Year after year in town meeting the voters saw the wisdom of granting the money which he asked for his school, from 1876 to 1924 a combination of the Dickinson High School and Deerfield Academy. On occasion, however, some few ventured the opinion that the principal was actually stealing the school from the town and seeking to make it his own. Eventually the amendment to the State Constitution making it illegal to appropriate public money for private institutions made it impossible for the town to continue its generous gift, and it established its own high school in South Deerfield. For a time it seemed that Mr. Boyden's work was to end in failure, and that the growing respect and affection which he had inspired in town was to end only in pleasant memories. This deprivation, however, proved to be the greatest single influence in making Deerfield Academy a national school. Mr. Boyden's instinct for appraising a situation is close to unerring. On this occasion, as on others, he stood by his guns, refused to make weakening compromises, retained the respect and affection of the town — and, providentially, received financial succor from friends at a distance. Mr. Boyden never speaks of those days of struggle and discouragement, but they were an important element in making him the man he is today.

3

To the old friend no less than to the casual visitor the same teasing question remains unanswered: "What is the secret of Deerfield Academy?" To say "Frank Boyden" is to make no real reply, for the school and the man are inseparable. Mention of his name brings to mind a shy, quiet, unobtrusive, short-statured, spectacled man in his early sixties, having no marks of the athlete, no pretensions of the scholar, no assurance of the businessman. His dress is invariably sober, even somber. A more obviously selfless person could hardly exist. Certainly Frank Boyden is no type, yet Deerfield

Academy is as clearly the image of its principal as ever was inked impression on a printed page. In the one as in the other you find the same honesty, simplicity, earnestness, and interest — the same lack of ostentation in what they have, and the same welcome for what they seem to think you can bring. This idea may be one of the great secrets of effective education anywhere.

Interest — the quick, real interest in the other person, the human interest that years ago prompted Frank Boyden to hitch up his horse and go call on his neighbors; the interest that inspires quiet questions rather than showy answers — that seems to be the secret of Boyden and of Deerfield. No one can fool schoolboys for long. They are quick to detect any insincerity, any hypocrisy, anything that is not genuine. They are equally quick to respond to sincerity, to real interest, to genuine affection. They know when a school, from the head down, cares. An honorary degree given to Mr. Boyden by Yale a few years ago was given for his "researches into the minds and hearts of youth." And no one knows better than he that it is hearts that should logically come first. "I have never known a teacher," said a former pupil of his, "who has so completely given himself to one object, and that object the development of character."

Mr. Boyden has always kept in close contact with his boys. He accepts no boy without first having had a personal interview with him. In the fall, when school starts, he meets new and old boys separately every evening for the first few weeks. By Thanksgiving he has instilled into the hundred or more newcomers so much of the spirit of the school that they are indistinguishable from boys who have been in Deerfield two, three, or four years. Very early Mr. Boyden informs the students that he has few rules and no penalties. By some magic, perhaps that of keeping them busy, he makes them content with the few strict rules that do exist.

Once Mr. Boyden asked a man working in the stable how he managed horses so well. "I manage horses just the way you manage boys," the man replied; "give them a little rope but not too much." I am sure that Mr. Boyden's knowledge of horses and love of

horses have helped him in his management of boys. Only this summer, in the midst of an important conference where a college president and heads of schools were in solemn conclave, a high-spirited horse broke his halter in the Deerfield stable and dashed out into the school garden. Mr. Boyden, with no excitement, left us for perhaps five minutes, then quietly returned to his place at the table. I learned afterwards that he had caught and led back into his stall a horse which nobody else in town would have been able to manage. "Work 'em hard, play 'em hard, feed 'em up to the nines, and send 'em to bed so tired that they are asleep before their heads are on the pillow," was the summary of the Deerfield method that he once gave to an old friend of his in the town.

It would seem impossible for any other headmaster to run his school as Mr. Boyden runs his. Imagine having your desk in the midst of a hallway through which all the boys in school pass in the course of a morning. He must have an enormous correspondence, and perhaps he can dictate some letters while sitting at his desk, but I have never seen him do it. There he sits, and boy after boy stops, asks him a question or two, and then passes on. It is Mr. Boyden's method of knowing his boys. I once said to him, "How in the world can you be a schoolmaster with so many interruptions?" "Well," he said, "there are always interruptions in life." Many times, however, I have seen him on a motor trip, dictating letters to his secretary hour after hour. When the task is finished, the secretary takes the train back to Deerfield, with notebook full, to type the letters which Mr. Boyden signs on his return. Many of the rest of us are overborne by our correspondence. He makes correspondence secondary.

The most important element in Mr. Boyden's success with boys and girls is not only his interest in them but his genuine interest in their interests. Love for boys is a great advantage if the boys do not know it. Psychology is a handy gift if other people do not know it. After forty years he still coaches the baseball, football, and basketball teams.

Early in his career at Deerfield, Mr. Boyden took his baseball team to a neighboring town for a game. So busy in making arrangements had he been that he had had no time for breakfast that morning. When he got to the town where the game was to be played and had attended to numerous necessary details, he discovered that he would have no time for luncheon, either. In the sixteen-inning game which followed, Mr. Boyden distinguished himself both at bat and in the field. On his return in the train that evening Mr. Boyden, for the first time in his life, "passed out" completely. No words of devotion, of course, could have ever begun to express so much. The members of the team, who in some instances had been sent to Deerfield to break up the school, told Mr. Boyden to go home for a week; they said that they would run the school!

One beautiful October afternoon not long ago, when the Deerfield Valley was at its best and the maple trees around the playing fields were bright with autumn, the football team was playing Loomis. Late in the game Deerfield had the ball on the Loomis five-yard line. Looking over at Frank Boyden, who was sitting on the bench surrounded by the excited substitutes, just as the ball was put into play, the wife of one of the masters was heard to breathe, as quick tears came into her eyes, "Put it over, oh, put it over. Do it for the Little Fellow." What boys and girls, men and women, parents, townspeople, and friends from afar have done and will do "for the Little Fellow" is one of the glories of Deerfield.

Nor is his interest confined to boys. The girls, a comparatively small number, who have been to Deerfield know also of Mr. Boyden's sympathy and understanding. Some years ago there was in school a Polish girl. Disobedient, rebellious, and indifferent to appeals of all sorts, she was one of the very few who had ever seemed untouched by the spirit of the school. After leaving Deerfield she kept books in her father's store. There she was still unhappy and dissatisfied. Somehow Mr. Boyden learned that her ambition was to go to the Normal School. Saying nothing to anybody, he went to the school, got a place for her, and then faced

the difficult task of persuading the father to release his bookkeeper. Eventually he succeeded. After finishing at the Normal School, this girl taught Vermont Yankees in a school of her own! Later on she confessed to Mr. Boyden the cause of her difficulties in Deerfield. "I thought you were trying to change me from being a Pole," she said.

One day two Polish boys came to the principal and said that they wanted to attend Deerfield Academy. "Why do you want to come?" he asked. Almost in unison the two replied, "So we can sit on the bleachers." He has put a good many Polish boys and girls on the bleachers, and the imagination which he has shown in dealing with this alien element in the community has been a source of great strength for the Academy.

Other examples of this same sympathetic, understanding imagination (which perhaps may still better be called "interest") come to mind. At the end of a very busy day a particularly garrulous mother, with her son, got to Mr. Boyden. The longer the mother talked, the more convinced Mr. Boyden was that the boy should not come to Deerfield. As they were leaving the room, the boy looked at the principal and said, "I do want to come so much." Immediately the half-hour explanation of why his admission would be impossible went by the board. "You shall," said Mr. Boyden.

A few years ago a young fellow with an exceedingly poor preparation for the work applied late in the summer for admission. The principal was obliged to tell the boy and his parents that there was absolutely no place for him. When school started in September, to the surprise of everyone, this boy appeared with the rest. Not having the heart to send him home at once, Mr. Boyden told him to stay around if he wanted to do so, but that he doubted very much if there would be room. Teachers who had sampled what he had to offer were even more positive. After a week, however, a vacancy occurred, and Mr. Boyden sent word that he might have a term's trial. That night, as he was bidding him good night, the principal asked him how he liked the school. "Pretty well," said the boy, "but I think you ought to have a box in the school where boys could drop

their complaints." "I have been here for only an hour," said the son of a United States Congressman, "but I have already discovered seven or eight things which could be improved."

Mr. Boyden has a sense of humor with a New England tang to it. Like a wise schoolmaster, he does not use this humor at the expense of his boys. I imagine that most of his graduates are impressed with other qualities. He has a firm directness in his dealings with his pupils which they understand and admire. I have never heard him "jolly" them or use sarcasm, but the humor is there. No one likes a good story more, though he tells few himself. No one chuckles more over a witty bit of repartee. He is the cause of humor in others, but since 1919 he has been too busy and his job too serious to spend much time in pleasantries.

Every Deerfield boy and every man who knows much about Deerfield has heard the story of Tom Ashley. There is not space here to tell again what I consider to be the best American story of a boy's development and a remarkably clear illustration of Mr. Boyden's philosophy of education. The gist of it is that Tom Ashley came to Deerfield an inarticulate, undeveloped, almost hopeless boy. Within four years he was the leading boy in school — a great athlete, a fine scholar at Deerfield and, later, at Amherst; he subsequently died leading his troops in Belleau Wood. The most prized scholarship at Amherst is the one named for Tom Ashley.

But how did Tom Ashley happen to come to Deerfield in the first place? When Mr. Boyden discovered him in the town, this unhappy boy's only asset seemed to be that he was strong for his years. Mr. Boyden asked him to come to the Academy, but Tom grunted a refusal. On the first day of school Mr. Boyden asked Tom's father to come to the village post office with his son just before school was going to start. During the conversation with his father, Mr. Boyden broke off suddenly to say, "There's the bell, Tom. Would you mind going up to the school and opening the door? Tell Miss Hawkes that I will be there in a few minutes." Tom, glad of something to do, took the keys to the school and did as he was told.

Then he waited around for Mr. Boyden. Mr. Boyden was busy all the morning and kept out of Tom's way. When it was time for lunch, he asked Tom to stay. After lunch he said to Tom, "You know about some of these young fellows who are coming from the high school this year. I don't know anything about them. Won't you go out and help them with their football this afternoon?" This was the one thing which Tom would have been willing to do, and from that afternoon he was a bona fide member of Deerfield Academy. I should say that Tom Ashley did more for Deerfield Academy than any other boy who has gone there in these forty years. It was Tom Ashley, according to the principal, who persuaded Mr. Boyden that Deerfield should cease being a local school and should be open to boys from all parts of the country.

4

The grade at Deerfield is high. Early in a boy's career his choice of college is decided on, and the work he shall take to attain his own objective. There is, I believe, no school catalogue. The development of the apparent capabilities in each boy is the system and, so far as is feasible, each boy sets his own standard. The result is a belief in the school, on the part of teachers and boys, which I have seldom seen equaled. The relationship between the boy and authority is simple, direct, personal. Mr. Boyden has never been satisfied with giving his boys the best training possible and then sending them to college to sink or swim. If in the first term at college the danger signals are flying, Mr. Boyden has been known to get boys back to Deerfield during the Christmas vacation for a checkup and, if it is deemed necessary, for help.

The faculty at Deerfield is well paid; Mr. Boyden has made a great point of this, and in the advice he gives to younger headmasters (and there is no head of a school whose advice is more sought after) he always says: "The first requisite of a successful school is that the teachers should be well paid." One of the things which strike the visitor at Deerfield is the enthusiasm of the

faculty. They need enthusiasm, for the duties they have to perform are varied. There always seem to be three or four teachers around, whose greatest pleasure is to show the school to strangers or to entertain the numerous visitors. In most schools the members of the faculty are rarely seen by the visitor; at Deerfield the teachers seem to be a visible part of the school.

Not long ago, just before commencement, one of the rare instances of fatal illness in school came to a senior in Deerfield. In spite of good doctors and good care the boy was sinking fast. Almost the last request he made was to ask if he could be given his diploma earlier than other members of his class. When Mr. Boyden brought it to the sickroom, the boy looked up, smiled, and said, "Well, I made the grade."

In all this care, concern, and devotion Frank Boyden has been aided by Mrs. Boyden, who since 1905 has been the very heart of the machine. Mrs. Boyden is an unusual scholar in science and in mathematics, a rare teacher, and she has given herself, as Mr. Boyden has done, completely to the school. Ask Deerfield boys about Mrs. Boyden, and you will get answers which deepen your faith in the importance of schools.

I have said very little directly about the religious side of Deerfield. After Mr. Boyden had been in the Academy about a year a sincere but perplexed old lady in the town said, "One of our last principals always carried a Bible in his hand, but the religious interest in the school was very low. I have never seen Mr. Boyden with a Bible, but he seems to have brought here a profound religious faith." Indeed, Mr. Boyden speaks very little about religion. I have heard him quote only one passage from the Bible in his speeches, but I have heard him quote this one a number of times: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, . . . whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." That seems to be the core of his faith. As you sit with him and his boys on a Sunday night before the fireplace, and the School sings hymns and listens to a good speaker who understands the heart of youth,

you regain something that the last twenty years have made obscure: a belief in whatsoever things are honorable or of good report.

No account of Mr. Boyden would be complete without mention of this side of him. When a great architect was surveying Deerfield before a new building project, he intimated that some elm trees on the campus would have to be cut down. "No," said Mr. Boyden, "I can't lose my shadows. When boys rush out of the schoolroom in the afternoon into the sunlight they may be noisy and turbulent, but when they reach the shadows of the trees, they become quiet and orderly." I doubt if any other schoolmaster has made such practical use of this bit of psychology.

I well remember the first time I saw Mr. Boyden. It was the last day of the winter term in 1919. It had been a hard winter, with more sickness than usual, and Mrs. Perry had asked me at breakfast what I was going to do that day. "I shall dismiss the school, clear my desk, and then sleep for fourteen hours," I replied. Only the first part of the program was successfully carried out. About eleven o'clock a stranger came into my office, a short, energetic man with what seemed to be particularly large glasses. Of all things, he carried under his arm pictures of school buildings and schoolboys. Now every head of a school is in the way of seeing a good many pictures of school buildings, and I was not immediately very much interested. But we sat down, and Frank Boyden began to talk about Deerfield. For the first time I heard the story of Tom Ashley. For the first time I realized what a private school could do for a community, though this came by inference, not from what Mr. Boyden told me. For the first time I felt an excitement about this school in the Deerfield Valley. Finally Mr. Boyden said, "I hope I'm not keeping you from your lunch." "Oh, no," I said; "it's not nearly lunch time yet." But when I looked at my watch, I found that it was quarter to three. The experience that was mine has been duplicated, I imagine, by many other listeners entranced by the magic of Frank Boyden.

OUR ALLY MEXICO

by WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

I

MEXICO and Canada, our neighbors to the south and north, offer an interesting study in striking contrasts. Canada is a land where the grass-roots American immediately feels at home, — except among the more remote French-speaking communities of Quebec, — among people who live and think and talk as he does, with minor variations. Mexico creates an exotic impression with regard to dress, language, and living habits as soon as one crosses the border. The impression is deepened as one sees more of the familiar aspects of the country: the vistas, at once stern and beautiful, of barren mountains from the high arid tableland, the open-air markets where blanketed Indians and mestizos chaffer with customers over fruit and vegetables and pottery and serapes, the burro trains that wind their way to and from the mountain villages, guided by drivers in picturesque broad-brimmed sombreros.

Canada's politics are stodgily respectable. The votes are accurately counted. One would have to think back for a considerable period of time to recall a Canadian political murder. Mexico's history, since the colonial link with Spain was broken, is shot through with violent changes of regime, usually initiated by the pronunciamientos of ambitious and disgruntled generals. Almost all the prominent figures in the early phase of the revolution which began in 1910 — Madero, Carranza, Obregón, Villa, Zapata — came to violent ends. To be sure, the new regime has

become milder as it has become more stable. A political opponent of the former President Lázaro Cárdenas, with whom I talked in Mexico, paid him this tribute: "Whatever may be said against Cárdenas, he did stop the practice of killing political opponents."

And Mexico possesses a distinction that is rather rare in the present era of world history. So far as I could learn, it has no political prisoners. But if the government in recent years has been getting along without any terroristic means of repression, it is far from the pattern of an orthodox parliamentary democracy. Votes in Congress on important questions are frequently unanimous. The official returns in the presidential elections do not inspire confidence in seasoned observers. The group that is in control of the machinery of administration knows various ingenious ways of counting out undesired opposition candidates.

The contrasts between Mexico and Canada are especially vivid in my consciousness because I visited the two countries in fairly quick succession. But, while the dissimilarities between Mexico and Canada are numerous and striking (there is almost no illiteracy in Canada, about 50 per cent in Mexico; Canada's eleven million inhabitants produce and buy and sell a great deal more than Mexico's twenty million), there is a very important common denominator in our relations with our neighbors to the south and to the north.

Each represents a flank in our national defense system. Our interest in achieving the maximum degree of military and economic coöperation with both countries is constantly growing. The inescapable facts of

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war, blockade, isolation from Europe, and disruption of sea-borne commerce have done more to promote Pan-American economics than all the eloquent speeches that might have been delivered, or all the theoretical blueprints that might have been drawn up over decades. Our economy, the Canadian, and the Mexican must dovetail, even at the cost of some inconvenience, because foreign markets, in the commercial sense of the term, have ceased to exist for the duration of the war.

2

The issues which loomed large in Mexico in 1938 and 1939 — the expropriation of foreign oil properties and land; the actual and proposed Mexican barter deals with Axis powers — have vanished from the diplomatic horizon.

This is partly because of the perceptible slowing down in the pace of social and economic change which has marked the administration of President Manuel Avila Camacho. But a still more important factor is the virtual obliteration of Mexico's commercial contacts with every large country except the United States. The United States absorbed 91 per cent of Mexico's exports and supplied 84 per cent of its imports in 1941.

At war with the Axis, cut off by lack of ships from the other countries of Latin America and from England, Mexico can only look north of the Rio Grande for a market for its surplus products: gold and silver, copper and lead, oil and henequen — the fiber, now in large demand for war purposes, which is a principal export product of remote and picturesque Yucatan. And it is only from this country that Mexico can hope to acquire the airplanes and tanks which its old-fashioned army needs for the eventualities of modern warfare, the rolling stock and rails to put its overloaded and somewhat obsolete railway system into more effective operation, the many goods which an undeveloped country must always import in order to keep its factories running and its people supplied with articles not produced at home.

Like Canada, Mexico has been thrust by the war into an almost exclusively United States economic orbit. The Mexican govern-

ment can no longer play off European countries or Japan against the United States in its commercial dealings. It is under the strongest kind of economic pressure to play ball with Washington. With priorities limiting the normal United States export capacity, a system has been established under which Mexican orders for American goods must be certified as essential to the national economy by the Mexican government. Concrete evidences of American good-will are the steady southward flights of bombers for patrolling the Mexican coasts, and the advance of six million dollars by the Export-Import Bank to help finance the construction of a big steel works at Monclova, near Monterrey, in Northern Mexico. Mexican and American military experts in Washington have been discussing means of providing matériel for the larger and more modern army which Mexico proposes to raise, now that a system of compulsory training, which is expected to produce 200,000 trained reserves within two years, has replaced the old voluntary system. This had given Mexico an army of about 50,000, the cavalry being the best branch of the service. An old Mexican failing, the lavish granting of high military titles, is reflected in the fact that this modest army had about ninety "generals of division" and a still larger number of major generals.

And, if Mexico needs a benevolent Washington, we need a friendly Mexico to help safeguard our southern defenses and to serve as a bridge to Central America. The indentations of the long coastline of the Gulf of Mexico, especially some of the wild jungle stretches in Yucatan and Tabasco, furnish excellent natural hide-outs for enemy submarines. The Japanese are now occupied in the Western Pacific. But the elongated barren tongue of land known as Lower California and the whole West Coast of Mexico, carefully explored and surveyed in pre-war days by versatile Japanese "fishing" expeditions, also require a carefully organized patrol system against possible future ventures of Japanese submarines and raiders. It obviously makes a good deal of difference whether Mexico is giving willing or grudging coöperation in the performance of these common defense tasks.

A war economy, like *Oliver Twist*, is always asking for more. Mexico's mineral resources are a welcome supplementary source of supply for us. And these resources are more favorably located than those of South America, because they are within range of railway transportation.

Mexico is also a valuable strategic and economic bridge between our southern frontier and the little countries of Central America, including Panama — that vital link in our system of defense and communications. There is a good automobile road from the American frontier to Mexico City. Unfortunately the projected Pan-American Highway, which should provide swift and secure motor communication between the United States and Panama, has not been completed. There are several stretches, in Southeastern Mexico, near the border of Guatemala, and in some of the jungle districts of Central America, which are still under construction, but it is hoped that the highway will be ready for use next year.

A railway is more valuable than a road as an agency of transportation. A technical mission, headed by an American military transportation expert, Lieutenant Colonel Howard G. Hill, has been studying the Mexican railway system with a view to suggesting means of improving its carrying capacity. The difficulty in this connection, one of many which are perplexing the all-out war planners in Washington, is that Mexico cannot itself turn out any large quantity of locomotives and cars. Such equipment must come from the United States, already suffering from a shortage of steel and other materials which enter into the making of rolling stock.

Whatever can be released for Mexican use will pay dividends in larger shipments of strategic products not only from Mexico but also from Guatemala and other "banana republics" of the Central American isthmus. The construction of a railway bridge across the Suchiate River, the boundary between Mexico and Guatemala, will also speed up communication. At the present time freight shipments must be unloaded, ferried across the river, and then reloaded. Rail communication is of special importance because of the

paralysis of shipping, which has produced a condition of serious economic depression in Mexico's principal Gulf ports, Vera Cruz and Tampico. Mexico has almost no merchant marine of its own, and the Ward Line and other United States companies have withdrawn their vessels from the Mexican and Central American run.

Air communication with the Panama Canal Zone necessarily traverses Mexico. The Mexican government has been coöperative in permitting American military airplanes to use Mexican airports freely. The airplanes are serviced by American ground crews.

This is only one of many indications of a disposition, both in Mexican and in American circles, to put aside old grievances and disputes in the interest of the common war effort. The two controversies that were most acrimonious a few years ago, the expropriation of American-owned oil properties and land, have been settled on the basis of the Mexican government's promise to pay compensation: about 24 million dollars in the case of the oil holdings, about 40 million dollars for the land. And the more moderate economic policies of the Camacho regime have given less cause for complaint to capital, both foreign and Mexican. The number of strikes has markedly diminished.

3

Both before and after Pearl Harbor the Camacho administration pursued a foreign policy that was closely coöperative with Washington. Mexico was quick to follow the American lead in such matters as the seizure of Axis shipping, the closing of consulates, and the enforcement of black-list regulations against Axis-affiliated firms.

Mexico severed diplomatic relations with Germany, Italy, and Japan immediately after America entered the war. And formal entrance into hostilities followed the sinking of several Mexican tankers and other vessels by submarines. This has made it easier to take strong measures against the dangers of sabotage, espionage, and economic warfare. An official in the Ministry of the Interior who is in charge of repression of subversive activities gave me the following summary of

measures which were put into effect during the first months after Mexico's entrance into the war: —

Axis nationals have been removed from the coastal areas and required to settle in the Federal District (the region which includes Mexico City and its environs) and in other places in the interior where they can be kept under close observation. (There are about 7300 Germans, 4300 Japanese, and 5000 Italians in Mexico.) Axis properties are being managed by state administrators, the profits being paid into a blocked fund in the Bank of Mexico. This applies principally to chemical and hardware firms in the towns and to coffee plantations in the state of Chiapas. Mail is censored and there has been a thorough shake-up in the bureaus of the Ministry, with a view to developing an efficient intelligence service. One proof of the activity of the Mexican police in apprehending Axis agents was the arrest of the Bund leader, Gerhard Wilhelm Kunze, in a Mexican coastal town from which he proposed to escape in a submarine.

The Mexican government has complied with a request from Washington to outlaw the circulation of dollar bills (the rare two-dollar notes excepted) in the country. There had been a suspicious inflow of American currency from Argentina and other countries through channels that were suspected of serving as Axis paymasters. So a ruling was issued in August requiring the immediate conversion of dollar bills into pesos, and further importation of United States currency into Mexico was forbidden. Another recent coöperative economic step was the prohibition of the private exportation of silver, in currency or in bars. This was in line with the spirit of the American-Mexican silver purchase agreement. The United States Treasury had raised the purchasing price from thirty-four cents to forty-five cents an ounce; but the commercial price had shot beyond forty-five cents.

It is the general testimony of people who have lived in Mexico during the last few years that the American position has been greatly strengthened since the fall of France. At that time German propaganda was open and aggressive. The German press attaché spent money lavishly where he thought it would do the most good. The resident German colony, with its many ties of intermar-

riage with prominent Mexican families, was pressed into service as a propaganda agency and was levied on for contributions. German agents, among whom two men named Nicolaus and Schleebrugge were prominent, were able to form contacts with influential Mexicans and toured the country at will, surveying the coasts and other places of strategic interest. Anti-American agitation in the press was common.

Now this picture has entirely changed. Open pro-Axis propaganda has been forced underground. Its sources of finance have been curtailed, although probably not cut off altogether. By committing themselves to a declaration of war, Mexico's present leaders have identified their country's destiny with a United Nations victory.

4

So far I have emphasized the favorable aspects of Mexican-American relations, because these seem to be the most important at the present time. In the struggle that is going on between the United States and the Axis in Mexico we hold all the best cards: the airplanes, the rolling stock, the capital for new steel mills and electric power installations. While the Axis diplomatic centers of intrigue have been compelled to shut up shop, the American Embassy has been steadily expanding until it now employs a staff of more than two hundred persons.

Yet it would be a grave mistake to assume that American-Mexican relations from now on will take care of themselves, that they will run smoothly without tactful and attentive handling. For German attempts to influence Mexican public opinion have not ceased. They have only gone under cover. It would take a catastrophic change for the worse in the military situation to bring an anti-American change of regime within the range of political probability. But there are always possibilities for pinpricking intrigue and for sabotage, in the broader sense of that word, on the part of Axis agents.

Mexico is perhaps the easiest of the larger Latin-American countries for us to win economically. It is right next door. There

are three railway lines which run from the American border to Mexico City. So the shipping crisis, while it is embarrassing, does not disrupt normal trade as it does with the more remote lands of South America. Moreover, the Mexican economy, especially in time of war, fits in pretty well with our own. We can absorb almost everything that Mexico produces. There is more "take" in the give-and-take process between America and Mexico than there is, for instance, between America and Argentina.

Psychologically, however, the balance sheet is not so favorable. We have more to live down in historical unpopularity and distrust in Mexico than in any other large Latin-American country. We annexed a huge expanse of Mexican territory after the war of 1846-1847. And what the average Mexican has learned in school about that war is naturally not what we have learned. Before I went to Mexico I had never heard of the cadets who defended the castle of Chapultepec, just outside Mexico City, against the invading American army until the last survivor leaped over the parapet to death, rather than surrender. But in Mexico the exploit of these cadets is one of the most cherished national memories.

There have been more recent events that have helped to keep alive Mexican fear and suspicion. There was the bombardment and occupation of Vera Cruz by American forces in 1914. There was Pershing's futile chase over Northern Mexico in pursuit of that picturesque guerrilla, Pancho Villa. It is true that the provocation in the case of Villa had been extreme; he had not only been killing Americans whom he caught in Mexico, but he had been conducting raids across the border into United States territory. But what counts in Mexican psychology is the memory of American troops on Mexican soil.

One reason Americans are not so well liked south of the Rio Grande as they might be is that the American long-term resident often takes little part in Mexican life. A good mixer in his native Akron or Syracuse, the American businessman in Mexico is often inclined to remain within the shell of his own group. He is likely to be slower than

the average European in acquiring a fluent knowledge of Spanish; he seldom gives the impression of settling down in Mexico for life, of regarding the country as a permanent home.

The Germans in Mexico have often displayed more capacity for winning friends and influencing Mexicans. Unfortunately for our interests in the present war of propaganda, these Germans have not behaved in the least like Nazis in the occupied countries of Europe. They have usually adjusted themselves successfully to Mexican customs and psychology, have learned to speak fluent Spanish, and have not infrequently intermarried with old established families. Some of them have entrenched themselves socially to such a degree that not even the war has dislodged them.

5

In considering the psychological background against which the Axis agent carries on his work in Mexico, it is worth while to remember that Germany is the only great power against which the Mexican has no particular historical grudge. He can never altogether forget Texas and California when he is dealing with Americans. France is associated with Napoleon III's futile scheme of setting up the Hapsburg Maximilian as a Mexican emperor — an experiment which cost Mexico many years of disorder and bloodshed and also gave it the military victory of which it is perhaps most proud. The Cinco de Mayo, or Fifth of May, one of the principal streets of Mexico City, commemorates the date of the defeat of the French invaders by Mexican nationalist troops at Puebla. England participated in more than one of the naval debt-collecting expeditions which sometimes envenomed Mexico's relations with the outside world in the nineteenth century.

Germany, on the other hand, has never figured as an aggressor against Mexico until the present time. An American woman who was born in Mexico told of a suggestive incident which occurred in the first stormy years of the revolution. Bandits broke into the town where she was living with her

family, with the avowed intention of killing every gringo they could lay their hands on. Her father, a quick-witted and resourceful businessman who had been in other tight scrapes, extricated the family from a dangerous predicament by convincing the bandits that they were Germans.

I heard a Mexican music-hall quip which was directed against the pro-American Foreign Minister, Ezequiel Padilla. A Mexican comes to the United States border carrying a parrot. When he is told that such birds are not admitted to the United States he retorts: "Then how did Padilla get in?"

These are just small straws in the wind. But they show that an astute Axis agent has material, in the shape of old grudges and suspicions, on which to work.

When one tries to gauge the amount of covert pro-Axis activity that is now going on, one receives very divergent estimates, depending on one's sources of information. Partisan feeling runs high. A Mexican leftist is likely to suspect and sometimes to assert that almost everyone with conservative clerical sympathies is on Hitler's payroll. By the same token, Mexican (and foreign) conservatives often use the term "communism" to damn anything they may not like in the way of social and economic change.

There are two organizations in Mexico which are potential pipelines for Axis propaganda. One is the Spanish Falange. The other is the Sinarquist movement. The Falange is associated with the ruling party in Franco's Spain. Its membership has been recruited from Spanish residents in Mexico, of whom there are about 50,000. Its policy was pro-Franco; its publications, of which the most influential was a magazine called *Hispanidad*, were anti-United States, anti-Semitic, pro-Axis under a general cover of emphasizing Mexico's Spanish heritage. Members of the Falange went in for black shirts and other distinctive emblems; they were suspected, although never definitely convicted, of secret drilling.

Officially the Falange has now been suppressed. But it is probably carrying on some discreet underground activity. Because Spanish families often occupy prominent posi-

tions in the government service and in business, the Falange might be expected to pick up useful bits of information for the Axis. There is no Spanish embassy in Mexico because Cárdenas, a leftist in foreign as in domestic affairs, never established diplomatic relations with Franco's regime. However, the Spanish dictator has nominated a Spaniard living in Mexico, Augusto Ibáñez Serrano, as his personal representative. A full record of Mr. Serrano's activities might include a good many matters of interest to the intelligence services of the United Nations.

In contrast to the Falange, the Sinarquist movement is Mexican in leadership and membership. The name means "Without anarchy," and the movement, which claims 800,000 followers, represents a reaction against the radical labor and agrarian policies of the Cárdenas period. The Sinarquist program sets forth as its first ideal: "The restoration in Mexico of the Christian Social Order, destroyed by anarchy."

The leadership of the Sinarquists is vested in a secret directory. They repudiate the idea of forming a political party, and profess to aim at the regeneration of the country through moral propaganda. The movement is strongly Catholic in ideology, although priests are not supposed to be admitted as members, perhaps with a view to sparing the Church embarrassment and persecution in the event that the movement should lead to clashes. Professing to seek social peace and an end of class war, the Sinarquists are bitterly hostile to two of the pillars of the Cárdenas regime: the CMT (Confederation of Mexican Workers) and the peasants who have gone in for a communal form of land ownership.

The Sinarquists are strongest in the country districts and in some of the provinces of the high tableland north and west of Mexico City, Guanajuato, Jalisco, Zacatecas, where the Church has always maintained a strong grip on the loyalty of the Indian masses. They seem to be in a fairly direct line of political descent from the Cristeros, who raised a short-lived but sanguinary rebellion in this part of Mexico in 1926 as a protest against the anticlerical measures of the gov-

ernment and under the slogan: "Long live Christ the King."

The growth of Sinarquism has created a dilemma for the more moderate members of the Mexican hierarchy, including Archbishop Luis Martínez, of Mexico City, the primate of the country. As devout Catholics, the Sinarquists cannot very well be repudiated. Yet the present more satisfactory status of the Church (President Camacho is a practicing Catholic and has allowed some of the anticlerical laws enacted by earlier regimes to become dead letters) would be jeopardized if Sinarquism should lead to a renewal of civil strife.

There is no positive proof that the Sinarquist leaders, some of whom are obscure provincial lawyers, are Axis agents. The movement might have come into existence as a purely Mexican phenomenon if there had been no Axis. A well-known Mexican publicist whose original revolutionism has given way to conservatism told me that the typical Sinarquist is "a peasant of the better type, a man with a horse and a gun."

Some Sinarquist stock phrases, however, suggest borrowing from totalitarian sources. And the movement, with its secret leadership and its strict discipline, could become dangerous if control should pass into unscrupulous hands. It is always part of Axis strategy to fish in troubled waters. Even if German agents cannot use the Sinarquists directly, they might be expected to help along any tendency toward serious friction between the Sinarquists and their enemies of the radical labor and agrarian groups. Any outburst of disorder or civil strife that would divert attention from the war and disrupt production would be so much clear gain, from the Axis standpoint.

Axis propaganda in Mexico now is largely a hole-and-corner whispering affair. It still finds expression in two comparatively obscure newspapers, *Hombre Libre* and *Omega*. They specialize in denunciations of communism, in big headlines announcing overwhelming German victories, in advertisements of books purporting to prove that America is run by the Jews. There is some home-grown anti-Semitism in Mexico, partly attributable to the success of some Jewish

immigrants in trade. One may be reasonably certain that the Axis propaganda agencies have methodically listed every item that could conduce to division and skepticism in Mexican public opinion, from the cadets of Chapultepec to the bitterness of the small Mexican shopkeeper in Guadalajara who may have been beaten in business competition by some Jewish or East European merchant.

6

When I talked with Mr. Padilla, the Mexican Foreign Minister, whose fluent and scholarly English reflects his years of study at Columbia, my first question was what Americans should bear in mind when thinking of Mexico. This elicited a brief lecture on the course of the Mexican revolution. In Mr. Padilla's judgment, this movement pursued three principal objectives which have now been mainly if not entirely achieved. These were the elimination of agrarian feudalism, the repression of clericalism (not, as the Foreign Minister was careful to indicate, of the Catholic religion), and the suppression of adventurous militarism. Now, as Mr. Padilla pointed out, sixty million acres of land have been transferred from big landholdings to peasant possession. The Church has been excluded from politics. The army has been placed under such centralized national control that it is impossible for a disgruntled provincial war lord any longer to carry his troops with him and start a rebellion.

Whether or not one would accept this as a full and accurate statement of the balance sheet of the Mexican revolution, there can be no doubt that our neighbor to the south has experienced a series of interesting and important social and economic changes and experiments. And it is not unlikely that some features of these changes will be repeated in other Latin-American countries.

The war has thrown us into such close contact with Mexico that our policy toward that country, as toward Latin America in general, can no longer be regarded as a matter of secondary importance. Mexicans are sensitive to foreign criticism and comment. They do not like the snap judgments of

quick trippers or the suggestion of condescension that sometimes unconsciously creeps into the doings and pronouncements of our more amateurish would-be dispensers of good-will. It was the Brazilian Foreign Minister, Oswaldo Aranha, who remarked, in a joke that carried a little sting, that Brazil would positively declare war after the arrival of the next "good-will mission" from the United States. I heard more than one echo of this sentiment in Mexico. I was occasionally asked whether I proposed to repair the harm which, Mexicans felt, had been done by hastily written and inaccurate books on their country; I could at least give my questioners the negative consolation of assuring them that I had no intention of turning out a book on the basis of a short visit.

On the other hand, there are some contacts and activities which have worked out very satisfactorily for American-Mexican relations. Yellow fever has been eliminated from the Vera Cruz district with the help of money and specialists supplied by the Rockefeller Foundation. And this same organization is coöperating with the Mexican health authorities in combating the intestinal parasite diseases that are the curse of the poverty-stricken, unsanitary Mexican countryside.

Another type of American visitor who is welcome in Mexico is the young man or woman who enlists for one of the work projects which are sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee in consultation and agreement with Mexican state and private organizations. Hundreds of idealistic young people have gone to Mexico for this purpose during recent years, paying their own expenses, doing their own cooking and house cleaning on a communal basis, and turning their hands to whatever social chores seem most useful and necessary. Among other things, these groups have helped to rebuild a town that had been shattered by an earthquake, drained a malarial swamp, dug privies for villages where the complete absence of sanitation was a main cause of hookworm, helped to build a new model village, taught games to Mexican youths and children, and picked

cotton for the benefit of a village school.

The physical amount of work these internationally-minded social volunteers could accomplish is limited. But the spirit is immensely valuable. It may be that work of this kind, vastly multiplied by the backing of government resources, will make an important contribution to reconstruction after the war. And the effect of this simple, unpretentious, friendly movement on the Mexican people's ideas of America and Americans has been all to the good.

On the larger issues of state policy it would seem to be most important to take full account of the depth and reality of Mexican nationalism. The gains which we have made in the last two years could be jeopardized by some such indiscreet move as an attempt to demand the stationing of American troops on Mexican soil, unless of course some new threat of actual invasion should induce the Mexican government itself to request spontaneously such a form of help. We should stand aloof from Mexican internal affairs, letting the pace and the course of Mexican political and social change be determined by the free play of Mexican political forces. We should not play ideological favorites among Mexican politicians and groups.

The building up of a stronger Mexico, with a more modern, better-balanced economy, is in the interest of both countries. We should have our hands much freer to strike blows in Europe and in the Pacific if Mexico and other Latin-American countries had been able to construct the munitions factories, the steel mills, the shipyards which are the sinews of modern war.

Our ideal for this hemisphere has nothing in common with the German and Japanese schemes for the domination of Europe and Asia. Far from wishing to concentrate all military and industrial power within our own frontiers in order to dominate our neighbors to the south, we are doing what we can, by furnishing materials and technical aid, to enable these countries to build up their own defenses. Because Mexico is the most accessible of the Latin-American states, in view of the overland communications, it is in Mexico that this policy should have the swiftest and widest possible application.

THE NEW ATLANTIC SERIAL

Exploring the Dangerous Trades

The autobiography of
DOCTOR ALICE HAMILTON



CHAPTERS I-VI



“*P*rotection of workers in the dangerous trades is the chief but not the only subject of this book. Other things have played a great part in my life. I should never have taken up the cause of the working class had I not lived at Hull-House and learned much from Jane Addams, Florence Kelley, Julia Lathrop, and others. Hull-House is not an episode of the past; its influence goes on, and it deserves a tribute from one of its devoutest followers. The years from 1915 to 1942 have been full of issues more tremendous than the struggle of Labor for its rights; and living as I did with Jane Addams, I could not escape being drawn into the peace movement and the efforts to reconstruct Europe after the Armistice. So that too enters into the picture. And childhood and student life, the men I worked under in school and laboratory, the background of Fort Wayne, Mackinac, Chicago, later on of Boston and Hadlyme — these are all significant parts of the picture I have tried to paint, a picture of life as I have seen it under the period of passionate and hopeful idealism in the nineties; of slowly increasing disillusion culminating in the shock of war in 1914; of the war years with their intolerance and bitterness and wave of reaction; of the ‘giddy twenties’ where, underneath the surface froth, I saw unemployment and exploitation; the soberer thirties with the increasing movement toward social justice. During those years I saw Europe at war, I saw the result of the starvation blockade of Germany and Austria, and the Quaker work of relief; I joined the League of Nations committee to fight disease; went to visit Russia under Lenin; took part in the Sacco-Vanzetti case; saw Germany under the early months of Hitler’s rule, Germany and France during the ‘Munich betrayal.’ All these go to make up my book.”

EXPLORING THE DANGEROUS TRADES

by ALICE HAMILTON

1

THIRTY-TWO years ago, in 1910, I went as a pioneer into a new, unexplored field of American medicine, the field of industrial disease. This book is a record of what I found there thirty-two years ago, and of the changes that have taken place in that region through the years that have followed, and of what still remains to be done before we can say that the wilderness has been conquered and the country completely civilized.

It was while I was living in Hull-House and working in bacteriological research that the opportunity came to me to investigate the dangerous trades of Illinois — not those where violent accidents occurred, but those with the less spectacular hazard of sickness from some industrial poison.

In 1910, Governor Charles S. Deneen appointed a commission to investigate "occupational diseases in Illinois." It was a voyage of exploration that we undertook, our little group of physicians and student assistants, for nobody in Illinois knew even where we should make our investigations, beyond a few notorious lead trades. American medical authorities had never taken industrial diseases seriously, the American Medical Association had never held a meeting on the subject, and while European journals were full of articles on industrial poisoning, the number published in American medical journals up to 1910 could be counted on one's fingers. For a surgeon or physician to accept a position with a manufacturing company was to earn the contempt of his colleagues as a "contract doctor." As for factory inspection and control, we never discovered a trace of it.

This ignorance and indifference was not confined to the medical profession: employers and workers shared it — that is, employers could, if they wished, shut their eyes to the dangers their workmen faced, for nobody held them responsible; and the workers accepted the risks with

fatalistic submissiveness as part of the price one must pay for being poor.

As I look back, some striking pictures come to me of that anarchic period. One is the picture of the works manager of a big white-lead plant, a gentleman of breeding and something of a philanthropist. He is looking at me indignantly and exclaiming, "Why, that sounds as if you think that when a man gets lead poisoning in my plant I ought to be held responsible!" Another is that of a Hungarian woman at Hull-House, telling me of a terrible accident in a steel mill on the South Shore, in which her husband had been injured. He and the other victims were being held incommunicado in the company hospital. No one was allowed to see them; the woman knew nothing except that her husband was not dead. It took a formal protest from the Hungarian Consul to the State Department to change that system.

It was not that employers were brutal. They really did not know what was happening in their plants, for there was no system of workmen's compensation to open their eyes to the hazards and to force safety measures. The workman might sue for damages, and that fact led to the sort of secrecy the steel industry and other big concerns practiced. But even if he was seriously injured, it was hard for him to get past the strong defenses erected by law for the employer: the "assumption of risk," which meant that he had deliberately chosen to run the risk inherent in the job; the "negligence of a fellow workman," which meant that he, not the employer, was responsible for the carelessness of the other employees. When we wonder why the workers did not rebel, we must remember that big industry employed almost exclusively immigrant labor at that time. In the heavy industries especially, the rule was to work the men as hard as possible, — the seven-day week and twelve-hour day continued in steel until 1922, — pay them as low

wages as possible, and then, when American ideas began to penetrate and revolt to raise its head, to put it down with force, discharge and blacklist the troublemakers, and start afresh with a new lot of immigrants. In this procedure they were greatly helped by the courts of law and by state constabulary forces.

Many times in those early days I met men who employed foreign-born labor because it was cheap and submissive, and then washed their hands of all responsibility for accidents and sickness in the plant, because: "What can you do with a lot of ignorant Dagoes, Wops, Hunkies, Greasers? You couldn't make them wash if you took a shotgun to them." They deliberately chose such men because it meant no protest against low wages and wretched housing and dangerous work, no trouble with union agents, a surplus of eager, undemanding labor. They wanted to have men whom they could deal with as if they were children, but in that case they should have treated them with the protective care and patient guidance that children are entitled to. They had all the advantages of the system; they took, for the most part, none of the responsibilities that it entailed.

Another defense used by the employer was alcoholism. The men were sick because they drank, and the employer did not need to prove it. He never went through the list of employees and showed that the ones who suffered from lead poisoning were the alcoholics. He just asserted it, and it quieted his conscience. There is no form of industrial poisoning, from lead to dinitrobenzol, from mercury to carbon tetrachloride and nitric acid, which I have not heard some man attribute to whiskey. Yet a hundred years ago, Tanquerel des Planches, the great French authority on plumbism, declared that the men who succumbed to lead poisoning were not by any means only the drunkards; some of his severest cases were in men who led sober and frugal lives. I used to suggest gently to my medical colleagues that it would be useful to have actual figures showing how alcoholism favored plumbism, but none of them seemed to be interested in collecting such proof, although they held to the theory firmly.

Through these thirty-odd years I have seen great changes in the attitude of labor — very deep changes, because the influence of American ideas has had time to work on the generation of men and women who now make up the labor force. But back in those early years I used to despair of relief for the overworked, underpaid immigrant laborers, who took with hopeless submission whatever was given them, who rarely ever

dreamed of protesting, much less rebelling. It was they who did the heavy, hot, dirty, and dangerous work of the country. In return for it they met little but contempt from more fortunate Americans. The men killed in the mines or in construction work or in the steel mills would almost all be foreigners. Immigration was pushed with great diligence after the Civil War, and labor was so abundant that the Chicago stockyards boasted that their gates were besieged each morning by a crowd of five or six hundred men, clamoring for the few available jobs. The Carnegie Company's principle of a high tariff to shut out cheap foreign-made goods, and a wide-open door to let in cheap foreign labor, resulted in the building up of great fortunes; but measured in terms of human welfare it was cruel and ruthless.

Yet in spite of the neglect of the doctors and the medieval backwardness of the lawmakers, the picture of that period is not all black; it is lightened by some remarkable instances of wise and humane employers, who were far in advance of their times.

Our procedure in the Illinois survey and in the work which I carried on later for the Federal government was completely informal. We had no authority to enter any plant, we had no instructions as to which we should visit; we simply explored the State. When we found a place which seemed to belong in our field, we asked permission to enter it. Never were we refused; never did I, at least, meet with anything but courtesy in those early days. Sometimes it was because the manager was proud of his plant and eager to show it (even when it was outrageously bad); sometimes it was because he had a strong suspicion that all was not well with his men and he really wanted more light. As to the way we should deal with the conditions we found, that was a question for each of us to settle. The State Commission expected me to report back to it and in such a way that no factory described in the report could be identified. That I did, of course, but I could not feel that my whole responsibility was thereby discharged. I was the only one who had seen the men working on the Scotch hearths in the smelters, emptying the bag-house and flues, sandpapering the lead-painted ceilings of Pullman cars, shoveling the white lead from the drying pans. How could I hope that a cold, printed report which would satisfy the Commission would serve to do away with these pressing dangers? There was no use in going to the factory inspectors; they were ignorant and powerless.

So, from the first, I made it a rule to try to

bring before the responsible man at the top the dangers I had discovered in his plant and to persuade him to take the simple steps which even I, with no engineering knowledge, could see were needed. As I look back on it now from this changed world of "safety first," expert factory inspection, the National Safety Council, industrial insurance companies, strict compensation laws, it astonishes and amuses me to see how very well this primitive method often worked. I must recite a few instances, for they redound so much to the credit of the American manufacturer. Was it not Santayana who said that "it is by his kindness that one recognizes an American"? I cannot go so far as that; I have some bitter memories, and they involve not the small and struggling manufacturer, but so-called "captains of industry." Still, they are few compared to my pleasant memories, for the arrogant and cold-blooded employer has, in my experience, made up a very small minority.

I should put first my experience with a beautiful new white-lead works which had been carefully planned to provide as much protection for the men as possible. But when I visited it I found that it was already, after a few months of operation, in a wretched way. This was, as it so often is, simply a matter of bad housekeeping — heaps of dry white lead lying where they had no business to be, and other lots trucked about and dumped with no care at all. The manager was deeply vexed and hurt by my criticism; I could do nothing with him. The head of the company lived in an Eastern city; I might write to him, but he was old and no longer in active charge. Then I remembered that his daughter was a friend of one of my Farmington schoolmates, and I wrote to her, telling her frankly of my dilemma and asking her if I should appeal to her father, or if not, to whom. Only a short time later I received a formal letter saying that a representative of the firm would call on me. He did. He took careful notes of all my suggestions and evidently followed them, for the plant was put in shape and I was asked to check up on it from time to time.

Across the river from St. Louis, in East St. Louis, I met a man who even in 1910 was genuinely concerned about the evil of lead poisoning in the white-lead industry, and had a feeling of personal responsibility toward it. This was Frank Hammer, of Hammer Brothers' White Lead. He was struggling with the problem, assisted not very helpfully by a doctor who advised him to make the men wear rubber gloves. We kept in touch with each other for many years after that visit. It was Mr. Hammer who, when I was at Harvard, induced the Lead Institute to endow a

three-year research on the action of lead in the animal body, and entrusted Harvard Medical School with the task. This endowment made possible the studies of Joseph C. Aub and his colleagues — studies which are still our best source of knowledge of how lead operates and how lead poisoning can be prevented.

Even more important reforms followed my contact with the National Lead Company, which had several white-lead and lead-oxide works in and near Chicago. I visited them and found much dangerous work going on in all of them. One of the vice presidents, Edward Cornish, later president, came to Chicago. I went to see him in the Sangamon Street works. He was both indignant and incredulous when I told him I was sure men were being poisoned in those plants. He had never heard of such a thing; it could not be true; they were model plants. He went to the door and shouted to a passing workman to come in. "Did the lead ever make you sick?" he demanded. The man, a badly scared Slav, stammered, "No, no, never sick." "Any other men sick?" demanded Mr. Cornish. "No, no, all good." And the poor man escaped quickly. "There," said Mr. Cornish, "you see!" "But I do not see," I answered. "Your men are breathing white-lead dust and red lead and litharge and the fumes from the oxide furnaces. They are no different from other men; a poison is a poison to them as it is to any man." He thought a moment and then he said, "Now, see here. I don't believe you are right, but I can see you do. Very well then, it is up to you to convince me. Come back here with proof that my men are being leaded and I give you my word I will follow all your directions, even to employing plant doctors."

It was not an easy task I faced, tracking down actual, proved cases of lead poisoning among men who came from the Serbian, Bulgarian, and Polish sections of the West and Northwest Sides and were not even known by name to the employing office, let alone by street and number! It meant digging up hospital records, for I had to be sure of the diagnosis, then a search for the home, and finally an interview with the wife to discover where the man had been working, for of course no hospital interne ever noted where the victim of plumbism had acquired the lead. Hospital history sheets noted carefully all the facts about tobacco, alcohol, and even coffee consumed by the leaded man, though obviously he was not suffering from those poisons; but curiosity as to how he became poisoned with lead was not in the interne's mental make-up.

In the end I was able to present Mr. Cornish with authentic records of twenty-two cases of

plumbism severe enough to require hospital care. He was better than his word. Beginning with the Sangamon Street works, he went on to reform all the plants in the Chicago region, and this meant dust and fume prevention, often by methods which had never before been worked out. There were no models to follow; the engineers faced new problems. As each problem was solved, Mr. Cornish sent the blueprints to the plants in other States and later on, when I visited these, invariably I found the same changes being introduced. I had told Mr. Cornish he could never fully protect his men unless he employed doctors to keep strict watch over their condition, to make at least a cursory inspection of each lead worker once a week. He accepted this recommendation without protest, and before our report was published there was a medical department in each plant of the National Lead Company in Illinois. I have met many admirable men in industry throughout these thirty-two years, but my warmest gratitude and admiration go to Edward Cornish.

In 1911, one year after the publication of the Survey of Occupational Diseases, Illinois passed a law providing compensation for industrial diseases caused by poisonous fumes, gases, or dusts. The reforms that followed the passage of this law were swift and drastic. Employers found they must insure against possible claims, and the insurance companies saw to it that the causes for such claims were removed. One by one, but slowly, other States passed similar laws, until by 1937 almost all the important industrial States and a few of the non-industrial ones had passed legislation providing compensation for industrial diseases. Invariably reforms in the dangerous trades followed. Two great industrial States held out for years: Michigan waited till 1937, Pennsylvania till 1938. Pennsylvania's law is still a meager concession to the pressure of modern progress. No compensation is to be paid to the widow and orphans of a workman killed in industry if they live in a foreign country. Moreover, the compensation provided is niggardly. I have before me a letter about an award recently granted by a court of appeal in that State to a widow for whose husband's death carbon disulphide was claimed to be responsible. The award is for only \$1.50 a week. Yet a great Pennsylvania company has fought the claim for three years, refusing to admit that carbon disulphide is an industrial poison.

It is a pity that one cannot cite a single instance to the credit of the organized industrialists in all this struggle to obtain for American workmen the sort of protection provided years ago in

European industrial countries. But the truth is that the National Association of Manufacturers has fought the passage of occupational-disease compensation as it has fought laws against child labor and against sweatshops, laws establishing a minimum wage for women, a maximum working day, and adequate factory inspection, and almost every other measure aimed to protect the health of workers. Members of the N.A.M. are in many instances humane and benevolent employers. But as an organization they have shown themselves to be as devoid of a sense of responsibility to the public as the most self-seeking of the trade-unions. I have gone before legislative committees in Illinois, New York, and Massachusetts and I have invariably found the salaried representative of the manufacturers there in opposition.

Perhaps it is our instinctive American lawlessness that prompts us to oppose all legal control, even when we are willing to do of our own accord what the law requires. But I believe it is more the survival in American industry of the feudalistic spirit, for democracy has never yet really penetrated into many of our greatest industries.

Yet great changes have come in these thirty-two years; great reforms in industrial hygiene have been brought about by the joint effort of physicians and legislators. Far from being ignored, industrial medicine is now one of the most important medical branches, and hundreds of doctors choose it as their specialty. The Public Health Service has a large division devoted to industrial medicine; the Department of Labor has its Division of Labor Standards, which acts as a guide to State factory-inspection services. There are even a few State Labor Departments that are free from political interference and do a good job.

Labor too has changed. It is no longer willing to submit to preventable ills. Workmen now are graduates of our public schools, where they have been taught that all men are created equal, that any boy has a chance to be President, that America is the land of opportunity, and all the rest. Naturally such a lad faces his employer with a spirit different from that of his peasant father from the Old World. He steps from a world of democratic ideals in school to a feudalistic industrial world, and he makes the adjustment with difficulty. I think we are now just at the stage when feudalism still holds sway in much of the industrial world while all the rest of our American world proclaims democracy. No wonder there is unrest — more unrest even than there was under the old, bad system; for the submissive spirit is gone. And though the conspicuous evils in indus-

trial work have been removed to a great extent, there are still evils against which the modern American rebels.

Even under short hours and fair wages there is unrest. But we must not forget that modern work is different from what our race has been used to for aeons. We cannot adjust ourselves to it all of a sudden. Compare the sort of work a man on a punch press does with the work his ancestors did through the ages. Work used to be heavy and hard, but there was enough sameness in it to provide for a growing skill and enough variety to keep a man interested. You cannot fell two trees in exactly the same way, nor dig two ditches exactly alike. Moreover, a man could set his own pace, speed up for a bit, then slow down. Now a great deal of work requires no skill, and the machine sets the pace and makes the man feel he is its slave, not its master. He loses pride in his work and he loses his sense of individual importance.

The studies of the Fatigue Laboratory of Harvard and the investigation made at the Western Electric Company in Chicago of what makes men and women work well have given a scientific foundation to the truth some of us discovered years ago: that factors more important than wages or conditions of work influence the temper of the worker. In Chicago, I once talked to a group of girls who looked as if they were all suffering from hay fever of a severe form because they had been working in a room where the air was full of strongly alkaline soap powder. I asked them why they stood it. "Well," one of them said, "we're always saying we'll quit, but then Tom comes along. He's the foreman and he's a swell guy and he jollies us along and we stay." Out in the Arizona copper country I found that one of the very worst mines, in point of dust, poor lighting, and lack of safety devices, was the one that stood highest in the estimation of the miners because the manager was "white, square. You can talk to him." Soon after I had returned East I found myself sitting next to Sam Lewisohn at a dinner. I told him of my visit to his admirably run mine, the "Inspiration" in Miami, and of my astonishment to find it was rated lower by the men than one that was vastly inferior. We discussed the labor troubles out there and he told me how they had distressed him and his brother. "But what can one do?" he asked. "One hires men to get out copper, and finds that they are experts in that job but idiots when it comes to handling men. Yet one can't oust them and put in experts in human relations, because they know nothing about copper. The institutes of technology simply must face this

fact and begin to teach engineers psychology." That is now a commonplace, but Sam Lewisohn may have started the movement to introduce this new subject into the curricula of schools of engineering.

The Harvard investigators have no doubt at all that the economic motive is not the strongest one governing industrial workers. They say that it is entirely possible for an industrial company to give good wages and to provide in every way for the welfare of the men and yet have strikes — because the men in charge fail to understand the psychology of their employees; they believe that wages and hours are all-important; they ignore men's tendency to form social groups with codes and loyalties for mutual defense, all of which help to make a man feel he is a personality, that he has some control. Let him be tied to a machine which sets his pace and determines every action, let him be given no voice in the planning of his job, and you produce in him an "experience of personal futility," "of pessimistic revery." To join with his fellows in an organization is the only escape from this humiliating position, and that organization may be effective even if it is quite informal. Perhaps this point will be illuminating to the people who cannot tolerate strikes carried on "only" for the right to organize.

Protection of workers in the dangerous trades is the chief but not the only subject of this book. Other things have played a great part in my life. I should never have taken up the cause of the working class had I not lived at Hull-House and learned much from Jane Addams, Florence Kelley, Julia Lathrop, and others. Hull-House is not an episode of the past; its influence goes on, and it deserves a tribute from one of its devoutest followers. The years from 1914 to 1942 have been full of issues more tremendous than the struggle of Labor for its rights; and living as I did with Jane Addams, I could not escape being drawn into the peace movement and the efforts to reconstruct Europe after the Armistice. So that too enters into the picture. And childhood and student life, the men I worked under in school and laboratory, the background of Fort Wayne, Mackinac, Chicago, later on of Boston and Hadlyme — these are all significant parts of the picture I have tried to paint, a picture of life as I have seen it under the period of passionate and hopeful idealism in the nineties; of slowly increasing disillusion culminating in the shock of war in 1914; of the war years with their intolerance and bitterness and wave of reaction; of the "giddy twenties" where, underneath the surface froth, I saw unemployment and exploita-

tion; the soberer thirties with the increasing movement toward social justice. During those years I saw Europe at war, I saw the result of the starvation blockade of Germany and Austria, and the Quaker work of relief; I joined the League of Nations committee to fight disease; went to visit Russia under Lenin; took part in the Sacco-Vanzetti case; saw Germany under the early months of Hitler's rule, Germany and France during the "Munich betrayal." All these go to make up my book.

2

My childhood home was Fort Wayne, Indiana, where my father's father had come as a young man from the North of Ireland and his father had joined him later, so that my generation was the fourth to live in what we called the Old House. I should have been born there as my two younger sisters were, but my mother went home to her mother in New York to have her second baby. I always have to give New York City as my birthplace, most inappropriately, for I left it at the age of six weeks and I really belong to Indiana.

We were four sisters born within six years' time, which was hard on our mother but made for close intimacy from our earliest childhood. Years later, when I was just seventeen, there was an aftermath in the shape of the first boy, my brother Arthur, who is always known as Quint because we dubbed him that when an old German gentleman said to my father, "You should call your son Primus, Mr. Hamilton." "Indeed no," we said, "he is only Quintus" — and Quintus he has been ever since.

Edith, the first-born in our family, though only eighteen months older than I, always seemed much more mature, partly because she was a passionate reader while I was a reluctant one, partly because she went with the older cousins and I joined the younger group. Edith read everything she could lay her hands on, except the few forbidden books in my father's library: the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, the *Heptameron* of Marguerite of Navarre, Eugène Sue's *Wandering Jew*, and a few others I have forgotten. She was a natural storyteller, and on the long walks my mother insisted on our taking every day, Edith would give us résumés of Scott, Bulwer-Lytton and De Quincey. She could not understand my childish tastes in books and she would stop at an exciting spot, such as Amy Robsart's death in *Kenilworth*, and say, "Now you've got to finish it yourself." Sometimes I did, but sometimes I slipped back to the Katy books, to her infinite disgust.

Margaret is two and a half years younger than I, but because she was the only one of us who had ill-health as a child, she did not seem really younger. Today her sore throat and rheumatic pains and listlessness would be traced to infected tonsils, the source would be removed, and she would emerge from chronic ill-health; but in those days the old family doctor had no remedy except quinine, and all my mother could offer was sea-salt baths and long hours on the sofa. This meant reading and thinking for Margaret, while the rest of us were playing football and climbing trees, and it made her the quiet, stable, thoughtful one among us.

Norah, the youngest, was my father's special pet and pride. When she early showed her talent for drawing, he used to call her his genius. We never felt jealous because we were not geniuses; indeed the relations between us four were so intimate and understanding that when one of us would be singled out for admiration by a not too discerning parent, it would only amuse both the praised and the unpraised. Norah was as vivid and intense as Margaret was steady — with her it was rapture or tragedy, and so of course she was terribly vulnerable to the sort of teasing and baiting that children love to inflict when they find an easy victim.

Fort Wayne was an attractive little city in those days. The streets were shaded by elms and maples; the sidewalks were of mellowed red brick, for asphalt had not yet spread its ugly way across our cities. There were a number of fine old houses dating back before the Civil War, some of them showing the Southern tradition which was strong in Fort Wayne's early days. Our most important street is Calhoun Street, and we have streets named for Clay, Douglas, Breckinridge, but none for Lincoln. The Civil War split the Presbyterian Church in two and must have caused deep division between citizens.

My Hamilton grandfather's house, which we called the Old House, was a large, substantial brick house, built in 1840 with three stories and a two-storied ell and a basement kitchen. Like most houses of a hundred years ago, it was built for beauty, space, dignity, not for comfort and convenience. The ceilings were fourteen feet high, the rooms were spacious, and a wood-burning furnace made little impression on the cold of our Indiana winter. There were open fires in every room. Nobody thought of the endless carrying of wood, coal, ashes, up and down the long stairways, for there was always a "hired man," who had little else to do in winter. There were also plenty of housemaids to carry clean

water upstairs and dirty water downstairs in those pre-plumbing days. On top of the house was what we called the "cupalo," a square little room, big enough for a crowd of us and never disturbed by the grownups.

Our frame house was the White House; my uncle's in the same grounds was the Red House, and of brick. Neither was so big as the Old House, and the ceilings were somewhat lower; the furnaces burned coal and there were running water and a bathroom, so much had comfort progressed between 1840 and 1873. But space and dignity were still the first desiderata. Our hall was vast, and the rooms, library, parlor, dining room, opened into it by triple doors of black walnut; but as it could never be heated in winter, those doors had to be kept shut. The wide stairs were also black walnut. Of a winter's night, when the house was very still, a ghost might start at the attic door and come creaking down the two flights to the hall. This happened one evening when I was quite alone in the library, reading the fearsome tale of black magic in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

There was one great advantage in our big house, — one that more than made up for the inadequate furnace, — and that was the opportunity for escape, for solitude. One could curl up in the big armchair in the library or hide in the parlor — or, if the others were persistent, there was a refuge at the top of the attic stairs and, in warm weather, out on a bit of flat roof which could be reached from the billiard room window. In spring and fall there were endless hiding places in lilac hedges or up in the thick leaves of an apple tree.

Allen Hamilton, my grandfather, the pioneer ancestor, came to Fort Wayne when it was still very primitive, an outpost in a land of Indians. His career was typical of America in those days. He dealt with Indians at first, and the tales that have come down to us show that his fairness won their confidence and respect. He played a large part in the development of the city and was one of a small group of men who put through the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago railroad. He was ambitious for his family, sending his sons not only to college but to Göttingen and Jena Universities, his daughters to Miss Porter's School in Farmington, Connecticut. He was Scotch-Irish and my father always stressed the first word, but we children were fascinated by the Irish part and loved to hear tales of an old Irish Katy who came over with the family and who saw fairies and heard the banshee wail when our grandfather died.

He found his bride in Aurora, an older, more

settled community on the Ohio River, not far from Cincinnati. My grandmother always spoke of "going in" when she went home and "going out" when she returned to what in her youth had been the frontier. She was only seventeen when she went with her young husband to that distant spot where somehow she learned to preside over a large household and where she bore eleven children. The first four years of my life were spent in that house; and although we later lived in a house of our own, it was on the same big place, and the Old House with its orchard and cow pasture and extensive "yard" (nobody had "grounds" in those days) was as important a background for my life as our own place.

There were eleven cousins living in the same big place. We needed no "outsiders," having our own games, our own traditions and rules of conduct. Eight of us played together, being near enough of an age. Once we were out of doors we were free, except for a few prohibitions which we always observed, for we were obedient. We were also truthful; that is, we told nothing but the truth. We did not always tell the whole truth, for we argued that the less the impulsive and incalculable grownups knew, the better for them and us. Thus, when Allen's wooden sword cut my forehead I ran to the pump and struck the place against the iron handle so that I could truthfully say that the handle had hit me, and not risk the chance of having tournaments forbidden. We lived in our own world, a child's world which we left only briefly to enter the far less real one of the grownups.

Three of us were very close in age, born within five months — Agnes Hamilton, Allen Hamilton Williams, and I. We were known in the family circle as the three A's. Growing up together we were the closest of friends and intimates, especially Agnes and I, for Allen spent his winters at school in Boston, while Agnes and I went to Farmington together.

As we grew into our teens, games gave way to long walks or sessions up in a big apple tree or on the rafters of the carriage house, with talks about everything, from theology to our plans for life. For some years my plans for the future were definite. I meant to be a medical missionary to Teheran, having been fascinated by the description of Persia in O'Donovan's *The Merv Oasis*. I doubted if I could ever be good enough to be a real missionary; but if I could care for the sick, that would do instead, and it would enable me to explore far countries and meet strange people. Later Agnes and I read Charles Kingsley and Frederick Denison Maurice and became inter-

ested in the English social question; and though we knew nothing about American social evils, life in a big city, exploring the slums, began to seem to me as tempting as Persia.

3

Fort Wayne, outside our own yard, touched us chiefly through the church, which played a large part in our lives — not so much socially, for we were fairly self-contained socially, but as a pervading background, as something that came next to home and family. My father's family was Presbyterian and we all went to the First Presbyterian Church, a lovely Christopher Wren building of red brick with wide steps up to a white-pillared portico.

The religion we were taught was sober, not colored with the fervent evangelism which was so prevalent in those days. My father, Montgomery Hamilton, had a passion for theology. There was a time when I knew more about Arianism, Socinianism, Gnosticism, and the other heresies than I knew about the history of my own country. He insisted that my sister Edith and I learn the Westminster Catechism, and many a struggle we had over that heathenish production. It was only a struggle to memorize the words — we never bothered with the meaning. My mother, Episcopalian as she was, sometimes protested against giving such strong meat to babes, but apparently one can shovel very tough particles into a child's mind without causing indigestion. I can still remember some of the worst answers; for instance, "All mankind by Adam's fall lost communion with God, are under his wrath and curse and so made liable to all the ills of this life, to death and to the pains of Hell forever." I suppose a sensitive child should have been profoundly affected by such horrible teaching, but it made not a dent on us. My father was tired of the Catechism when Margaret and Norah came along, and they escaped it.

To offset the Catechism, we learned for my mother Psalms, the Sermon on the Mount, and the first chapter of St. John. And in summer we went to her church, the little Episcopal church in Mackinac Island, where we were steeped in the collects and the Litany and the Te Deum until they became a part of us. We learned to love the service better than we had ever loved the Presbyterian Church. The Bible was more familiar to us than any other book, and it is so deeply imprinted in my memory that more often than not when I hear it read in church I can keep just a little ahead of the minister.

Religion, as it was taught to us, had little

authoritarianism; certainly credulousness was not encouraged. The first piece of "research" I ever undertook was when I was about twelve years old. My father set me the task of finding proof of the doctrine of the Trinity in the Bible. His own belief was that this doctrine was a later addition to the Gospels, and he had no hesitation in setting me on an inquiry which might bring me to the same conviction. But in those days there was no pragmatism to shake a child's belief in Christian ethics.

Our education was very uneven, with many important branches neglected. Fort Wayne had only public schools, and my mother objected to the long hours from nine in the morning to four in the afternoon. My father objected to the curriculum — too much arithmetic and American history, neither a subject which interested him. So we did not go to school and we could be out of doors during the sunny hours. We had a smattering of mathematics, taught by a day governess, but I never got beyond the beginning of algebra. We learned what our parents thought important: languages, literature, history. We had formal teaching only in languages; the other subjects we had to learn ourselves by reading, and we did. Most of the hours we spent indoors were spent over books. My father taught us Latin; my mother spoke French with us when we were little and saw to it that we had French lessons later on; our German came first from the servants, who were always German, then from a Lutheran schoolteacher.

Of science we had not even a smattering, beyond what we could gather from my father's favorite Hugh Miller. Yet in a way we were trained in habits of scientific approach. We were not allowed to make a statement which could be challenged unless we were prepared to defend it. One of my father's favorite sayings was: "Be always ready to give a reason for the hope that is in you." When he could not answer a question, he would send us to the Encyclopaedia Britannica to look it up. When I told him that my cousin Allen was studying physics in his Boston school and I wanted to study it too, he said, "It is all in the encyclopedia." And it was, but not in a shape for a girl of fourteen.

The habit of doing one's own searching for the knowledge one wanted was valuable, but the field that attracted me was too limited. As I reached my teens, instead of turning to the natural sciences, of which I was completely ignorant, I taught myself Greek and Italian and read the French classics. Of American literature I knew little. My father had a great impatience

with what he considered the woolgathering of the New England school, and I knew nothing of Emerson, little of Hawthorne. Poe was the only American poet he respected. He liked clarity and definiteness — Macaulay and Froude, Addison, Pope. He read us Macaulay's *Lays* and Scott's poems, and he made Edith and me learn the whole of *The Lady of the Lake*, reciting a few lines every evening, to "train our memory." Later on he would give us a page of Addison which we must read over three times and must then write out in Addison's words. He hated sentimentality, and though that term to him sometimes covered my mother's generous enthusiasms and indignations, it was probably a wholesome factor in a household of women.

My mother, Gertrude Pond, was of a quite different temperament. She was less intellectual but more original and independent in her approach to life; indeed she was an extraordinary woman for her day and generation. Perhaps it was because she had spent much of her young womanhood in Germany and France that she was free from the Victorian prudery which was considered essential to a lady. My mother could speak of such subjects as pregnancy, childbirth, suckling, quite unconscious of the taboo in Fort Wayne. Even more, she faced sex problems with courage and originality. I remember a discussion she had with the women of my father's family, in which she took the stand Browning takes in "The Statue and the Bust," that the woman who is virtuous because she fears public opinion is not virtuous at all. My mother had a passionate love of freedom, of going her own way undisturbed by the demands and compulsions of family life. This spirit she carried into her own home, so far as she could. Never was there a mother less possessive. The motto she chose was that of the monks of Thelema, "*Fay ce que voudras*," and she taught us that personal liberty was the most precious thing in life.

Another trait was equally rare: her capacity for enthusiasms and for indignations over events and causes which had no personal bearing whatever. She could blaze out, even in her old age, over tales of police brutality, of the lynching of Negroes, over child labor and cruelty to prisoners. She made us feel that whatever went wrong in our society was a personal concern for her and for us. But her indignation was not so much against the individual policeman or prison warden: it was against the whole class and especially the system which made such cruelty possible. Something she said once gives a picture of her quality and of the atmosphere in which we girls grew up: —

"There are two kinds of people: the ones who say 'Somebody ought to do something about it, but why should it be I?' and those who say, 'Somebody must do something about it; then why not I?'"

When I was ten we began to go to Mackinac Island, which became our summer home for many years — the years when impressions of the outside world are keenest and deepest. It is a beautiful island, lying in the Straits, with Lake Huron to the east and Lake Michigan to the west, horizons as wide as the ocean's, but north and south faced with the Michigan shores and with low-lying islands. There is a legend that it rose from the waters in the days when only Indians were there. It is much higher than the land all about it, and it has imposing cliffs of limestone rock.

We came to love it passionately, almost painfully it seems to me now as I look back on the tragic eagerness with which, when we returned each year, we would scan the shore as the boat came near and break our hearts over any change in the beloved view. The changes came thick and fast in the nineties, as the place became a resort, and indeed we helped to spoil Mission Hill by building a homely cottage there. But woods and shore remained much as they had been in my grandmother's time when she took her babies there, and our life was spent in the woods and on the water. As I look back on our education it seems incomplete and scrappy, but it gave us two precious things, a love of out-of-doors and a love of reading, and with those one is protected against any possible kind of boredom.

4

Miss Porter's School in Farmington was a tradition for Hamilton girls. My father's three sisters had been sent there; and one after another, as we of the next generation reached the age of seventeen, we were sent for two years — which also was traditional. In all, there were ten of us at Farmington, ending with my youngest sister, Norah. It is hard to make anyone who is not an old Farmington girl understand the love and loyalty we hold for Miss Porter's School, for some of the teaching we received was the world's worst. The system was purely elective, so I was allowed to shirk my two weak subjects, mathematics and natural science.

I elected Latin, Greek, German, and Mental and Moral Philosophy. These last we studied with the aid of Noah Porter's textbooks, but studying meant simply committing so many paragraphs to memory and reciting them to an

elderly German who kept his eyes fixed on the ceiling, for he claimed that he knew both books by heart and need never look at the text. There was no discussion and no explanation. The only one in the class who rebelled against this mode of instruction was Theodate Pope (Mrs. John Riddle of Farmington). She had an idea that mental philosophy really meant something, and she would mull over Noah Porter and try to puzzle out some ideas instead of just memorizing it. We told her that was a silly waste of time. "Why do you bother?" we said. "It doesn't mean anything. All you need do is to learn the words." That was all we had to do in German literature also, which was taught by the same gentleman, only this time the words were in German. I spent days reciting stuff about somebody called Klopstock, but I never read anything he wrote, and certainly never wished to.

On the other hand, Latin and Greek were very well taught; so was German conversation; so were drawing and music. Even those of us who did not "take music" had the benefit of wonderful recitals by famous pianists. And in the spring term old Professor Seymour, grandfather of Charles Seymour of Yale, came to stay at Miss Porter's and to lecture on Shakespeare and take over the classes in Greek and Latin. He was a delightful scholar, to whom the beauty and loftiness of the classics were everything — not the second aorist or the uses of the subjunctive. I read Tacitus, Horace, and Lucretius with him, and Aeschylus and Sophocles. Not Euripides, for to Mr. Seymour that was "silver Greek" only. As a special privilege I was allowed to read Dante with him too, going down to Miss Porter's after supper, in the long spring twilight. Neither of us had ever heard Italian spoken, so we pronounced it as if it were Latin, and with the old-fashioned English pronunciation at that.

So much for Farmington's educational system. But that was, of course, only a small part of our life there, as I suppose it is in any school, no matter how excellent. Personal relations are the important factors in adolescent life. For my cousin Agnes and me the school meant a sudden and thrilling entrance into the outside world; it meant meeting, and passionately admiring, girls who had had an upbringing quite different from our own — an astonishing experience to our narrow little minds. The school was completely free from any kind of snobbishness; girls stood on their own feet and were liked or disliked for their own qualities only. That lifelong friendships were founded there, every old Farmington girl knows. A great encouragement to such friendships was the requirement of a two-hour walk

every afternoon, for luckily we had no gymnasium. The long walks against the background of New England's beautiful winters gave us something calisthenics could not.

Miss Porter's personality was a pervasive influence, though I find it impossible to tell how she got it across to us. She gave us somehow the best of the New England tradition — integrity, self-control, no weakness or sentimentality, love of beauty, respect for the intellectual, clear thinking, no nonsense; but she conveyed it more by the atmosphere she created than by any formal teaching.

After I came back from Farmington, Edith and I decided that we must train ourselves to earn our living, for the family finances were rapidly diminishing and our only hope of a wide and full life, of going out into the big world, lay in our own efforts. There seemed only a few careers open to us — teaching, nursing, the practice of medicine. Edith chose teaching and began to prepare herself for Bryn Mawr College by studying mathematics and botany. I chose medicine, not because I was scientifically minded, for I was deeply ignorant of science. I chose it because, as a doctor, I could go anywhere I pleased — to far-off lands or to city slums — and be sure that I could be of use anywhere. I should meet all sorts and conditions of men; I should not be tied down to a school or a college as a teacher is, or work under a superior, as a nurse must do. So I studied physics and chemistry with a high school teacher, then entered one of those third-rate little medical schools which flourished in the days before the American Medical Association reformed medical teaching. It was in Fort Wayne and I spent a year studying anatomy chiefly; then, since that year convinced my father that I was in earnest, I went on to Ann Arbor for a real course.

Those were very happy and exciting years. The Medical School of the University of Michigan was then one of the few schools with courses in physiology, biochemistry, bacteriology, and pharmacology which were taught by men with German training, and in laboratories more than in the lecture hall. The training fostered a spirit of inquiry, a habit of following a problem to its solution if possible, of accepting only what could be proved. My teachers were John J. Abel in pharmacology and W. H. Howell in physiology, — both of whom went the next year to the newly established medical school at Johns Hopkins, — F. G. Novy in bacteriology, Victor Vaughan in biochemistry, and George Dock in medicine. They were a remarkable group of men.

Lectures were given in one of two huge amphi-

theaters, filled with students, most of them men. We women sat in a little group of about fifteen at one side. At first I watched with excited apprehension the antics of the men, but soon they palled; and like the rest of the women students, I found I could study my notebook undisturbed by the wildest din. The lectures on theoretical subjects were attended by the homeopaths, the dentists, and the pharmacists as well as the regular medical students. The rule was that the lower seats belonged to the regulars, the others sitting higher but in a strict order with pharmacists at the top. While we waited for a lecturer it often happened that a homeopath or a dental student would be discovered in the seats of the mighty, and then he would be seized by the regulars and "passed up" over the backs of the benches to the top, while his classmates fought to free him. Some of the lecturers had a hard time restoring order when they entered on such a scene, but Dr. Howell never. He would pause a moment, looking at the class, a small slight figure, then speak with his soft Southern accent, and at his first word the confusion would cease, the men would slip back in their seats and fumble for their pencils. It was not discipline at all; it was simply the eagerness of his students not to miss a word of what he had to give them.

The school was coeducational and had been so for some twenty years, so we women were taken for granted and there was none of the sex antagonism which I saw later in Eastern schools. A man student would step aside and let the woman pass through the door first, the women had the chairs if there were not enough to go round, but when it came to microscopes or laboratory apparatus it was first come, first served.

This was really my introduction to the world of science. I shall never forget the revelation that came to me when I saw through the microscope the cells which make up the human body, and realized that later on I should be looking at these cells changed by disease — that the actual processes of disease could be viewed by the human eye. In physiology it was the same. We were not told of the processes of digestion, of nerve reflexes, of blood circulation: we reproduced them in the laboratory. We followed Pasteur's law in Novy's laboratory, isolating the anthrax bacillus, cultivating it, injecting it into an animal, and recovering it again. When I reached clinical work, under Dr. Dock, it was the same method, modified to fit human patients.

Dr. Dock put me on his staff for my last year, which meant that I took histories, made the routine rounds with him as well as the formal ones, and did as much of the clinical laboratory work

as I could, snatching the time for it from surgery, obstetrics, and gynecology — subjects which interested me not at all. Dr. Dock belonged to the new school of clinicians — he had been one of Sir William Osler's assistants — who utilized the microscope and chemical analysis as well as physical examination in the diagnosis of a case. My spare time was spent chiefly over the microscope. Then, best of all, would come the discussion, summing up all the findings, from history, present condition, laboratory tests; and if one part of the picture puzzle was lacking, Dr. Dock would never fail to pounce upon it.

Ann Arbor gave me my first taste of emancipation, and I loved it. It was in the Medical School that for the first time I felt I stood on my own feet. In Fort Wayne, in Mackinac, and at Farmington, I was a Hamilton, not an individual; in Ann Arbor I was a student, respected or despised for myself alone.

It was natural that a graduate from Ann Arbor in those days should turn to the laboratory branches. I soon decided that I would go into bacteriology and pathology instead of medical practice, but Dr. Dock urged me to take a year in a hospital first, saying that my training would be too one-sided otherwise. There were few internships open to women in those days. I had two months in the Hospital for Women and Children in Minneapolis, then nine months in the New England Hospital for Women and Children, in Roxbury, a part of Boston. The first is just a blur in my memory — a blur of fear and bewilderment and fatigue, for the resident physician and the majority of the staff went off on vacation, and I was left largely alone to cope with cases of typhoid fever (we had never seen typhoid in Ann Arbor) and with obstetrical cases, which were the most terrifying of all, since my training in that field had been very scanty. It was an utterly lonely life and I was rejoiced when the call to Boston came, to a hospital with six internes and a resident physician and a dispensary in a poor section of the city, where part of our service was passed.

This was my first experience of life in a big city: all I had known up to then was New York for brief visits, shopping and theater, and the Metropolitan Museum. Boston had much to offer and I took it all eagerly. But what interested me most was the life down in the Pleasant Street Dispensary where I worked with people of thirteen different nationalities and where each new call was a new adventure. The first evening I was there I was called to a case over a saloon some distance away. It seems absurd, but really I had never been on a city street alone at night before. The case lasted till midnight, and com-

ing back I lost my way. I dared not ask help of any of the men who passed me, but presently a little woman came hurrying along and I stopped her. She was very kind. She led me back to my street and laughed at my fears. She was a chorus girl, she told me, and she never had any trouble. "Just walk along fast with your bag in your hand, not looking at anybody, and nobody will speak to you. Men don't want to be snubbed; they are looking for a woman who is willing." It was good advice and it worked. I never had one unpleasant experience, though my night work took me into notoriously tough quarters of the city, and even into houses of prostitution.

Among my fellow internes was a Russian girl who had been a revolutionist in Russia and who used to hold me enthralled by the stories of her life. She was Rachelle Slobodinskaya, afterwards Dr. R. S. Yarros, a specialist in obstetrics and one of the early founders of the birth control and social hygiene movements. She seemed to me the most exciting person I had ever met and I marveled as she told of joining the Russian revolutionists when she was thirteen years old, fleeing to this country when she was seventeen, and working in sweatshops in New York to earn her living. At seventeen I was starting for Farmington and in all my life I had never had to think where my next meal was coming from.

My year of European study came soon after. Edith had won a European fellowship at Bryn Mawr and my Ann Arbor professors had told me that if I hoped to devote myself to bacteriology and pathology I must study in Germany. Otherwise I should never be accepted as an expert — such was the status of American scientific training in the nineties. (As a matter of fact, I found that in bacteriology Leipzig had nothing to give me that I had not already had from Dr. Novy, but neither Germans nor Americans would have believed it.)

5

So in the fall of 1895 Edith and I sailed on what seemed to us a great adventure. Even gaining permission to study in one of the German universities was a long and difficult enterprise, for of course women were not admitted to any of them. But if an individual professor was liberal-minded, he could give permission to attend his classes, though a degree of any kind was out of the question. Sometimes the classical faculty where Edith wished to work would be willing to accept her, but the scientific faculty would refuse me, or vice versa. We did succeed in gaining entrance to the University of Leipzig, where they told us we should be considered "invisible," and to Munich,

though there the negotiations were prolonged and elaborate.

My work in Munich was very pleasant. The atmosphere in the laboratory was quite different from that in Leipzig; it was gay and easy and friendly. Bavarians are like our Southerners in many ways. Professor Buchner was a dear. When he appeared at the door each morning with his gentle "*Grüss Gott*," we all felt a surge of affection for him. He liked to have a woman working under him and gave me a great deal of attention — but he could never forget that I was a woman. I wanted to work on a problem he was studying, the part played by the white cells of the blood in combating infection, but that would have meant animal experiments. Professor Buchner told me gently that he knew such experiments would be impossible for me. So he set me to studying a thick-capsuled bacillus from India which he hoped would turn out to be a companion and aid to the cholera bacillus, perhaps neutralizing the acid in the gastric juice which inhibits the cholera bacillus. It turned out to be nothing but a big, fat nonentity.

In Leipzig there had been a fair number of foreign women students; in Munich we two and an Englishwoman, a student of archaeology, were the only ones. Six German women who applied were refused. The authorities said that the only reason women wanted to study was to prepare themselves for subversive political activity; if foreign governments wished to run that risk, all right, but the German government had too much sense. My lot in both Leipzig and Munich was easier than Edith's because I wanted laboratory work, which nobody objected to, and lectures were of secondary importance. In Leipzig two professors permitted me to attend their lectures, but in Munich all were closed to a woman.

However, it is not for a woman who has been on the faculty at Harvard to be too derisive about German universities in the nineties. It is still true that though women work in Harvard museums and are permitted to read in Widener Library, they are always obliged to leave at six o'clock. They are assured that this rule is for their protection, against the undergraduates!

Life in Germany in those days was very pleasant, though sometimes exasperating for an American. I had to learn to accept the thinly veiled contempt of many of my teachers and fellow students because I was at once a woman and an American, therefore uneducated and incapable of real study. The Bavarians were much pleasanter than the Saxons; I hardly minded being a woman in Munich. In Frankfurt am Main,

where we went for the long spring vacation, I was treated quite as an equal in Weigert's laboratory. There I did a bit of research for Professor Edinger and formed a friendship with him and his wife.

But everywhere, not only in Saxony, one was continually reminded that one was a woman and inferior. Students would march along the sidewalk, four abreast with arms locked, and if one did not step quickly into the gutter one would be pushed there. Officers would stride by in their gorgeous uniforms, with perhaps a drab peahen of a wife trotting along carrying the parcels which no officer might carry. If one was in a crowd, rushing for the cheap seats for the opera, one must expect to be pushed and shoved by the men; indeed once when I, being light and quick, had dashed up the steps to the gallery and secured a front seat, a great blond Siegfried of a student caught me under my arms from behind, lifted me out, and took my seat.

Although we were often exasperated by these German attitudes, we were much oftener charmed by the warmth and kindness of the people and the easy, simple way they took the enjoyable things in life. At home, if we wanted music, we must go to a concert; in Germany we could step out into the park, sit under the trees with a glass of beer or a cup of coffee, and listen to lovely music. The opera there was not a social function to be attended rarely because of the cost of tickets and the lateness of the hour; it was something one could enjoy four or five times a week, for a few marks; and since it was over at ten o'clock, it did not interfere with the next day's work. It was the easiest thing to get off into the country (what a contrast to Chicago!); only a short ride in a fourth-class coach and then fields and mountains and lakes, and, at every lovely view, a tempting beer garden with perhaps a group of students singing as Anglo-Saxon students do not sing.

Even the scientific meetings to which Professor Buchner took me were informal and pleasant as ours seldom are. Not long ago I was impressed by the contrast, by the way our passion for mechanized efficiency can ruin all *Gemütlichkeit*. I was asked to speak to the Medical Society of Pittsburgh and was escorted to the Mellon Institute, where, I was told, the meeting would be held in the most up-to-date auditorium. "I must get there early," said my host, "so that I can have a front seat, because the acoustics are bad and the air-conditioning machine (of course the room is air-conditioned) makes so much noise that one cannot hear well at the back of the room." I was taken up to a high platform, placed

in front of a microphone, and warned not to move away from it or I should not be heard. After I had spoken, not to the audience but to the machine, the chairman announced that if there were any comments or questions he must ask the questioner to come up on the platform and speak into the microphone. Of course nobody wanted to do that. The three papers were read, there was no discussion, the meeting closed efficiently.

And I thought back to a meeting in Munich where Dr. Buchner had demonstrated some of his observations on phagocytic action. It was in a delightful Old World restaurant and we all sat around informally, some drinking beer or coffee or even having supper. In the middle of the room was a long table with microscopes. As the Professor talked we could, if we wished, step up and look at the slides he was describing. The discussion that followed was really a conversation, absolutely informal and easy.

Work in a German laboratory was novel enough to keep me amused and interested, not only in the actual study but also in the men around me. Leipzig, where I did pathology, had as chief of that department old Birch-Hirschfeld, who really gave us nothing at all. He would pass through the laboratory occasionally and we would all stand up, face around, and bow profoundly, but that was all we saw of him. The men in Leipzig worked hard, but long hours were never the rule. In the middle of the morning the *Diener* would come in with *Frühshoppen* — beer, rye bread, Swiss cheese — and at once the room would be full of gayety. One of the men could make music with a comb and the others would dance to it. I could never get used to the mixture of profound learning and childlike clowning in these men.

In Munich the atmosphere was still gayer. In June, we had at least thirteen holidays, five Sundays and eight church feast days, which Protestants celebrated quite as much as Catholics. And yet these Germans produced more first-class scientific studies than did the hard-working Americans I knew at home. Professor Edinger commented on that fact once. He said, "You Americans are in too much of a hurry to succeed; you push yourselves too hard. Now look at me. Never have I worked longer than eight hours in a day, but I shall keep that up till I die. Your American scientists are finished at fifty. After that they produce no more original work."

I saw Germany again in 1910 and 1912, when I visited her excellent lead smelters and white- and red-lead works and potteries; again in 1915 when I went with Jane Addams to place before

the Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, and the Foreign Affairs Minister, von Jagow, a proposal for a neutral commission of mediation to end the war; then in 1919, again with Jane Addams, this time to make a survey of the effects of starvation under the food blockade for Herbert Hoover and the Quakers; in 1924 on my way to Russia, when life under the Republic seemed drab and poverty-poor; and finally two visits to Hitler's Germany, the first in the early months of his regime, the last during "Munich week," when so deep and so terrible a change had come over that land of great learning and of easy gayety that I could hardly believe it was Germany.

6

By the autumn of 1896 our year in Europe was over and we came home. Edith had a position waiting for her. She became headmistress of the Bryn Mawr School in Baltimore. Because no position awaited me I went with her for a winter's work in the Johns Hopkins Medical School. In spite of my year in Germany, nobody seemed to want my services. The demand for trained bacteriologists and pathologists did not begin till some years later, and the only thing to do was to keep on fitting myself for a career and hoping that some day an opening would come.

Those were the great days of the Johns Hopkins Medical School. I met there not only my former teachers, W. H. Howell and J. J. Abel, but William Welch, Simon Flexner, William Osler, Howard Kelly, John Finney, Franklin Mall, Lewellys Barker. Exciting as it is to work in a foreign laboratory, there is something very satisfying in returning to one's own country and one's own language, in every sense of that phrase. Baltimore was not gay and colorful as were Munich and Frankfurt, but the men I worked with accepted me without amusement or contempt or even wonder, and I slipped into place with a pleasant sense of belonging.

Dr. William Welch used to stop by my table now and then and exchange German experiences with me, and these were always red-letter occasions. I saw him for the last time some three months before his death in Johns Hopkins Hospital. He was deeply absorbed in a description he had just read of the anti-tuberculosis work which Soviet Russia was carrying on and which John Kingsbury and Sir Arthur Newsholme had just written up. There was not a trace of anti-Bolshevist prejudice and skepticism in his attitude—only warm admiration and even envy.

My regular work, which was pathological anatomy, was done under Simon Flexner. It was

really pure enjoyment. He gave me two cases to work up and helped me to have them published. It was Dr. Flexner who first taught me that important part of research, the thorough and critical review of all that has been written on one's problem and the scrupulous care one must use to give credit where credit is due.

Johns Hopkins was one of the few schools in the country which gave the student a chance actually to see the malarial organisms; patients from the deep South came there, and seamen from the tropics. I went often to the dispensary to study malarial blood, and sometimes I would drop work for an afternoon and attend Dr. Osler's clinic, just for the pleasure of seeing how admirably he did it. He was freer from what the English call swank than almost any other great man I have known. His manner with the students was that of an equal, and he always fretted against the hospital etiquette which required a nurse to stand in the presence of a doctor. That was, of course, the absolute rule in Johns Hopkins Hospital, and it was with real trepidation that the clinic nurse would sit down when he bade her. He told me with much irritation that he had once had to pass repeatedly by a nurse who was rolling bandages, and each time he did so she rose to her feet. "Such a silly waste of time and strength." He used to bring in out-of-the-way references in his talks with the students—items which would lead them far from their narrow medical path. Once it was "What is the best way to stop a hiccup?" And after an array of approved, scientific methods had been offered him, "Well, how about making the victim sneeze? Don't you remember—Socrates cures Alcibiades that way in Plato's *Symposium*?" Another time it was "Why do we call lead poisoning saturnism? That goes back to the days when the ancients knew only eight elements, and they believed that the eight great heavenly bodies were each composed of one of these—the sun of gold, the moon of silver, Jupiter of copper, Mars of iron, Venus of tin, Mercury of quicksilver, Saturn of lead, Vulcan of sulphur. That is why we call quicksilver mercury, and silver nitrate lunar caustic. And when we treat rubber with sulphur, we call it vulcanizing."

Dr. Osler was adored by his assistants and all his students, so that many of them could not help trying to imitate him, his walk, his gestures, his accent, his expression. Often I would find myself watching a little crowd of semi- and semi-demi Oslers. I liked it; I knew that the copying was not merely superficial, but that the young men had taken as their ideal a great leader.

That was the last year of student life for me—

the delightful life at once free from responsibility and full of varied interests. Although I dipped into it again for short periods, at the University of Chicago and the Institut Pasteur in Paris, it was not the same, for it was only an interlude in my real work. My first job was offered to me that summer, to teach pathology in the Woman's Medical School of Northwestern University in Chicago. I accepted it with thankfulness, not only because it meant employment in my own field, but because it was in Chicago. At last I could realize the dream I had had for years, of going to live in Hull-House.

Agnes had put this idea in my mind. Neither of us had heard much about social reform in our sheltered youth. Free trade and civil service reform were the only movements we heard discussed at home. My father took Godkin's *Nation*; its program of reform, which meant integrity and expert knowledge in civil office, taxation for revenue only, no tariff protection for special interests, satisfied him completely. Fort Wayne had no slums, there was no unemployment; the problem of poverty was individual in each case.

During the two years in Fort Wayne, however, between Farmington and Ann Arbor, Agnes came across Richard Ely's books. She was fired with enthusiasm for his program of Socialism, and won me over to it easily. We began then to read about the settlement movement. It so happened that in the spring before I went to Germany, Jane Addams came to Fort Wayne to speak in the Methodist Church. She was already famous, though Hull-House was not more than six years old. Norah brought the exciting news to Agnes and me, and we three went to hear her that evening. I cannot remember my first impressions; they blend into the crowd of impressions that came in later years. I only know that it was then that Agnes and I definitely chose settlement life. Some years later we carried out our resolve; Agnes went to the Lighthouse in Philadelphia and I found myself a resident of Hull-House.

This was not so easy as it sounds. It was difficult to gain entrance to Hull-House as a resident, even in 1897, for already it had attracted many

young men and women. No salaries were paid; all the residents either had incomes of their own and could give all their time, or they were working but could give evenings and Sundays. All paid their way, as Miss Addams always did, but there was never any difficulty in filling the available bedrooms. They were all filled when I went there in the spring of that year. I can remember how the place charmed me as I sat waiting for Miss Addams in the high-ceilinged, old-fashioned reception room, and how my heart beat when Miss Addams came in. She had won me over already in the church in Fort Wayne, but now, face to face, I felt even more attracted to her — to the mixture of sweetness and aloofness, of sympathetic understanding and impersonality, and the total absence of that would-be charm and false intimacy which school and college had made me dislike heartily in older women.

Mrs. Kelley passed through the room as we sat there, and Miss Addams introduced me to a vivid, colorful, rather frightening personality whom I came later to adore. But though my desire to live at Hull-House increased with every minute of that interview, my hopes died down, for Miss Addams made it clear, gently but firmly, that all the rooms for the coming fall were taken. I could not at once give up my long-cherished dream of settlement work, so I went to the Commons, Graham Taylor's settlement, a couple of miles to the north of Hull-House. It was in much the same sort of neighborhood and almost as old as Hull-House. Unluckily for me, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Taylor was at home and the resident I spoke to said I should be of little use if I could give only my evenings. That seemed to settle it, and I could do nothing but look for a place to live (I found it in the Studio Building on Ohio Street), and resolve that in some way, somehow, I would make my way into a settlement house. I had a conviction that professional work, teaching pathology, and carrying on research would never satisfy me. I must make for myself a life full of human interest.

So it was a matter of great rejoicing when, during that summer, Miss Addams wrote me, up in Mackinac, that there was a vacant room. I might come in September.

(To be continued)

With each twelve months of the Atlantic

THREE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR

"HOLLY DAYS"

by LLEWELLYN HOWLAND

1

A LATE-RISING December sun was shaping above a rosy mist that smoked up from a land drenched by yesterday's warm southwester. Poking my head out of my ivy-framed window of "The Cottage," the Skipper's farmhouse on Clark's Point, I snuffed the cool freshness of dawn, redolent with the odor of wet fallen leaves. Beyond a vividly green field of winter rye the bare branches of a beech clump were etched against the glowing eastern sky. The clangor of a flock of crows in a near-by pine assured good weather for the Christmas oystering.

By ten o'clock that morning the wheels of the wide-track white wagon had rattled the planks of the old Padanaram Bridge with the ebb tide swirling noisily below, and the Skipper had eased Box and Cox, the roan pair, up the long Gulf Hill, tooled us at a brisk pace across the Bakerville Ridge, and after several miles of tortuous, sandy farm lanes brought us to a barway in a wall. Beyond this we jolted and rocked over a quarter-mile of plow and stony pasture to a pebbly reach on the east shore of the estuary known as Pascamanset River. The horses were blanketed and hitched in the lee of a stand of upland cedars. Then Willie, Levi, and I, with our gear of gum boots, gunny sacks, and light hammers, were herded to the water's edge by the Skipper, who must have noticed my disgracefully chapped hands, for as I started to draw on some cotton gloves before wading he said: —

"Leave those gloves of yours ashore and let the salt water work into your cracked hands. I'll guarantee if you'll grin and bear it today you'll cure 'em for good and all." And by the

New Bedford, which has long been famous for its ships and the men who sail them, has never had a friendlier spokesman than LLEWELLYN HOWLAND. His friendship for the Skipper goes back half a century, and in this friendship are the associations which make Cape Cod a place beloved by all Americans.

Lord Harry! he was right, for his cure has lasted without a break — fifty-eight years.

Stern to the beach where the Skipper stood directing operations, I could let the tears flow without loss of face, as stooping over I grubbed among the infernally sharp-shelled oysters, elbow deep in the cold water. I soon found there was a tricky art in knocking a cluster away from its stony anchorage without smashing its tough but brittle armor, and although I kept at it steadily until my back ached and my hands were cut to ribbands, my sack, after an hour, looked pitifully lean as it dragged beside me.

"Keep working downstream — *not up*," the Skipper warned as we three (Levi, the biggest, well out beyond me, with Willie between us) stooped and stumbled among the weedy shingle. "The oysters above here have too much fresh water and color in 'em for Christmas eating," he ended.

By noon the bags bulged and we were ordered ashore to a spot above high-water mark where a broken bank sheltered us from the breath of north wind that sighed through the fronds of the junipers above. Here the sun lay warm and the little fire of driftwood that we kindled burned steadily without blowing about, quickly heating the circle of stones we ranged round it.

When the fire died to a bed of glowing embers and the stones shimmered, we broached a little of our cargo of oysters and set them to roasting. And when, a few minutes later, the Skipper remarked: "The harder they come, the sweeter they chew," I sensed there was indeed a special seasoning in the dozen or so of fat, salty morsels I was savoring. Our drink, I remember, was smoky China tea from pint bottles wrapped in heavy woolen socks — still piping hot after the journey; and this with slabs of sweet, pale-yellow Adamsville cheese and wedges of apple pie gave us, I thought, an ideally balanced ration.

2

Later in the afternoon, farther downstream, in a little land of wooded hillocks that pushed up abruptly from the marshy margin of the river, we came to a mysterious bower. Old and young, large and small, this lovely stand of holly trees, blazing here and there with clusters of red berries, jinked and glittered as the level rays of the westerling sun were caught for an instant by the luster of the evergreen leaves. And here with care for shape and future growth we pruned the sprigs and sprays for our Christmas "trimmery." Before we finished, the Skipper found on the under side of a single leaf, on a holly sapling, a tiny golden bat, hung up for the winter. The leaf he'd chosen for his long sleep stood with the side to which he was hooked faced south to the noonday sun, while the tougher top side of the leaf shielded him from the cold north. When we tickled his belly with a twig he squeaked and bared his needle-pointed teeth — so, wishing this Scrooge a Merry Christmas, we left him and lugged our prickly spoil out to the wagon.

The drive home in the chilly dusk by way of Smith's Neck was spiced at its start by the fording of Little River — a small sister of Pascaman-set. As we came to the middle, the strong flood tide boiled and foamed over the hubs and into the bed of the wagon. Box and Cox snorted and floundered and there came a moment when we rocked perilously on the edge of disaster. Here the Skipper by skillful use of voice, whip, and reins yanked us out on the further bank in a scutter of stones and shower of spray. Two hours later, as we toiled up the sharp pitch of the home driveway, the dancing reflection of red firelight on dining-room windowpanes was a welcome sight to me, a tired and shivery young mouse.

Filled with such preparations, the days of December had run toward the twenty-fifth — every one with its time-established "job of work," planned and ordered.

There had been Turkey Day, — a long one, — when we had driven to a distant shore-farm, reached through a succession of barways, where, on the salt meadows, a flock of big fowls grew plump and sweet on a diet of fiddler crabs. Here the Skipper had chosen a fine white bird for the "boiler" and a "busting" bronze one for the "roaster," and we had brought them home to be slain, plucked, drawn, and hung.

Then there had been Meal Day, when we hauled our own-grown corn on the cob to Russell's Mills and returned with our bag of meal "cool ground" by the slow-turning stones and

in prime condition for Deborah, the cook, to work up into her incomparably rich Christmas dumplings.

On the soft, gray, rainy days there had been mince to be chopped for pies, and party silver and glass to be polished. The long evenings had been spent in the gun room with the Skipper, helping to rig a pair of model sailboats for a brace of cousins expected for the holiday.

And then at last came the twenty-third, — Carriage House Day, — when that dark barnlike building was cleared of the wagons and lumber and warmed and "cosied" by two big wood-burning stoves, a long table, chairs, the sundry properties for a feast, and finally was decked and made gay with sprays of holly and fans and wreaths of sage-green dusty miller — true emblems of our December weather.

Ever since Thanksgiving the Skipper's last rite before bedtime had been the inspection of a stone crock that stood in the cool, damp cellar. The contents — Barbados rum, French brandy, lemons, and preserved peaches — would be gently stirred with a wand of sassafras and a glass "thief" full of it held to the candlelight to make sure the fruit was being properly consumed by and blended with the liquor. A little sip from the thief that evening gave assurance that the Cottage Flip had "come on nicely."

3

Christmas Eve — and we of that household in hard training from the preceding days were in tune with the spiritual significance of the Holy Festival. Looking back, I'm sure the Skipper approached this celebration as an ardent but thoughtful bridegroom comes to his wedding — "not . . . lightly but reverently . . . and in the fear of God"; and from this approach of his have sprung my evergreen memories of those winter times — unnipped by the snow and frost, weariness and surfeit, of a later custom. What did we care if next day were fair or foul; we were "swept and garnished" within and without, orderedly prepared to give of our plenty to our neighbors and to one another.

This year Christmas Day was fair, — mildly cold and clear, — with a heavy white frost covering the fields, which later, under the influence of brilliant sunshine, was magicked into a myriad of tiny rainbow jewels that sparkled for a moment and were gone, leaving the grass refreshed and vivid. A Bristol County Christmas indeed, and one to spur us to our best performance!

By nine in the morning we had the oysters shucked, the Flip, tempered and blended with

black India tea, chilling in a corner of the ice-house, fires kindled in the carriage house and fuel for the day beside 'em, the chairs dusted, the long table set, the cranberries for garnish polished and strung; and were finally ready to face, with cheerful fortitude, our great ordeal — Deborah's tindery temper that we suspected would be darting about the farmhouse like forked lightning when we came to help her with the last touches for the family dinner and the neighborhood dance and supper which were to follow. Our anticipations were realized, for the changes she rang on "clumsy" were a revelation.

On the tick of two-thirty the Skipper, in navy blue broadcloth, a sprig of holly with red berries in his buttonhole, entered the carriage house, "Friend Rachel," our loved and lovely Quaker aunt, on his arm. Suiting his pace to her age, he escorted her to a chair at the end of the long table, facing the door. Here she sat, her pearl-gray habit and snowy little house-cap all ashimmer in the yellow light of four candelabra that were ranged symmetrically on the cream-colored damask tablecloth.

After this little ceremony the Skipper stood by his chair at the head of the table, ready to greet the rest of us as we came in and took our seats. Silence fell for a moment as with bowed heads we offered thanks to Heaven for what we were to receive. Followed a slight "chump!" as the Skipper drove his carving fork into the crackling brown breast of the "roaster" that lay before him laced with chaplets of crimson cranberries. Aunt Rachel, at her end, carved the "boiler" with graceful dexterity. My choice then and ever since has been the boiled with plenty of oyster sauce — but tastes differ and many preferred the roast with pounded chestnut stuffing seasoned with sage and onion.

Of course there was mashed Nantucket turnip, white and delicate as driven snow; there

were dumplings of gray corn meal — suggesting blanched almonds, only better; tapering columns of cranberry jelly — glowing rubies — tart and frosty; stalks of bleached celery — brittle as ice — full of the savor of rich black soil.

But long before our appetites were dulled the Skipper caught my eye — a prearranged signal that set five girls and boys to clearing the table for dessert. After the flurry of this office I led my band to the scullery to lend a hand with the pudding and a Chinese-red tray of fruit. Heading the procession on our return marched Deborah in a print gown of startling shade and pattern. The pudding, her masterpiece, tricked with holly and so ethereal that the raisins and chopped nuts, the suet and the spices, seemed held together by brown gossamer, was set all glistening before the Skipper, while its proud creator took her seat at his right hand to ladle out the cinnamon-flavored, creamy sauce from a silver boat. The tray with its pyramid of pale-green *Beurré d'Anjou* pears and stalks of hothouse grapes the color of amethysts spread fruitful good tidings from the center of the table. The Skipper poured a generous glassful of brandy over the pudding, the candles were extinguished, the Skipper scratched a match — and we sat dimly revealed by the gold and blue flames of the blazing spirits.

A few minutes after midnight when Walter, the accordion player, had "called the numbers" in the last dance; when the yellow-capped baking dishes of scalloped oysters laced with sherry and reinforced with mince pies had been exhausted and the punch bowl of Cottage Flip had been filled and emptied for the last time, Levi, who was helping me put out the lamps in the carriage house, neatly balled the yarns of our Christmas Day by remarking: —

"I guess it ain't *what* you *do* that counts so much as the *way* you do it!"

Books America Should Be Reading



NO DAY OF TRIUMPH / BY J. SAUNDERS REDDING / \$3.00

The best analysis we have yet had by an American Negro of the problems which afflict his race in America.

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WE TOOK TO THE WOODS / BY LOUISE DICKINSON RICH / \$2.75

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LEE'S LIEUTENANTS / BY DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN / \$5.00

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The tension, the courage, and the temptation of Occupied France narrated by a master hand.

HOW SERIOUS IS OUR RACE PROBLEM?

An Unsparing, Fair-minded Survey by an American Negro

NO DAY OF TRIUMPH. By J. Saunders Redding.
Harper & Brothers. \$3.00

MEN of many persuasions have set out to discover America. This is the first time, to my knowledge, that a Negro has taken to the road in an effort to understand his people, to integrate for his race and himself a set of values not corrupted by cynicism or invalidated by toadyism and fear. Mr. Redding's job, specifically, is to try to discover the place of the Negro in American society, in his own distinctively Negro society, and in his own mind.

This sounds like an impossible and visionary task. It is. Yet the book that has come out of Mr. Redding's American voyage is an angry and honest and compassionate book; a better book than the University of North Carolina and the Rockefeller Foundation, who subsidized it, had any right to expect; perhaps the sanest and most eloquent study of the Negro American that has appeared.

Being the record of a quest, *No Day of Triumph* concerns itself both with the actual lives of Negroes in America and with the problem of what those lives and their implications mean. The episodes and the portraits which make up the bulk of the book are of great variety — some poignant, some plain funny, some hopeless, some filled with a cold anger. The Negro is not whitewashed: he is dissected.

Neither segregation nor limitation

One revelation that emerges to surprise those of us who seldom meet Negroes on any intimate terms is the revelation of the Negro's own color line. The deadly effect of segregation and domination; the existence, among middle-class Negroes especially, of a hard stratification on the basis of skin color; the way in which lightness has come to be a mark of beauty, even of virtue — these are not pretty things for either white or black man to contemplate.

Neither is the ineffectualness of segregated Negro education, drawing the color line, and practicing arrogant paternalism. Neither is the toadying of Negro teachers and leaders, the constant inclination to betray the black man for a chance to rise in the white man's world. Neither is the cynicism that blights Negro intelligence, nor the white benevolence that removes Negro intellectuals and artists from

equal competition with whites. Neither is the dissimulation that for many Negroes has become almost a way of life. Searching for solid values for himself and his race, Mr. Redding found little besides the cheap imitation of white mores, the stolidity that masks fear, the arrogance of leaders intent on their own aggrandizement, and the widespread cynicism that has come from impotence and the memory of generations of betrayal and bad faith.

A quest should end in discovery. According to some lights it should end in a program and a blueprint. There is no blueprint in this book, and even the discovery may seem abstract and unimportant to eager reformers. But I suspect that the discovery here is an important discovery, all the same, and one which contains all the emotional potentials of attitude that may ultimately ease the race problem from both sides.

There is no answer to the race problem here, and actually nothing but a hope that there will ever be an answer. There is no triumph at the end of this journey. But there is an affirmation — an affirmation stated in such personal terms that it leaves us with the impression of having read a spiritual autobiography rather than a report on Negro life. A sensitive and intelligent man, Mr. Redding had his own problem to solve; he himself had to get out from the "middle-class, Negro, American" mind-set in which he had had no peace. What he discovered was a certain few "intangibles in the scale of human values . . . integrity of spirit, love of freedom, courage, patience, hope," and these he found to be the mutual property of white and black.

He found the Negro as man, not as colored man. As Mr. Redding puts it, "to know and understand and love the Negro is not enough. One must know and understand and love the white man as well." Perhaps that conclusion removes us from the realm of earth where the race problem still sits solid and venomous. Some will probably think so. But it is without question the honest emotional and intellectual conviction of a sane and well-informed man, and it is a conviction that far too few whites and (more tragically) far too few Negroes have been able to affirm. The ultimate solution of the race problem in the United States will most certainly have to come out of that spirit.

WALLACE STEGNER

ENGLAND'S GREATEST LIVING DRAMATIST

A Close, Good-natured Portrait of George Bernard Shaw

G. B. S. A FULL LENGTH PORTRAIT. By Hesketh Pearson. Harper & Brothers. \$3.75

THE publishers of this book describe it as the "most Boswellian biography since Boswell's Johnson." That is an exaggeration; it contains only a few recorded conversations and its chief resemblance to Boswell's Johnson is that we finish reading it with an impression of a difference in size and force of character between the subject of the biography and its author.

Throughout most of its length it is a good, even an excellent, biography. Mr. Pearson writes well, and he has chosen his quotations from Shaw's vast quantity of words with intelligence and point. They are the quotations which most clearly illuminate his subject, and we have as well-balanced and accurate an account of Shaw's career, of his friendships with men and women, of his various interests, as we are likely to get. There are also a number of highly entertaining anecdotes, and we see Shaw's character in relation to a number of events and people.

His early life in Ireland, the combined shyness and bravado of his first years in England, his concern with socialism, the history of his plays — all these things are clearly and vividly presented to us. Mr. Pearson, to be sure, does not attempt to describe in detail the sources and content of Shaw's thinking. We see Shaw carving out his career and personality with the sharp tools of wit and common sense, until the well-known figure, with its bristling eyebrows and its aggressive beard, stands entertainingly and vigorously before us. In fact, when the reader is about two-thirds through Mr. Pearson's book he feels that this is as satisfactory a biography of Shaw, on the purely personal side, as could be written.

The handicaps of Shaw's biographer

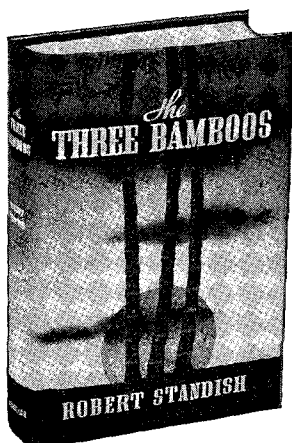
But when the book is finished, that feeling has evaporated. This is partly Mr. Pearson's fault and partly the fault of the circumstances. To read the biography of a man before the man has died is like leaving the theater before the curtain comes down on the last act. When a man becomes so eminent that he is part of the landscape of his age, and can only say the kind of thing that people expect him to say because his character and opinions are set, a de-

scription of his last years is almost bound to be discursive and undramatic, like the last acts of Shaw's own recent plays. Though we know that the end can't be very far off, we want — perhaps unfairly — to know that it's happened, and how; the fall of the curtain is the only thing that can pull the story together by giving us a sense of finality.

Mr. Pearson suffers under this handicap — for which we cannot fairly blame him. But we can blame him for the fact that we miss, when we have come to the end of the book, both a complete account of Shaw's later political opinions and a final estimate of Shaw's character. Mr. Pearson says almost nothing, for example, of Shaw's favorable regard for Mussolini — a regard which is a direct consequence of an important side of Shaw's opinions and personality throughout his life. There is no need to pull any punches in describing Shaw's private life or his other opinions; why should there be any pulling of punches here? In fact the book seems to have been finished in a hurry; it trails off into a series of rather haphazard descriptions of Shaw's later adventures with places and people, and then suddenly stops.

Nevertheless, though it is not so satisfactory as one had hoped, Mr. Pearson's book is a useful and authoritative account of Shaw's life. Shaw has contributed to it a good deal himself, and has checked its accuracy. And the book leaves us with a real sense of Shaw's importance to his time. Underneath all the anecdotes, the laughter and the wit, there has always been a vital concern, on Shaw's part, with the welfare of mankind, and he has always had a sure sense of values as to what is important in human experience. That is why he can justly be called a great man. What has been unsympathetic about him is that he has been so much more aware of what he was doing than the majority of human beings. Most people live like icebergs: only one-eighth of their lives is consciously above water, and they are chiefly motivated by the unconscious seven-eighths that lies unseen below. Shaw is just the reverse. In his case the seven-eighths is not below, but above the surface, and his conscious mind has always done nearly all the work. To less sensible men the spectacle is admirable but exasperating: it is perhaps the final mark of Shaw's greatness that he has only returned that exasperation with a rational argument and a smile.

THEODORE SPENCER



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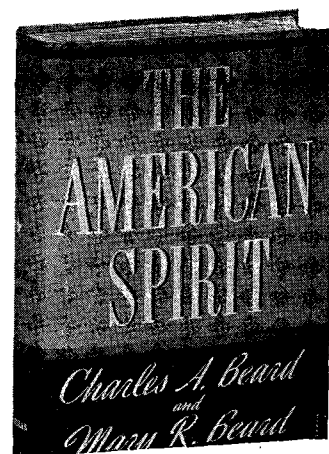
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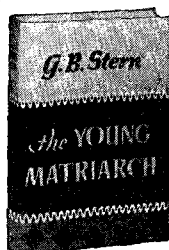
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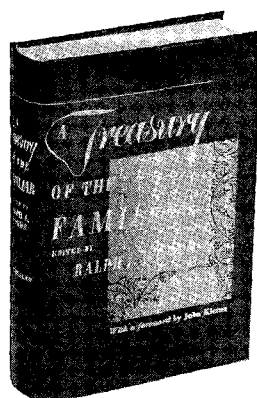
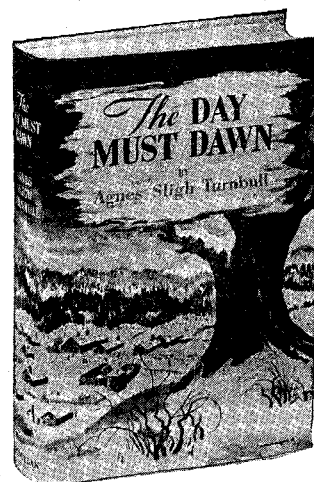
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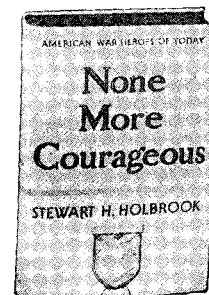
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COURAGE IN OCCUPIED FRANCE

A Story of the French Who Won't Give In

REPRISAL. By Ethel Vance. Little, Brown & Company. \$2.50

ETHEL VANCE has written another exciting and absorbing novel of enslaved Europe; and it is a better book than *Escape*.

The scene of *Reprisal* is Occupied France; the hard knot of its event catches its threads together in the killing of a German soldier and the threatened execution of twenty hostages; the novel's suspense centers in the family of a one-time publicist who for a while had held a portfolio in the Vichy government. André Galle has left Vichy now, revolted by the realities of collaboration ("I saw that we were going to surrender what no man has a right to surrender"), yet marked still by his Breton neighbors as one who has been "a friend of theirs." His sensitive, informed, keenly intelligent daughter Françoise meets every challenge of the family's complications — and the daily hardship and humiliation of conquest — as best she can. But her task is difficult. Almost hour by hour, suspicion tightens around her eighteen-year-old brother Blaise. And apprehension mounts over the promised help of their old friend who is now Vichy's Ambassador to Paris.

This brief indication is perhaps enough to show that the crisis of *Reprisal* is moral. It is perhaps enough, also, to hint that the book's most telling literary achievement is in its portrait of a traitor. This is a man who is a traitor because he is a politician; a self-seeking manipulator when he ought to be a patriot, and a "realist" (as he would doubtless say) when he ought to accept the direction of what Edouard Schneider scornfully calls "the Absolute." And because the novel is disturbing — because its confrontations and conflicts are not only of France and its Lavals but of every one of us — this book reaches far beyond Ethel Vance's other fine story to a place of austere though subtle meaning.

Real people in a nightmare

It is no less engrossing as a story for that. And its directness and clarity of narrative are flawless, whether in the delicate and astute overtones of Françoise's interrupted love story, or in the incident's suspense. As in *Escape*, Ethel Vance (Grace Zaring Stone has wisely kept the pen-name for this book)

has the spirit and skill to embody significant detail in unlabored, concrete, lively storytelling. We meet Françoise making difficult everyday visits in the town (evidently Quimper), and from the tradespeople's angry or frightened talk we learn that something terrible has happened, that "Monsieur le Ministre" is being called upon for support, and that the rich and powerful envoy between beaten France and its conqueror used to be well known as the former Minister's poor secretary. Before the novel offers the first in the series of flashbacks which throw their sad and searing light on the progress of defeat we learn, too, that André Galle has always been an idealistic pacifist, and that he is worried over his son's secretiveness and rebellion and the influence of the gruff house-servant Maurice, whose possibilities for violence he knows. We learn a little, also, about Françoise's suddenly frosted romance with the American painter — and ambulance driver — Simon Astley. Then Edouard Schneider comes, in answer to his old friend's plea, to discuss the problem of the hostages.

This may be the best place to point out that the plot of *Reprisal*, exciting as it is, is neither so tense in its course nor so dramatic in its climax as that of *Escape*. On the other hand, its events seem almost rooted in familiar association. Every incident finds some suggestion of counterpart in the daily papers.

And so might Edouard. Unlike André Galle, who is worn by the effort to understand his fellows and tortured by awareness of compromise, Edouard Schneider is quite simple: he is always practical; he knows what he wants; he seeks no comprehension of others beyond the minimum necessary for handling them — and for that, as for the deals which further his ambition, he has a true gift.

This portrayal has its foil in the very human visionary, André Galle. It has a wider scope, too, in Simon Astley's discovery, from America, that "the enemy" is "in us," and can be conquered only by complete dedication. Meanwhile the story of the murder and the hostages, and Françoise's romance with it, have been worked out to their place in the larger war. *Reprisal* is the expression of profound understanding, written with skill and beauty, in compassion and scorn and truth. It is a book to hold our attention, and to provoke in all of us the realization which has come to the French too late.

KATHERINE WOODS

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THE VIKING PRESS
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COMMAND IN THE CONFEDERACY

The Men Who Sparked the Army of Northern Virginia

LEE'S LIEUTENANTS. VOL. I. MANASSAS TO MALVERN HILL. By Douglas Southall Freeman. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.00

THE biographer of R. E. Lee here presents the first volume of a trilogy designed to round out his fine work with which all students of the Civil War are familiar. His undertaking is a difficult one: to present chronologically the events in which Lee's subordinate officers took part and to appraise the qualities, military and personal, of their performances. This volume demonstrates that the whole work will be well done. Mr. Freeman writes with the sureness of one wholly familiar with his subject, and with the easy distinction of manner to be expected of him. In his frank and interesting foreword he explains the questions he asked himself as to the form this book should take. "Portraits" of each of Lee's generals would involve endless repetition; certain important Confederate characters, such as Beauregard and Johnston, could hardly be classed among Lee's lieutenants, yet to omit them entirely would leave an aching void; there were so many good men, such an embarrassment of riches, among Lee's lieutenants — how to pick and choose? "In the main it may be said that each man treated here won his own place, as it were, and determined by his deeds the extent of the treatment he received."

Mr. Freeman, as a military historian, is an accurate judge of the skill and resoluteness and adaptability of an officer in a given situation, whether as an administrator, as a staff officer, or in active battle command. More than this, he is an acute observer and analyst of the human being. Naturally some hero-worshippers will dispute his judgments. In general, this reviewer will back Mr. Freeman against the field. At any rate, this is a superb book, one of the outstanding books of the year. It would be small praise to say that "it should be read by every student of the Civil War." Of course it will be.

The men themselves

He is not impressed by Beauregard, whom Southern ladies and poets insisted on calling the "Beau Sabreur." Of Johnston, he writes: "A difficult and touchy subordinate he is, though a generous and kindly superior. . . . In appearance he is small,

soldierly and graying, with a certain gamecock jauntiness." Mr. Freeman refers to Jackson's "ceaseless controversies with his subordinates" and his "failure to maintain efficient divisional and brigade leadership" as sufficient answers to the question whether Jackson, separated from Lee, would have been a great army commander. "Strategically he would have been; administratively, he could not have been."

The historian does justice to the younger men, — those "gallant boys," Pelham, Pegram, Ashby, and others, — in so far as they developed in these early stages; one feels that "Jeb" Stuart is not a favorite of his. Stuart's "exhibitionism" repels Mr. Freeman.

The presentation

Mr. Freeman precedes his text with excellent photographs and short sketches of the principal characters in this volume. The sketches are succinct, compressed, and brilliant, yet I doubt the wisdom of this method as a rule for historians. It is too much like those old theater programs in which the *Dramatis Personae* were presented as

Josephus Pomposity — a choleric old bachelor
George Weasel — a churchgoing hypocrite
Sly — his man Friday

Why show your hand before the game starts?

One other complaint which applies not only to this book but to almost every historical work on the Civil War: the author assumes that the lay reader knows more than, in fact, he does. He refers to brigades and divisions by the names of their commanders, which is indeed the only practical method, but it requires a lively imagination to translate "D. H. Hill then moved forward" into a picture of two ragged shouting lines of how many men? How armed? How did they go about firing in line of battle? And so on.

A short description of the armament, organization, tactics, and subsistence of armies in the 1860's should, it seems to me, precede every book on the War Between the States which is destined for public consumption.

These two picayune suggestions duly filed, I have nothing but praise for Mr. Freeman's splendid accomplishment. I hope the next two volumes will not be long delayed.

RICHARD ELY DANIELSON

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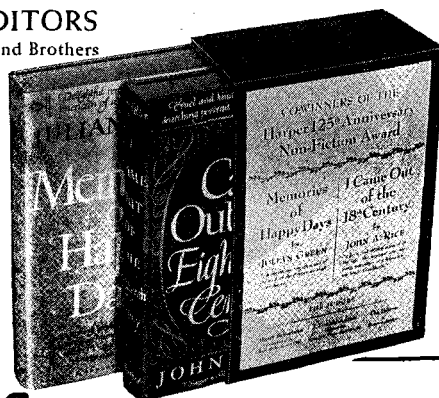
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FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

by EDWARD WEEKS

CURIOUS, isn't it, that after the sandy, somber literature of the Depression, we should suddenly find springs of American humor coming to the surface in a year as grim as this. Certainly we all need such refreshment. Parents who want an idea of what their selectee sons are up against will find laughter and relief from worry they can't express in reading *See Here, Private Hargrove*. Those of us who are city-bound but who still flirt with the prospect of retiring to the country will find immediate smiling distraction in two books from Down East, *One Man's Meat*, by E. B. White, and that breezy autobiography, *We Took to the Woods* (Lippincott, \$2.75), by Louise Dickinson Rich, four chapters of which were serialized in the *Atlantic*. Mrs. Rich's account of her life in Middle Dam, Maine, is written with a smile. Her words are backed up with a zest for life and a resourcefulness, a kind of Yankee *can do*, very good to hold on to when the mind begins to falter before this Global Uncertainty. And for those of us who have a strain of the cosmopolitan, who used to love travel, the bright lights, Paris and the easy-go of money, there is sheer gayety to be had in Ludwig Bemelmans's *I Love You, I Love You, I Love You* (Viking, \$2.50). His stories of the *Normandie*, of Paris, his daughter Barbara, the blonde widows, and the head-hunters have the dry sparkle and tender illusion of good champagne. Here are four brands of American humor — all good.

Of the many books which bear Christopher Morley's signature, surely not one ever began with a more auspicious theme than this, his fat new one — *Thorofare* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.75). Here is the story of a likable little English boy who has been brought up by a bevy of aunts. From their quiddities and Victorianisms (smelling like an old garret of Dickens), he is rescued by his most enterprising uncle, Uncle Dan, an Englishman who has already transferred his allegiance to the United States and who is intent that his favorite nephew Geoffrey shall be brought up in the wider reach of the New World. The situation, as indeed the book itself, is suggestive of what is happening today to literally thousands of English boys who have left behind them the tiny Thorofares of East Anglia for the speedier

traffic of New York, Toronto, and points West. What we have to give to England and what England has to give to us is an equation of instant and sympathetic concern, and I believe four out of five readers who begin this book will be strongly on Mr. Morley's side.

Barton House, where Geoffrey lived with his aunts, the bowling green at The Crown, the stag picnic on the river, the visit to the Fens and Cambridge — these English scenes are drawn from life and they will strike an answering chord in anyone who loves England. No less accurate are the impressions of America, the subtle differences between his way and ours, which the English boy records as his new life begins on the Chesapeake. It is a remarkable blend of memory and imagination which enables Mr. Morley to be at once so true and so quizzical in these Anglo-American contrasts.

Geoffrey (who becomes Jeff on our side) is, as I have said, a likable youngster. His mind is fresh and impressionable, and if his fancies are those of a younger Christopher Morley — well, why not? Yet as the story progresses, that question begins to reassert itself more critically. Mr. Morley cannot restrain himself when he writes about Jeff. The details begin to fascinate him. He turns aside from his characters and before long he is in the midst of his story with both feet. This self-insertion is perfectly proper in an essay, but it is likely to sap the vitality of a novel. It is always a question how far a novelist may intrude upon his characters. Thackeray did it deliberately; Mr. Morley, I feel, overdoes it. The play upon words, the facetiousness which he can so seldom resist, the wit which can be either sharp or genial — too much of this is byplay interrupting the characters when they ought to be speaking and doing for themselves. What is more, this byplay slows down the action and swells up the book to a disproportionate length.

It is never easy to hold the adult's attention to a novel which is centered in the juvenile years. Mr. Morley warns us that his story is to be read slowly. But for all its grace and sociability, is it not too discursive? And why could not the author himself have supplied the cutting and the emphasis which would have enabled us to read with a rising interest instead of at a monotone?

NEW BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

JUVENILE books for twelve-to-sixteen-year-olds are a bookseller's myth. The twelve-year-old has already outgrown juveniles; the sixteen-year-old reads what adults read — often with more alertness. There is, however, a middle group of books, neither juvenile nor adult, which serves as a bridge between simple stories for children and complex novels and biographies. From this group the following titles are selected purely and simply for their appeal and interest. **John Tunis** has long had a monopoly on sport stories because of his taut, vigorous style, his sure knowledge of games and lingo, and his understanding of players. Add to that a definite belief about the place of democracy in sport. His *All-American* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.00) is not only a fast-paced football story but also an account of how a young athlete and his fellow high school students reacted when a neighboring school refused to play their team unless the star end, a Negro, was left behind. No punches are pulled in the handling of race prejudice and commercialism in sport; here are some specific problems of democracy in terms young people can understand.

Mr. Tunis has done much to kill the curse of namby-pamby, milk-and-water writing for boys. **Howard Pease** has helped, too, in his books with their background of sea, tight mysteries, and flesh-and-blood boys for heroes. His latest volume, *Night Boat* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00), takes Tod Moran and Captain Jarvis through a rousing series of adventures all over the world and may prove that short stories sometimes sell.

There is nothing namby-pamby, either, about **Hubert Skidmore's** *Hill Lawyer* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00). A young lawyer, sent into the mountain country to settle coal claims, arrived in time for an attempted holdup, was on hand when a mysterious murder was committed, barely escaped being killed by an infuriated mob, but lived to solve the mysteries of both holdup and murder. These are elements of the typical thriller, of course, but the understanding of mountain people and the characterization of the young lawyer as intelligent and courageous lift the book well above the melodrama of Superman.

The toughness of the hard-bitten crews who handle dynamite and giant drills in pushing roads through the Western mountains get their due in *Jackhammer* (Knopf, \$2.00), by **Agnes Danforth Hewes**. Young Ed Minot learned construction the hard way as he battled the uncertainties of terrain and weather and traded blows with the camp bully. Here again authenticity of detail and vitality of characterization give substance.

Boys in their early teens have outgrown little-boy and fairy-tale characters. These four books give them heroes not too much older than they, who are just proving themselves part of the adult world. Small

wonder, then, that the twelve-, thirteen-, and fourteen-year-olds like to read of the eighteen-, nineteen-, and twenty-year-olds.

Girls thrive on a special literary fare known to us — and them — as “girls’ stories.” They are less profound in plot and characterization than the novel, but have heroines with problems that girls recognize as their own. Occasionally a book appears which meets all the criteria for a good girls’ story and a good novel. Such a book is **Maureen Daly's** *Seventeenth Summer* (Dodd, Mead, \$2.50), which many twelve-, thirteen-, and fourteen-year-olds will cherish as the first novel they ever read. It hardly needs an introduction. It is the story of a girl's first love told with charm, delicacy, and a sensitive appreciation of youthful emotions. For the girls its appeal is the complete sincerity and seriousness of treatment — in contrast to Tarkington's *Seventeen* and the Lorimers' *Stag Line*, books in which adults laugh at youthful heartaches. Of *Seventeenth Summer* one girl said, “It's so real. The author must have felt it all herself.” Beneath that statement was the tribute, unvoiced but certain, “This must be true because I have felt it all myself.”

Two other books for girls which have something of this sincerity and simplicity are *Dixie Decides* (Random House, \$2.00), by **May Justus**, and *Big Doc's Girl* (Lippincott, \$2.00), by **Mary Medearis**. Both are more adult than the usual girls’ story and both deserve credit for their clearheaded heroines. Dixie settles a feud and makes sure of her education with the same determination that she manages her family — ailing mother, sharp-tongued Gran, liquor-loving father, and gangling brother. There are realism and the flavor of mountain speech. Big Doc's girl, with a dream of life outside the little community her father served for so many years, must finally choose between home and the world beyond. The warmth of family relationships is especially good.

Boys and girls in the early teens do not rush for biographies as such; when they read them, they read them for action and adventure. They will read **Covelle Newcomb's** *Vagabond in Velvet* (Longmans, Green, \$2.50) because it is the crisp, dramatic tale of the Spaniard Cervantes who, to be sure, wrote *Don Quixote* but also fought in the Battle of Lepanto, fell into the hands of pirates, and made daring attempts to escape from them. They may need some introduction to **Nina Brown Baker's** *Juarez, Hero of Mexico* (Vanguard, \$2.50), the life of the Indian shepherd boy who became President of Mexico; but once in the thick of his struggles with Santa Anna and Maximilian, I think they will stay.

All these books interest many young people. But a really comprehensive list of what sixteen-year-olds are reading at the moment would include *The Raft*, *The Uninvited*, *Assignment in Brittany*, *The Sea-Gull Cry*, *They Were Expendable*, and many other books of adult caliber.

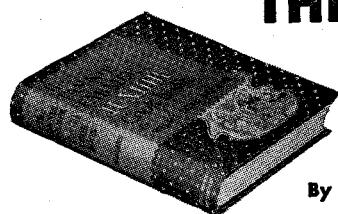
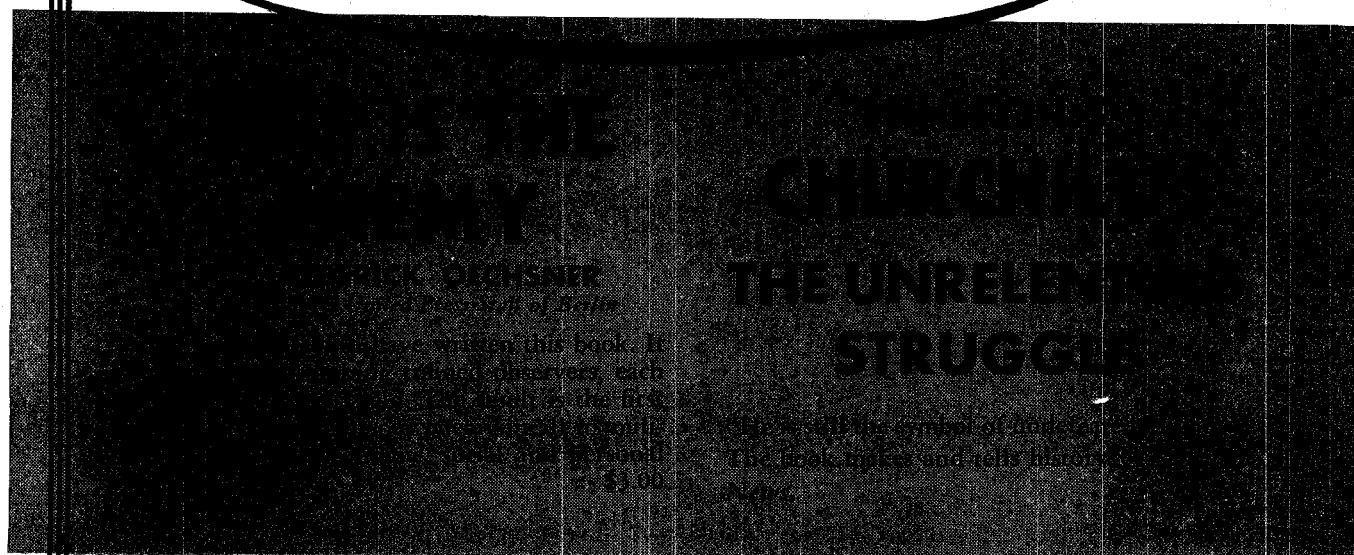
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PRIMER FOR COMBAT

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By Kay Boyle

SIMON & SCHUSTER

Primer for Combat is the first book written about the fall of France which conveys a sense of reality to those who were not caught in that disaster.

Kay Boyle is neither a journalist nor a political polemist. She does not think that the ability to use a typewriter and to record what she sees can be called writing. She believes that even the cataclysmic dislocation of a great orderly nation in the space of a few weeks should be described with care. In other words, Kay Boyle remains as much of an artist in this book as in those she wrote in more tranquil times about less dramatic subjects.

And through all her experience, Kay Boyle remains what Rebecca West would call an "idiot, from the Greek root meaning a private person," while men are afflicted with "lunacy," which makes them so "obsessed by public affairs that they see the world as by moonlight." They see the "outline of every object but not the details indicative of their nature."

Primer for Combat is a novel in the form of a diary. It covers about one hundred days, from the twentieth of June to the second of October in 1940. These hundred days are probably the most horrible that the French have ever lived through, both as "private persons" and as a nation, if it can be said that the French did live at all during that period. Most of the story takes place in a small village called Pontcharra in Haute-Savoie. It describes what happened to the people there, what they said, what they thought, and how they tried to adapt themselves or to resist.

A love story runs through the book. An Austrian ski-instructor, whose outstanding feature seems to be his remarkable golden hair, is in love with Phil, the American woman who writes the diary. She wants to get him out of the Foreign Legion to America to escape the Nazis, but he has a French wife, who is a niece of Pétain, and his wife thinks he might as well use this protection and stay in France. In spite of the appeals of Phil and freedom, the ski-instructor apparently decides that it will be less trouble to follow his wife's advice. The whole affair is lamentable, and one wonders why both these exceptional women waste so much love over this ineffectual hero.

But this love story is not important. The value of *Primer for Combat* is in the numerous unforgettable scenes and characters it describes, and in its authenticity. It will not satisfy those whose maudlin nostalgia for France makes them revel in a kind of falsified picturesqueness. They are in no danger of having seen that for the last time: it can always be reconstructed for them with Hollywood technique. Kay Boyle speaks only of a small corner of France, and of a few people of France, and her book is short. But nothing better has been written on France since the Germans got there.

R. DER. DES.

QUEEN OF THE FLAT-TOPS

\$3.00

By Stanley Johnston

DUTTON

STANLEY JOHNSTON's *Queen of the Flat-Tops*, which is surely a publisher's title and not an author's, is an almost breathless account of the aircraft carrier *Lexington*—33,000 tons, 890 feet in length, 209,000 horsepower, 33 knots—in the Solomons battles. The author was aboard during the worst attacks; when the carrier was abandoned, he slid down a rope to a raft, and thence to a boat. He managed to save his notes. He was everywhere, and his account of the action of one of the largest and fastest warships ever built is a model of complete and astonishing accuracy. The phrase "charmed life" has validity in connection with this author. Just to read of the ship's last hours causes one's hair to rise and scalp to tingle.

The designers of the ship claimed, after she was converted from a battle cruiser, that her six hundred compartments rendered her unsinkable, that ten torpedoes would not do the job. They were justified. She had to be sunk eventually by United States destroyers. The explosions of her 100-octane gasoline started fires that heated her explosives and blew her apart topside. Even then she did not sink. As an engineering job she was magnificent, and her personnel was worthy of her.

The reader will wonder why he was not told in the press at the time of some of the deeds related here. Take the Tulagi affair. A scout by a miracle of luck saw the harbor full of Japanese ships and was not observed. The *Lexington* sped to the south of Guadalcanal, and her planes took off over the 14,000-foot peaks and caught the enemy flat-footed. It was a clean sweep, a stunning victory, something to make our hearts leap. It was not featured in the papers. The present reviewer read of it, with amazement, in a British newspaper three months later.

Mr. Johnston has avoided the tendency towards "pulp Western" writing affected by so many newspapermen in the war. He lets the officers and crew tell their own stories as much as possible. But this reviewer remains overwhelmed by Mr. Johnston's inexhaustible energy, good fortune, and competence as a reporter. He has told a great story. W.MCF.

DEMOCRATIC IDEALS AND REALITY \$2.50

By Halford J. Mackinder

HOLT

WHEN this book was first published in 1919 it was a resounding failure so far as popular response in England and America was concerned. Now it has been given a second lease of life, and one hopes that American readers will take full advantage of this fact. For it clearly belongs in the limited category of books that write of the present in terms that are acceptable to the future. Some of its reflections actually seem more apposite, more timely at the present moment than they were when the book first appeared.

In prescient understanding of the political and social trends that are shaping the modern world this eminent British geographer ranks with Oswald

successfully survived its worst ordeal and now rested again on firm foundations. And here was a tiresome Jeremiah warning them that greater trials were in store in the future. In Germany, significantly, Mackinder was attentively read, and his ideas had a considerable influence on the thinking of Hitler's geopolitical brain-truster, General Haushofer.

In his first two pages Mackinder characteristically throws out two challenging ideas. "The temptation

of the moment," he writes, "is to believe that unceasing peace will ensue merely because tired men are determined that there shall be no more war." But, as he warns, "the grouping of lands and seas, and of fertility and natural pathways, is such as to lend itself to the growth of empires and, in the end, of a single world empire."

And he develops the idea that the three continents of Asia, Europe, and Africa represent a world island.

Hans

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In the midst of this world island is an area, including Eastern Europe and a large part of Western and Central Asia, inaccessible to the pressure of sea power, which he calls the heart-land. And his warning, driven home now with relentless force by the echoes of fighting from the ruins of Stalingrad to the sands of Egypt, is summarized in the following formula: "Who rules East Europe commands the Heart-land: Who rules the Heart-land commands the World Island: Who rules the World Island commands the World."

It requires no special exercise of imagination to envisage the threat of Axis domination after Hitler's conquests in Europe and Japan's in Asia. Immediately after the defeat of Imperial Germany, it demanded exceptionally clear-sighted vision to recognize, as Mackinder did, that a new challenge of land power to sea power was highly probable; that, in his own words, "it is productive power which now counts, rather than dead wealth," so that Germany would not be handicapped by financial collapse in its new race for world power. One hopes that Mackinder's second hearing will be far wider than his first. Few books on world trends will better repay reading and rereading.

W. H. C.

HOSTAGES

By Stefan Heym

\$2.50

PUTNAM

FOR sheer horror, physical and mental, scenes in this novel reach — some will say pass — the reader's limits of endurance. But they are a part of the design, which is not only to tell a tale of Nazi oppression in the city of Prague but to study the psychology of fear. The narrative itself is as engrossing as one is likely to read in many a day, but hardly more so than the analysis of fear in both victims and oppressors.

The analysis is illustrated in three ways. The Nazis exemplify the truth that "fear is the parent of cruelty"; the victims — all but one — that "our fears do make us traitors"; and the one exception among the victims, Janoshik, that "as long as we are unafraid we are invincible." Gestapo Commissioner Reinhardt is a subtle demonstration of the disintegrating power of fear in men whose strength lies only in their position, and he does not become entirely brutal until he recognizes in the eyes of the tortured Janoshik spiritual forces which, according to Nazi theory, either do not exist or can be beaten. Of Janoshik's four companions in suffering, each in his way realizes the weakness of the external props that support men in times of peace. Janoshik alone is sustained by motives not egoistical, and though he suffers worst, he never falters. He is a member of the great underground movement of revolt against the Germans, and this spiritual contact with unseen millions obliterates all fear for himself.

The narrative concerns five men, caught by accident and held as hostages because of the death (by

suicide) of a German officer: Lobkowitz, a young man of a simple, ordinary sort; Wallenstein, an eminent psychologist; Prokosch, a famous actor; Preisinger, a powerful capitalist; and Janoshik, a peasant of shrewdness and resource, and notable for earthy humor and humble idealism. The action, concentrated within a week, consists mainly of the examination of these men by Reinhardt and the culmination of a plot outside the prison to broadcast the truth about them and their predicament. It would be melodrama if it were not so horribly possible.

R. M. G.

OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY \$2.50

By Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough

DODD, MEAD

THE century had passed two decades, but the age of Cornelia Otis Skinner and her friend Emily Kimbrough was still a bit short of that when the girls set out on youth's glorious adventure of Going Abroad ("I was going off on my own," says Miss Skinner, "whatever my own was"). You've read such books before? Oh, no: never anything like this!

Cornelia was afraid, first, that her mother's insistence on a "safety pocket" for her valuables would destroy the "slinking" symmetry of the Theda Bara costumes which at the moment enchanted her; and second, that Emily would miss the boat. What happened was quite different. Their ship went aground in the St. Lawrence River, and when they had been luxuriously transferred to another, Cornelia capped the wonders of the voyage by getting measles. It was a terrifying affliction, but all went well — and hilariously — at the end. The end, of course, was just the beginning.

They had exciting times right from the start. But whether they were treated to exciting events was a thing that didn't matter. For excitement was in them: excitement, and joy, and merriment, and swift and beautiful appreciation, and a rapturous absorption in the largesse of the present moment which never dulled the eagerness of welcome for whatever might come next. They did their first English sight-seeing, and some lightheaded shopping; they had their first experience with an English boardinghouse and learned not to think they must tip an elderly eccentric when the slavey said, "It's always best to have tuppence handy for the geezer." They had a marvelous time every minute in England, even if they couldn't play that odd outdoor game at H. G. Wells's country party. And then they went to France.

Beguiling — not to say uproarious — as the first half of this chronicle of adventurous enjoyment is, the French part of the Young Visitors' expedition is more delightful still. For Cornelia Otis Skinner has brought her fidelity of observation to play along with her nimble wit, and she has projected not only the sense of two gay and innocent travelers having a glorious time, but a real feeling of the French scene. In its recalling here, the first twilight walk along the shore at Saint-Valery is as beautifully authentic as it



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By Dorothy L'Hommedieu. His bad habits get this lovable terrier into all kinds of trouble. *Illus.* by Marguerite Kirmse. \$1.75

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is simple. The visit to the wounded veterans' home strikes notes of courage and pride and tenderness more strongly because of sympathetic young humor. And it will be a strangely insensitive reader who can soon forget the unaffected poignancy of their pilgrimage to the Market Place where St. Joan died: Emily "stood in the center of that beautiful and heartbreaking square murmuring, 'This is the place. This is the very place.' And quietly, unpremeditatedly, we both stooped down and touched the cobblestones."

The girls worked, too — lectures at the Sorbonne, diction classes with *sociétaires* of the Comédie Française. But in work as in play, everything was unexpected and wonderful. Vividness and response and lightheartedness and mirth, keen young minds and the fresh joy of living — all this, on the First Trip Abroad: was there ever radiance like it?

That is what shines through all this irresistible book.

K. W.

A LATIN AMERICAN SPEAKS

\$3.00

By Luis Quintanilla

MACMILLAN

MINISTER-COUNSELOR QUINTANILLA of the Mexican Embassy in Washington may be faintly surprised to have this book described as an important practical force in the development of inter-American relations. But if it is given the attention due it from readers in the United States, that is precisely what it can be and should be.

For one of the most important elements for success or failure in all the efforts at coöperation today between the Western Hemisphere's twenty-one republics is the question of what the Americans below the Rio Grande think of those efforts: what they conceive the motives and objectives of the collaboration to be, and how they view certain not entirely reassuring historical perspectives. A skilled observer with his diplomatic gloves off, Dr. Quintanilla tells us as much as he can.

He is for the collaboration per se. He believes that only by pooling economic and political power and military force can the American nations either make their independence secure from the Axis or win a peace worth having in terms of the development of peoples in political freedom and economic democracy. He is convinced that, in spite of discords of national temperaments and self-interests, there are enough overall affinities between the republics to make collaboration work.

We have all broken the ties with the feuds and the political systems of Europe, he argues. We are republicans rather than monarchists or congenital Führer-worshippers. We cherish a common democratic purpose at least to the extent that all successful American dictators have been forced to do their dictating in the name of democracy. He even makes

out a good case that, in their passion for authenticity and in their discovery of new values in human personality the American peoples have — in contrast to the Europeans — a common culture.

But to release these unifying forces for their full effectiveness, there should be, Dr. Quintanilla urges, certain concrete and specific improvements in the inter-American relationship. As between Latin America and the United States, for instance, we should drop our stereotyped concepts of each other: both the gringo's conception of his neighbor from Mexico or South America as a romantic and lazy movie villain obsessed with sex and political disturbances; and the Latin American's belief that the average citizen of the United States is an idea-scorning materialist, ineffectual with women and abnormally obsessed with sports and business.

To know each other well enough to work together, Dr. Quintanilla insists, the facts should be faced that Latin Americans are passionate rather than romantic, and instead of being lazy are often too quick on the trigger, in unreflective action, for their own good. And in spite of half a dozen years in Washington the Minister-Counselor generously credits us not merely with being good at the complex business of making women happy but with having exceptional capacities for aesthetic and intellectual enthusiasms as well.

Dr. Quintanilla pleads for the coherent recognition of a concrete common aim of inter-American coöperation. And he has no reservations about what the objective should be: the development of systems of government within the American republics in which the people will not only have their full say politically, but through which they will be able to establish themselves as full partners in the broader American economic advancement. To that end, he advocates, the diplomatic and the economic policies of the twenty-one republics and the coöperative activities of any effective inter-American movement should be directed.

D. A.

THE MAGNIFICENT IDIOT

\$2.00

By Peter de Polnay

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

THIS novel is described on the jacket as "a stinging cocktail: civilized and satiric," but I should not myself describe it in those terms. It is a parable of the human spirit, possessing at times a kind of terrible Swiftean irony. At other times it lapses into sheer dullness, but its comedy is always serious and has none of the superficial and easy stimulus of a cocktail. The hero is a congenital idiot with a beautiful body. He is called "Boo" since that is almost the only word he can say. He comes of normal parentage but, as his wife describes it, "he doesn't speak coherently, and never learned to read and write. In short, he doesn't do the silly things we do."

The peace of his mindlessness and the influence of his beauty and his gentle nature have a profound effect on the unhappiness of a rich widow, tortured by the loss of her only son, and she leaves Boo her fortune. They have the same effect on a young wom-

an, honest but alcoholic, who finds herself trapped in the complications of an emotional relationship. She marries him, and they live happily together with his father, the ex-butler of the rich widow, who has always refused to admit that his son is anything but "a bit backward." Into their paradise of simple, natural love and well-being breaks Edward Braddon, an ultra-sophisticated young intellectual with no ethical standards, who, instead of accepting Boo as he is, thinks he will get a mental "kick" out of studying the idiot in his own terms of sadistic comedy and analysis. He baits and teases him, and Boo, intuitively perceiving Braddon to be the human pest that he is, quietly drowns him in the lake. But since we live in a so-called civilized world, the law of man and not of nature prevails, and the conclusion is tragedy and not comedy.

E.D.

THE TURNING POINT

By Klaus Mann

\$3.00

FISCHER

This autobiography of the son of Thomas Mann meets two essential tests of autobiography. It is the faithful mirror of an interesting personality, of a young German, a little precocious, a little immature, who wrote plays and criticisms, made a host of friends among the intellectuals of Berlin and Paris, London and New York, refused to accept the Nazi yoke, "harangued the Elks in Buffalo, the liberal intelligentsia in Boston, the Rotarians in Des Moines, the Friends in Philadelphia," and started a short-lived literary magazine in this country. And it is also a reflection, lifelike and convincing and anecdotal, of Klaus Mann's background, of the restless, neurotic Germany that fell a prey to Hitler, of the rather rootless liberal and radical writers and poets and playwrights of the Weimar Republic. Some of these committed suicide, without much reason, before Hitler came into power; many others killed themselves, for only too good reason, after the Nazi dictatorship clamped down the full weight of its terror.

There is also something of Thomas Mann in the book; one sees the rich, mellow personality of this great literary master first in Munich, then in exile near Zurich, and later at Princeton. The reader leaves Klaus Mann preparing to enlist in the American Army, eager to fight for the return of the civilized Europe which he appreciated so keenly, and of which he is an attractive product.

W. H. C.

GOOD INTENTIONS

By Ogden Nash

\$2.00

LITTLE, BROWN

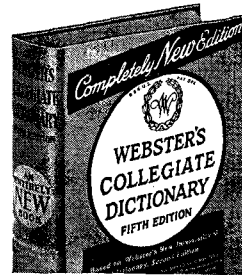
CLEARLY Ogden Nash is God's gift to the United States. While writers of dimly serious intent are a dime a dozen, a genuine comic talent is nearly priceless. Mr. Nash is our best literary comedian since Will Rogers. He has become, in a strictly Shakespearean sense, America's number one fool, though in any other sense he is nobody's fool.

Mr. Nash's extraordinary faculty for verbal pyrotechnics is happily employed in devising unheard-of rhymes, as when he couples "boomerang" with "zestful tangy Kangaroo meringue." But it is not

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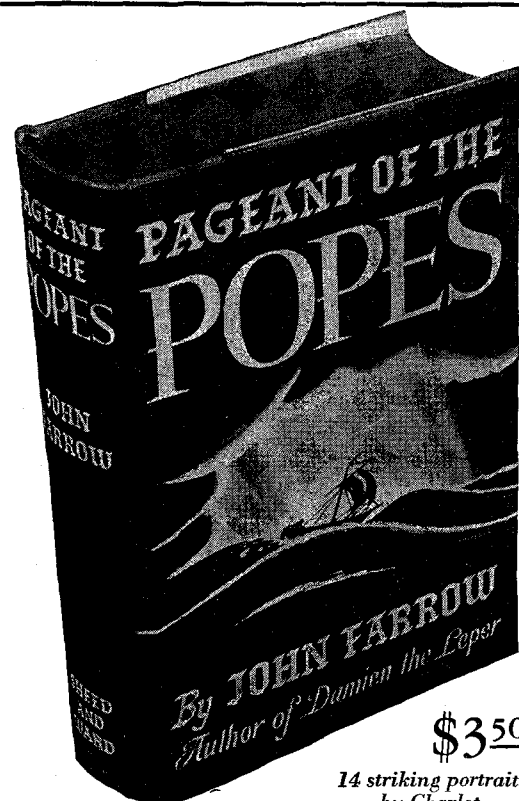
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primarily as a grotesque word-smith that he deserves his laurels. He has a keen eye and a keener nose for what is broadly ridiculous or slightly affected in current ideas and manners, particularly those of metropolitan society, and his reports of his findings are more than traps for the injudicious. They are a species of flypaper that envelops the subject with a glutinous insistence which becomes uproariously funny.

Few readers can get far in *Good Intentions* without coming upon just the poem they would take a malicious pleasure in sending to So-and-so, or more probably Mrs. So-and-so. In other words Mr. Nash's medicine goes unfaillingly to the spot. G. F. W.

MEMORIES OF HAPPY DAYS

\$3.00

By Julian Green

HARPER

IN this, his first book written in English, Julian Green gives us an account of his childhood in France and of his experiences during the last war as an ambulance driver and in the French Army; he describes his two years at the University of Virginia, and he tells us of his entry into the French literary world of the 1920's. The book ends when his novel, *The Closed Garden*, is accepted by the Book-of-the-Month Club. Mr. Green's reminiscences have two subjects, himself and France. He is a loyal and confident lover of the spirit and body of the country in which, though an American citizen, he was born and brought up, and in whose spiritual resilience he still so strongly believes.

But the French landscape is only a background to the charming descriptions of Mr. Green's own family: his father, his mother, and his four sisters. The most attractive of the sisters, Retta, is most vividly seen by the reader, so that her early death comes as a shock. It is not an exciting book; the pictures are painted in pastels rather than in oils; but it leaves the reader with a respect and admiration for the author's modest honesty. It may also serve as an introduction to Mr. Green's *Personal Record, 1928-1939*, where we have a richer and more meditative account of the writer's problems and ambitions than it was his purpose to give here. T. S.

VICTOR HUGO

\$3.50

By Mathew Josephson

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

To those of us in or past middle age it is a strange experience, even a shock, to confront the suggestion that Victor Hugo is no longer universally read. The assumptions in which we grew up were (1) that those who had read much of anything knew *Les Misérables*, *Notre-Dame de Paris*, *L'Homme qui rit*, and *Travailleurs de la mer*, together with a selection of the poems and, probably, *Hernani*; and (2) that the first of these was familiar to all who had read anything whatever. Mr. Josephson's life, an excitingly valu-

able book, denies or at least by-passes all such assumptions. It is written throughout to make Victor Hugo fully alive outside his books, and the great books are presented as but incidental disclosures of the great man, by means of deft synopses that serve equally well as reminders to a generation that has read Hugo and as rudimentary information to one that has not.

Many sources of material of the first importance have become available in recent years, and Hugo may be said never before to have been presented in English with both wholeness and truth; indeed, even the modern studies of him in French have tended to be partial and topical rather than comprehensive. Mr. Josephson is clear and satisfying — also, for the ordinary non-specialist reader, near enough to final — on aspects that used to be either hopelessly enigmatic or almost blank; for example, the history of Hugo's parents, including especially the son's peculiar and really important relations with each, and the baffling riddle of Madame Hugo's involvement with the incredible Sainte-Beuve. W. F.

THE ABC OF INFLATION

\$1.75

By Edwin Walter Kemmerer

WHITTLESEY HOUSE

HERE is a book that lives up to its name. The author, a Princeton professor and an internationally known authority on finance, explains how inflation is brought about, briefly summarizes the experiences of the United States and of other countries in dealing with the runaway price problem that always arises when war inevitably expands demand and reduces supply, and reviews the situation in this country up to last August. Persons of conservative economic views will find Professor Kemmerer a realist.

He warns us solemnly that there will be serious inflation during and still more after the war unless the government shows more political courage "in such vital matters as the taxation of the people in the lower income brackets, government borrowing from the banks, uneconomical expenditures of public money for non-war purposes, the silver racket, the control of wages, and the control of the prices of farm products." The most recent developments suggest that Professor Kemmerer is a true prophet. W. H. C.

RETROSPECT OF WESTERN TRAVEL

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By Harriet Martineau

HARPER

It is over a hundred years now since a self-possessed Englishwoman of thirty-two stepped off a sailing vessel from Liverpool to abide two years in the young United States of the 1830's. She stagecoached it over the Alleghenies and rode the Erie Canal packets and the Great Lake steamers. She steam-boated up the Mississippi and Ohio rivers and crossed the prairies. She summered in a New England village. She talked with Presidents, convicts, Senators.

She went everywhere, she met everybody, she kept a voluminous journal. She came just in time to visit

Christmas LIST

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GIFTS
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EVERY
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and learn to love the last of the Fathers — Madison and Marshall. She talked with Calhoun, Clay, Webster, watched them in action, saw in them the beginning of the degradation of the democratic dogma, great men debauched by political ambition. In the Abolition riots in Boston she observed that there were more compassion and manhood in the workmen than in their employers.

She judged, too. "The South must learn to be just first before it can be generous." "In New England, the veneration for England is greater than I think any one people ought to feel for any other." This reissue in facsimile is well justified and timely. The book is one of permanent interest and value. H. R.

FOR MY PEOPLE

\$2.00

By Margaret Walker

YALE UNIV. PRESS

THIS is a first volume of poetry by a Negro author. It will appeal to anyone interested in the technique of poetry, because of Miss Walker's experiments in rhythmical language, but it will appeal on other grounds too. It is often argued that the critic's business is to judge poetry entirely as poetry; but poetry cannot exist apart from its subject matter, and most of the subject matter of this volume has a specific interest. It evokes immediately in the reader the whole social and human situation in America between the colored and the white peoples.

Miss Walker speaks in a variety of verse forms. The poem which gives its name to the volume uses a chanting rhythm, Biblical in pattern but entirely modern in vocabulary; there is a section of rhyming ballads, creating character sketches of figures of legend or reality; and there are original experiments in the sonnet form. All have a peculiar genuineness of tone quality — the quality of the speaking voice, not of literary artifice. Perhaps this is why it is a difficult poetry to quote from. There are no lines which detach themselves easily as satisfying examples of concise thought or feeling, or peculiar syllabic melody. Each poem is a sustained utterance flowing from start to finish. *We have been believers and How many years since 1619 have I been singing spirituals?* are perhaps the best illustrations. E. D.

THE DAY MUST DAWN

\$2.75

By Agnes Sligh Turnbull

MACMILLAN

THERE is a charming simplicity about this frontier romance on the old ballad plot of the fair maid loved by a warrior and a clerk. It is one of the fine qualities of Mrs. Turnbull's novels that she never forces her hand; and here, using history and geography that would permit any kind of sensationalism, she is content to deal with women and their eternal interests of household, love, and family. The scene is Hannastown, near Pittsburgh, in the year of Valley Forge,

against a background of impending peril from the Indians. Many historical personages appear, the most interesting being Simon Girty the renegade, who is plausibly explained. Of the invented characters, Martha Murray and her daughter Violet are in the foreground — frontier women, pathetically longing for the quiet and luxury of the cities but held to the wilderness by "cords light as air yet strong as iron bands." A good book for everybody, and especially for young people, to read. R. M. G.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE FIFTH

COLUMN

\$3.75

By George Fort Milton

VANGUARD

IT is a curious coincidence, and not altogether a happy one, that Mr. Milton's history of defeatism and treason during the Civil War should appear in the same year as Mr. Wood Gray's *The Hidden Civil War*. In this instance comparisons are inevitable. It is as true as it is polite to say that both books are excellent, each in its own way, and that perhaps Mr. Milton's history supplements and illustrates Mr. Gray's.

Mr. Milton tells the sad and dreary story of the perversion of the Northern Democratic partisans — who sincerely opposed the coercion of the South, who abhorred the violations of the Constitution by the Republican administration, who advocated peace and compromise — into partners in downright sedition and treason. Spurred on by active "Southern Sympathizers," their movement developed into secret machinations against the government. Such underground organizations as the Knights of the Golden Circle, Sons of Liberty, and others boasted hundreds of thousands of members pledged, in many cases, to armed resistance. For several years the dubious chances of the Union Armies were deeply threatened by a fifth column, ready and willing to stab in the back. Mr. Milton recounts all this — a familiar story to many — in an easy, agreeable style. R. E. D.

THE HIDDEN CIVIL WAR

\$3.75

By Wood Gray

VIKING

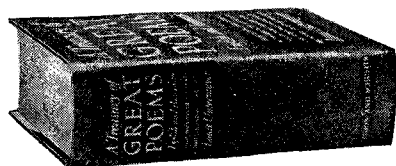
MR. GRAY tells the same story as Mr. Milton but in a very different way. His order is chronological; he analyzes the political and other trends almost month by month from contemporary sources. His documentation is immense: his references at the end of the volume take up almost fifty pages of fine print; his bibliography covers twenty-five pages (Mr. Milton's covers five). Undoubtedly the two authors follow different purposes in this connection, but it is fair to say that Mr. Gray's book is more fully annotated and thus of greater value to historians. Indeed Mr. Gray's is a thoroughly scholarly performance without being in the least dry-as-dust. Laymen may read it with keen enjoyment and a growing wonder at the plausible wrongheadedness possible in a democracy.

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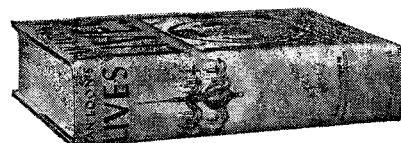


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These two volumes cover most adequately an unhappy chapter in our history, one which is almost forgotten by the ordinary citizen. This neglect is unfortunate, as there are Copperheads abroad in the land today, by whatever high-sounding name one calls them. Men of good will should read *The Hidden Civil War* and ponder on this League and that Committee which were so mighty before Pearl Harbor, and which are by no means dead today. Editorializing aside, let us rejoice in so wise and able an exposition of the past as Mr. Gray has given us. R. E. D.

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La Quintrala — the Scarlet Flower, is a tale of colonial Chile of the seventeenth century. The name was given to Doña Catalina de los Rios, daughter of the Corregidor of Santiago, because of her beauty and her bloodthirsty crimes. She is the Lucrezia Borgia of Latin America. All her life she is torn between the forces of evil and good. Those of evil are symbolized in her Negro attendant, Josefa, who is always at hand, from her birth onwards, to rout, by her sorcery and witchcraft, the forces of good symbolized in the artist-priest, Friar Pedro.

At the age of fourteen Doña Catalina murders her father by poison, and a little later stabs a lover who she thinks has been indiscreet on the subject of her reputation. For this she is indicted for murder. An honest Captain in the army becomes so infatuated by her beauty that he is willing to believe, if not in her innocence, at least in her sincere repentance. The influence of Friar Pedro lasts intermittently until she discovers through Josefa a secret of his youth. Thereafter she seals a pact with the devil.

This lurid story is told with much color and movement and is well written, but the claim on the jacket that it is brought into the focus of modern psychological theory cannot, I think, be sustained. Any application of that sort has to be supplied by the reader himself.

E. D.

THE FLYING TIGERS

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VIKING

FEELING like the proverbial busman with a day off, I picked up Russell Whelan's account of the AVG, the Flying Tigers. I wanted to see what kind of job could be done by someone who had never witnessed the AVG's successes but was writing only from hearsay. As I expected, names, dates, and places were considerably shaken up. I read with interest of the raid on the twenty-ninth of December, when Mr. Whelan credits me with shooting down a Japanese plane. Neither the raid nor the Jap existed so far as I know. Aside from these flights of fancy, Mr.

Whelan gives a very good picture of the conditions in Burma both before and after the war. His description of the Silver Grill and the raised eyebrows of the Old School Ties was wonderful. We did shake the social order a bit.

The fact that Mr. Whelan has not succumbed to the journalistic habit of turning the Allies' stupid defeats into glorious withdrawals puts him high on my list. There was no doubt that the Burma campaign was bungled, and he makes you see that clearly.

MAJOR J. G. B.

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L. M. L.

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C. C. L.

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lives are going to count measurably toward the world's betterment. A quarter-century later one of them is a fashionably cynical novelist; one a powerful labor leader and fomenter of class war; another a smugly paternalistic manufacturer, who has reduced idealism to a science of feathering his own nest; still another a rich but starved wife with a susceptibility to quack religions.

Norma Ashe, the best-endowed with spiritual promise, has become Mrs. Utterbach, a widow slaving her life away in a forlorn struggle to maintain her equity in a dingy boardinghouse, to repatch the patches on its roof, and to impose her standards of respectability on a worthless son and a thankless daughter.

The story undertakes to get its ultimate motive power from the communicable ideas of a man many years dead, the great teacher of her youth; but the reader, having waited and searched in vain for an adequate communication of what his ideas specifically were, ends by wondering whether they amounted to much more than the vaguely rebellious emotional aspiration that in our callow youth we so easily mistake for an inspired philosophy of life. W. F.

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There is interesting material, largely cited from Soviet anti-religious publications, to show the persistence of religious belief; it is possible that Professor Timasheff is a little too optimistic in some of his conclusions here. For Soviet atheists, like other human beings, have a tendency to exaggerate the "peril" which they are combatting. W. H. C.

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A year as companion to a drunken and disreputable doctor in St. Louis was followed by several filibustering expeditions to Cuba just before the Spanish War. Finally a period as attendant in a Texas insane asylum led him to a medical school in San Francisco.

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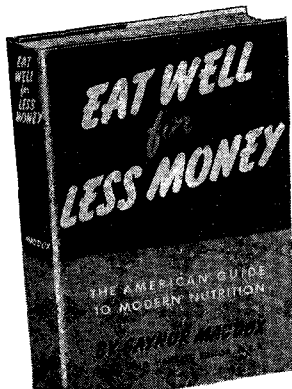
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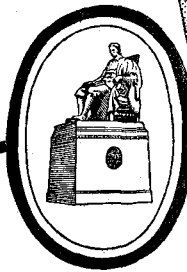
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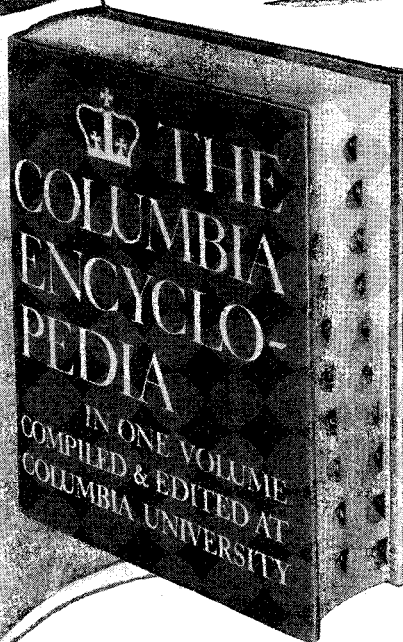
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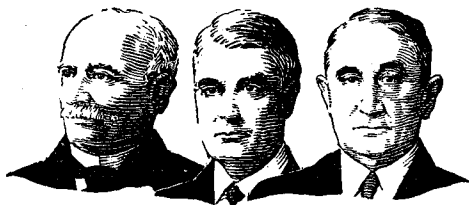
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W. H. C.

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L. M. L.

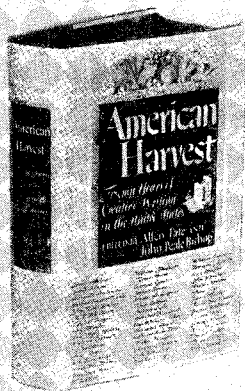
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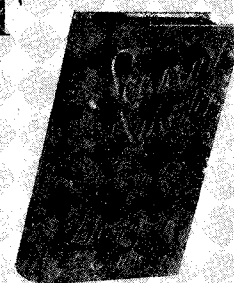
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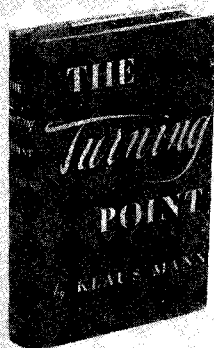
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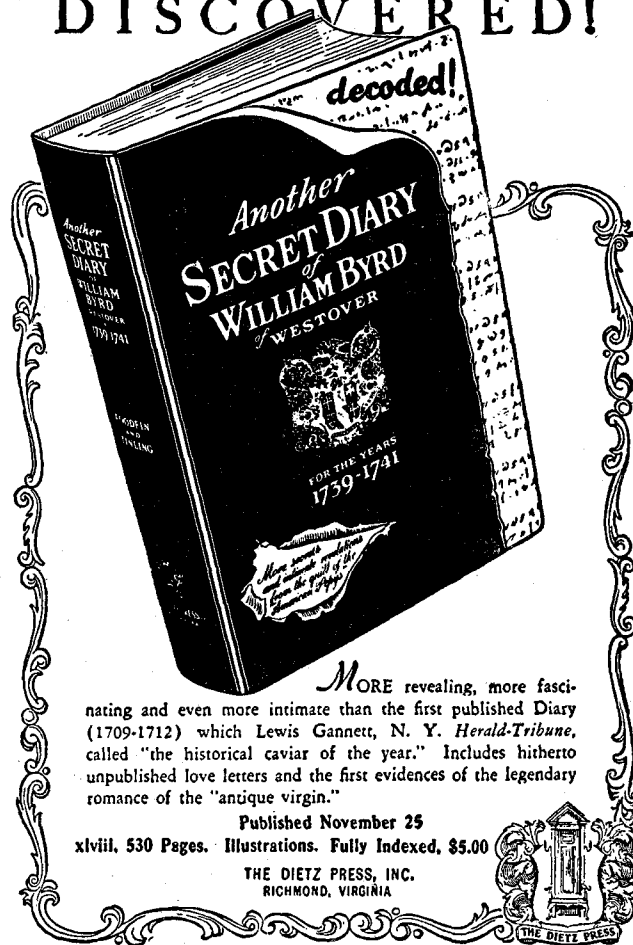
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generous citation of contemporary sources, never writing down, never shirking an essential part of the history of the confused, tumultuous decades through which Michelangelo lived, and attacking even the æsthetic problem — the problem of making pictures and sculptures individually exciting — by a combination of copiously factual discussion with the irresistible enthusiasm of the really first-rate teacher. One result is a book ostensibly for the young for which a great many of their non-specialist elders will be grateful. Another result is a perception in the reader that a good many latter-day biographies ostensibly for adults would have been immeasurably better for everybody if they had been deliberately written to beguile and reward the young. W. F.

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A historian will perhaps find most interesting Mr. Brown's scathing and well-documented story of the dry rot and incompetence which prevailed in the higher circles of military and civilian officialdom at Singapore. Mr. Brown shows himself a staunch friend of England and an ardent interventionist before Pearl Harbor. His epitaph on the Singapore mentality before and during the invasion is all the more convincing. W. H. C.

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LOUIS UNTERMAYER, who is rapidly taking all poetry to be his province, has created an anthology which is more than an anthology. Besides containing nearly one thousand poems or scraps of poems from English and American writers, the *Treasury* includes enough comment on the lives and times of the poets to make a fair-sized history of English literature. In an effort to represent the entire poetic heritage of the race, the compiler has included some sixty pages of high spots from the King James Bible. Thereafter the selections proceed in chronological order from "The Battle of Brunanburh" to Stephen Spender.

Mr. Untermeyer accords a ready welcome to light verse writers from John Skelton to Ogden Nash. The slightly invertebrate quality of the book is borne out occasionally in the editing, which is informed but not

scholarly. Mr. Untermeyer has rashly rewritten a famous line by Milton to suit his own ear, he has quoted as Donne's a stanza assigned by Professor Grierson probably to John Dowland, and he has used a snatch from Ben Jonson without indicating that it is taken from a longer poem. But these and the like are venial errors in a book that is not intended for trained readers but welcomes one and all to picnic on the slopes of Parnassus. Its "stylish stout" format expresses its easy geniality. G. F. W.

THE WEALD OF YOUTH

By Siegfried Sassoon

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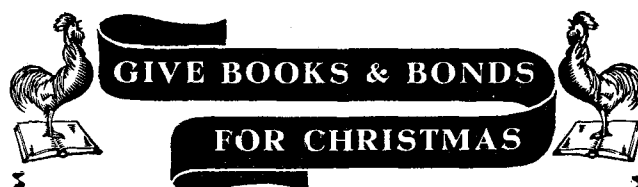
VIKING

"It is with the minutiae of mortality that I am mainly occupied in this half-humorous epitome of my career," says the author about this book; and elsewhere he describes his method of "affectionately" recounting his past experiences as he rambles meditatively in the byways of his mind, and attempts to compose an outline of his mental history. This is an admirable summing-up of Siegfried Sassoon's particular quality as a "stereoscopic memoirizer," and though there are occasions on which one wonders if the original spontaneity is not becoming a little staled by habit, if it is not a little too "affectionate" and too "composed," there is plenty to compensate for those occasions.

The main topic of this volume is Sassoon's literary career from 1909 until the outbreak of the war of 1914. It opens with his delight in the publication of a poem: "a not very exhilarating sonnet about the poet Villon when he was more down and out than usual"; takes us through his period of imitation of the minor poets of the nineties, and of that of writing "in a loosely uplifting way on outdoor subjects," and includes an extremely comic account of his day-dreams of the fame which he was to win from the publication of an anonymous parody of Masfield. What he actually won was a review in *The Athenaeum* which ran: "This is a pointless and weak-kneed imitation of *The Everlasting Mercy*. The only conclusion we obtain from its perusal is that it is easy to write worse than Mr. Masfield."

There are accounts of his unsuccessful attempt to reach literary circles in pre-war London, in spite of his acquaintanceship with Edmund Gosse and Eddie Marsh; and it concludes with an analysis of his total unpreparedness of spirit for the war, although he enlisted in the army on the day it was declared. E. D.

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THE
Atlantic Monthly Press
PRESENTS

for December a Christmas reminder of four *Atlantic* successes.

In our October column we said we thought *MARTHA ALBRAND'S NO SURRENDER* was as thrilling a story as *ESCAPE* and *ROGUE MALE*. At that time we had only our own word to offer. Now others

LITERARY
CONTENTMENT

have confirmed our judgment, and a small army of new readers each week is discovering for itself the excitement in this novel about undefeated Holland that has aroused such critical enthusiasm. Said Jane Spence Southron in the *New York Times*: "Here is a book that this reviewer has read, most unusually, thrice running. First straight through. . . . Then the entire route swiftly retraced to note just what historical or other data should be checked. Finally . . . a carefree settling down to a period of sheer, unadulterated literary contentment. To stand such treatment, a book must decidedly have quality. . . . Structurally the novel is first rate. It has the heightened drama and suspense and the accelerated pace demanded by its subject. It has integrity. . . . It is a beautiful love story; almost unbearably pitiful but strong and very tender. It is a cleverly plotted story." And Lisle Bell in the *New York Herald Tribune Books* found a "breathless climax. . . . The characters are drawn with exceptional skill and the novel reflects the Dutch spirit with eloquence and fidelity. The book has some of the qualities of John Steinbeck's 'The Moon Is Down' . . ."

ANN BRIDGE needed no introduction to *Atlantic* readers when we announced her new novel, *FRONTIER PASSAGE*, last September. *PEKING PICNIC*, *ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE*, and *ILLYRIAN*

SUPERLATIVE
QUALITY

SPRING had established her reputation. We predicted that this new tale of border intrigue and romance would enhance it. Others agree. Rose Feld writes in the *New York Times Book Review*: "There is a tremendous satisfaction in reading a book that holds one not with plot alone and the characterization of the actors important to it but with the

magnetism of the author's mind. *Ann Bridge's* new novel is such a book. . . . It has the excitement of a spy story and the pity and depth of a profoundly searching human document. . . . A book of superlative quality." Ted Robinson in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* says: "You must read the story for yourself; but take my word for it that it will hold your attention. There is tragedy in it, and mystery, and everything the skilled author of *PEKING PICNIC* needs to make an entertaining story."

On November 9th we published *ANGEL MO' AND HER SON: ROLAND HAYES*, by *MACKINLEY HELM*. As we write, no reviews are available. But

ANGEL
MO'

readers who have had a foretaste of this remarkable and deeply moving book in the pages of the *Atlantic* have been able to form their own opinion. Many of you have written to express it, and we should like to reprint here excerpts from two representative letters which first appeared in *Atlantic Repartee*. "I was deeply delighted at the wholeness of Roland Hayes that came through Dr. Helm's beautiful articulation. The way he has managed to give the oral and reflective quality fills me with wonder. Altogether a masterly piece of work." And another: "I have just read with enthusiasm the first Roland Hayes article in the August *Atlantic*. It is really amazing and delightful how Dr. Helm has caught the exact feeling of his subject. It is a first-rate job."

COUSIN WILLIAM, which we published on November 10th, was the last book to come from the pen of one of our most beloved authors.

DELLA
LUTES

As *Atlantic* readers know, *DELLA LUTES* died last July at her home in Cooperstown, N. Y. Like the late Clarence Day, Mrs. Lutes was long a sufferer from arthritis. Yet in her writing there was no hint of physical restriction and pain. Into her books, as into her relations with those who knew her, she poured all the gayety and charm of an unbreakable spirit. *COUSIN WILLIAM* carries on in the savoury, heartwarming vein of *THE COUNTRY KITCHEN*. Mrs. Lutes could have no better or more enduring memorial.



ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOKS
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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Mrs. Hathaway's most beautiful piece in the October *Atlantic* goes right to the heart. It has such a haunting quality of returning and returning that I wish it were already in book form so that I could stay with that wonderful person who is talking so incandescently about herself and so tenderly holding the world within that palm wherein she saw the island. I want to say too that the wonderful expression of the ownership of the new house was especially poignant to me. — *Chenoweth Hall, Prospect Harbor, Me.*

I seldom write fan letters but I am highly enthusiastic about the first installment of "The Little Locksmith" which I read last night. The sensitiveness, intuitiveness, and psychological-mindedness of it make it very impressive, and I intend to have some of my psychiatric social worker students study it. I am very anxious to see the next installment. Many people will secretly thank the author for having written it. — *Dr. Karl Menninger, New York City*

I was on a train with troops that stopped at Cheyenne when I bought the October *Atlantic* and read "The Little Locksmith," by Katharine Butler Hathaway. As a reader of the *Atlantic*, I want to thank you for publishing it — and to congratulate you on this accomplishment. It is one of the finest, most beautiful, and most distinguished pieces of belles-lettres I have had the pleasure of reading in the *Atlantic* or anywhere else in years, and my memory goes back a long time. In the Indian summer of New England, Katharine Butler Hathaway is one bright flower the autumn frost has failed to freeze. I'm glad you have plucked and pressed her between the pages of the *Atlantic* for us all to read and enjoy! — *Merrill Moore, Major, Medical Corps, Army of the United States, en route westward*

Had you any idea how much your readers would enjoy "The Little Locksmith"? An "affliction" gave her the cosmic sense and liberated a human being.

I also enjoyed Howard Mumford Jones; he gave a close-up of our global humanity. It is one of the most intelligent articles on the human race ever given *Atlantic* readers. — *Anne Praeger, Claflin, Kan.*

I simply cannot tell you how exquisite I found "The Little Locksmith." I have given it to my seventeen-year-old girl to read as the most beautiful prose I have read in years as well as the most wonderful expression of personality. — *Mrs. Munroe Day, Cambridge, Mass.*

No one who can write as Mrs. Hathaway does in the October *Atlantic* needs any word of appreciation. To be what she must be is its own reward. Yet I do want just to say "thank you." I can think of no word as heartening in these days as is hers. God bless her for it. — *Mrs. Mary Stacy Thomson, Morgan Hill, Cal.*

I hate to read "The Little Locksmith" piecemeal. I want it all in one long, satisfying feast. I can't tell you how thrilling it is to me to meet Mrs. Hathaway's inner self. Such revelation is the great heart of all literature. — *Priscilla Ordway, Newton Center, Mass.*

I have often been tempted to send a word of encouragement to a writer, but have always torn up the letters before mailing them. At the last minute they always seemed presumptuous or patronizing, or both. This time I hope to get as far as the mailbox.

Mrs. Hathaway does not really need encouragement, for she already has courage, as well as confidence, style, and material; but perhaps a friendly word from a reader will serve to add a little to the cheer which is all about her.

Her story brought vividly to me pictures of that great genius Steinmetz. I was privileged to know him well while at Union College. Extremely short, with an ugly face and unruly stiff hair, as well as the back with the "unmentionable" name, he spent his life, while awake, standing or kneeling on the seat and leaning on the back of a straight-backed chair. He was never happier than when surrounded in his home with young friends, drinking beer and singing songs. He enjoyed a happy and tremendously useful life.

I hope and think that Mrs. Hathaway's happy years in bed brought good results physically as I know they did mentally. The reason I tell about Steinmetz is that it should be conceded, and he said so himself, that his singular ability to concentrate



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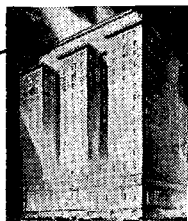
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and to think out new electrical and mathematical problems came from his inability to do much else. Pope is another example. And I feel her years in bed have been of inestimable aid to her. To say I think Mrs. Hathaway will reach the heights may seem fulsome, but I know it will be so. — *Porter L. Merriman, Albany, N. Y.*

Flying Tigers

It was a great pleasure to see something about the Flying Tigers in the October *Atlantic*. I have been constantly surprised by people who asked, "What is the AVG?" Only after we entered the war and really started fighting did the American Volunteer Group begin to get the recognition it deserved. Now, when it has broken up and its members are slowly drifting back, people appreciate what it has done. Many thanks to your magazine for spreading the story of this gallant vanguard of America's fighting men! — *Anna W. Wright, Wyncote, Penn.*

I have just read the letters of Major Bright in the October issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. They are superb letters and do him as much credit as his distinguished part in the war. I admire him tremendously because of these letters, especially for the things that he does not tell and for his comment about Hemingway and Steinbeck. With such men in our armed forces, there can be no doubt of the outcome.

I know that his parents will treasure these letters beyond anything else. But I do hope that some day they may find a place in the archives of the Princeton University Library, where, a century from now, they will mean as much to historians as the similar letters written by American soldiers during the Revolution. I admire them so much because they are such authentic American letters. — *Julian P. Boyd, Librarian, Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.*

The Pacific War

In the discussion of current events in the September issue of the *Atlantic*, in dealing with India it was stated that documents had been found proving that Gandhi believed that the Axis was going to win.

I recently mentioned this fact in the course of an argument and the accuracy of the statement was denied.

Would it be possible for you to let me know what the authority for it was? — *Eustace Seligman, New York City*

The author of our Pacific Report replies: —

The statement which I quoted was taken from the minutes of the Working Committee of Congress. These were seized by the British. This statement, which was published in the Indian but not in the American press, should be read as an entry in those minutes. In other words, in the view of the Working Committee,

Gandhi thought it possible that the Axis might win. As I recall it, we copied the quotation down directly from the printed memorandum on the seized papers.

Will the Christian Church Survive?

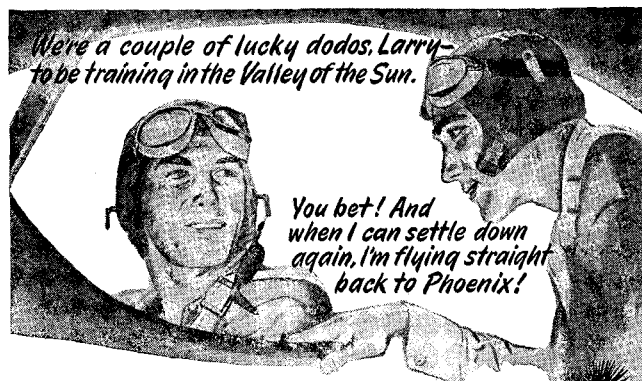
You are to be congratulated for the publication of the article in your October number by Bernard Iddings Bell, "Will the Christian Church Survive?" That is the most outstanding article I have come across in any magazine for a long time. I had almost despaired of ever seeing again in print so bold a stand taken on the real unvarnished truth. Would that there were a hundred men such as Bell where there is one. — E. R. Hartman, Montrose, Col.

I have been very much interested to read Dr. Bell's article in the October *Atlantic Monthly*. With most of the article I find myself in very considerable agreement, although when he says on page 110 that the common people today think the Church is so insignificant that the Christians are not worth crucifying, I would at least raise the question as to whether there aren't more being crucified or otherwise done to death in various parts of the world, because of their loyal Christianity, than have so suffered for many centuries. It is a rather startling fact that the one great opposition to the modern type of tyranny expressed through totalitarianism has come from the Christian Church in nation after nation. I know Dr. Bell believes that that is true and I am a little surprised that he made no particular point in that connection. — Reverend Doctor Henry Smith Leiper, Universal Christian Council, New York City

To be sure, the militant Bernard Iddings Bell provides your readers with a stirring philippic in the October number of the *Atlantic*. He both flays and exhorts a varied and guilty multitude with zeal and energy, although his powers of discrimination are somewhat less obvious.

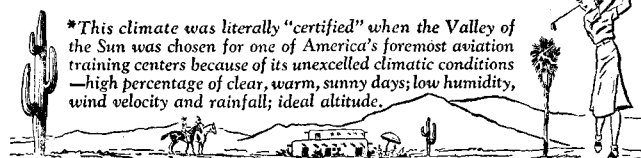
But the odd phenomenon which interests this reader is the weird mental process of a vigorous and vehement divine, who apparently assumes that Catholics, Anglicans, and Protestants are all so unified in a great Christian collectivity that they may be properly designated as the "Christian Church." He seems to imply that fundamental doctrinal differences count for nothing, and that all would be fine if they would heed his vague exhortations and pull themselves up to his confident interpretation of Christian moral standards.

Of course the tragic fact is that these religious bodies do not agree on a common creed, on the nature and mission of the Church, or even on a common moral code, although the obvious teaching of the Gospel is that they can and should. The Divine plan of the Church as set forth by its Founder contemplates not division and disunion, with doctrinal discord and confusion, but on the contrary a sacred solidarity, clearly symbolized by the significant figure of the "one fold and the one shepherd."



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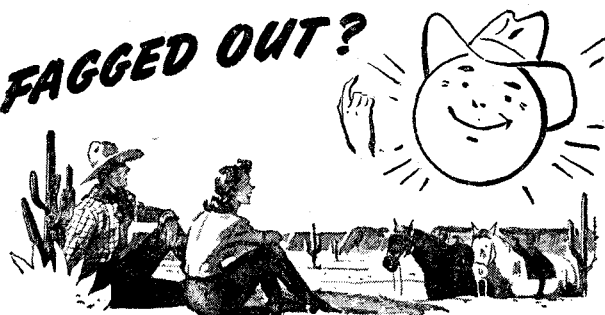


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Atlantic Repartee

The author is surely aware that within his own denomination there are doctrinal divisions which reach down to the very foundations of Christian faith. And no one should be so superficial as to think that these and all the other differences have no gravely weakening influence on the Christian religion in the fulfillment of its divine mission to teach, sanctify, and save. Doctrinal dissent is not a source of strength, and non-dogmatic sermonizing will not bring about a moral reformation.

Chesterton observes somewhere that he did not want a Church that was right when he was right, but that he wanted a Church that was right when he was wrong. He expected something from Christ, fully equal to our needs and well worthy of a Divine founder. He found it after much thought and study, and felt well repaid for his efforts.

The distinguished clergyman who has occasioned these comments will help on his own project of "reform" if he will but get down to fundamentals and settle the preliminary question of "form." What is needed is a calm, sincere, logical study of the true nature and mission of the Church which Christ established to carry on His work in the world. Our understanding of Gospel morality is sadly deficient if it does not impel us first and foremost to do what we can to restore this unity of teaching, worship, and government which was shattered some centuries ago. Our present calamities are making this duty imperative and urgent. — *George Thompson, Oswego, Ore.*

Dr. Bell sets up a man of straw and asserts that this straw position is that of every man who fails to back up the Church. He is enabled to do this plausibly because he boils down three distinct positions into two, and then attributes to all his opponents a position which only some of them hold. The three positions involved in the question which Dr. Bell discusses are these: (1) A thoroughly selfish ideal for both individuals and nations, which rejects or ignores the nobler and more fundamental principles of righteousness. (2) The Christian's ideal of the moral life for both individuals and nations. (3) Belief in the alleged supernatural origin and sanctions of (2), together with a few extra beliefs such as that in human immortality. Dr. Bell writes as if (2) and (3) always went together; as if one could not hold (2) unless one also held (3); and therefore as if the man who cannot accept (3) must, or at any rate almost always does, oppose (2). In other words his position seems to be this: that the man who does not accept the Church's supernatural doctrines regularly rejects the purely moral teachings and ideals of Jesus.

Now this is very far from being the case. A steadily increasing number of honest thinkers who earnestly desire the highest welfare of mankind and who accept all of Dr. Bell's seven principles (on pp. 108 and 109) except the first, do not believe in the supernatural part of the Christian's faith. They work for

the same social reforms, for the same unselfish devotion in the heart of the individual as does the Church. And their number and their influence are increasing. Dr. Bell completely ignores them — seems never to have heard of them. For him there are only two parties — those of God and of the Devil. As a fact, the party of Man, the party of Reason, is the chief hope of the future.

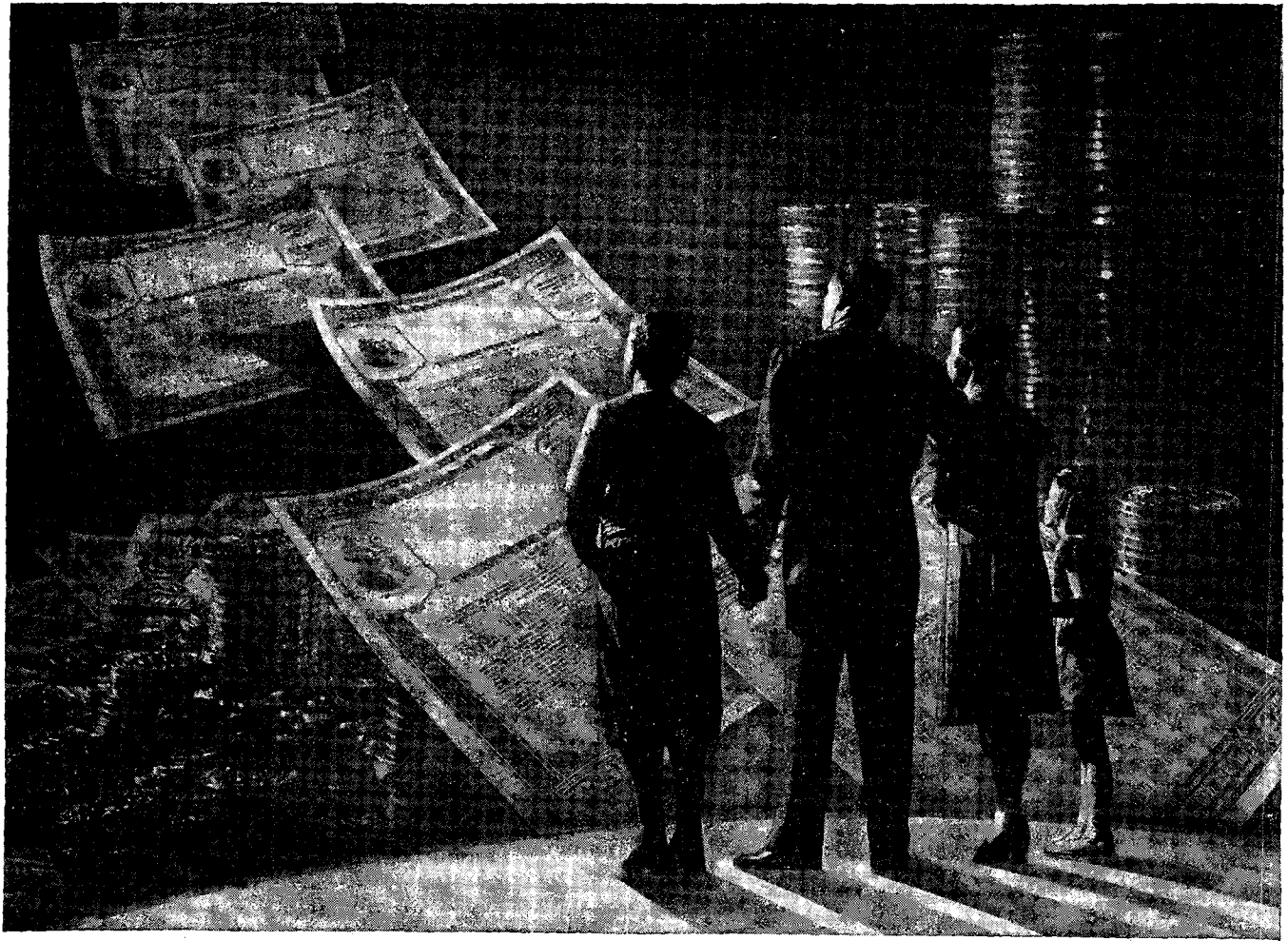
With practically all Dr. Bell's other positions I agree. I believe that Religion has a great deal to teach in addition to morality. Though I do not believe that ethics can be founded upon the will of God, I recognize fully that Religion in general, and Christianity and the Christian Church in particular, are the greatest forces for righteousness that the world at present possesses. With Dr. Bell I believe in God, in Christianity (of my own sort), and in a very real form of mysticism. I quite agree with the diagnosis of the weakness of the Church Dr. Bell has given on pages 108 and 110-112. As a matter of diagnosis, or as an attempt to answer the question why the Church is losing its hold on so many families that used to be Christian, more stress should probably be laid on the steady popularization of an ill-considered Naturalism — for which I believe our colleges are sadly responsible. The kind of religious education which our churches give and the wretched stuff our preachers often call sermons — these share with us professors some of the guilt. — *Professor James B. Pratt, Williamstown, Mass.*

I want to say that I find Dr. Bell's article stimulating and helpful. I hope it will help to arouse particularly the clergy of the Church to a realization that the Church has to change considerably, or be smashed, for a future resurrection in its transformed state. — *Right Reverend W. Appleton Lawrence, Springfield, Mass.*

Dr. Bell's article in the *Atlantic* for October asks a question but fails to answer it. The question is "Will the Christian Church Survive?" The reply merely is a diagnosis or survey of the supposed condition of the Church and fails to answer the question.

The fatal failure of the article is its fallacious and misleading one-sidedness. It states some truths, but most of the statements are only half-truths and therefore have the unintended effect of being untruths. The article is nine-tenths pessimism and one-tenth optimism — if as much as this.

If the question whether the Church can survive is to be answered, there must be consideration of the positive, constructive, affirmative factors as well as of the negative, destroying, denying factors. This, however, Dr. Bell fails to do. He ignores the fact that the average Christian or churchman is an average man or woman and is not expected to become a spiritual superman, not even by Jesus Himself. What Jesus expected was the willingness and the effort to become such spiritual-minded men and women. Dr. Bell overlooks or ignores the persisting continuity of imperfect human nature in even the best of Christians.



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Another vitiating fallacy in his article is its failure to mention the vigorous and vital activities of the Church in our own time. No *dying* or *decadent* Church could carry on world-wide, successful missions as the Church is doing, to say nothing of its multitudinous philanthropies and humanitarian services at home. — *Frederic Perry Noble, Spokane, Wash.*

I deeply enjoyed Dr. Bell's splendid contribution, "Will the Christian Church Survive?"

The writer, Jewish (reform), has posed the same question of his own leaders, who feel the need for a greater vitality in the spheres of religion, but who have failed to get the message through to the consciousness of their congregations.

All religion is on trial. However, in spite of the ordeals ahead I believe the answer lies in the lessons to be learned from widespread suffering and the loss of privilege and position.

In other words it seems that we shall have to be shorn naked in order to *see* again with Jesus. Comfort has desensitized us to spiritual values. — *Private M. M. Kornfeld, Keesler Field, Miss.*

I read Canon Bell's article, "Will the Christian Church Survive?" with a great deal of interest. As I understand it, he is calling for a prophet to bring the Church out of its rut. He thus resorts to the methods of the Middle Ages, with its appeals to the emotions. Even then the good done was only temporary. This is an age of reason. The psychology of today calls for something definite and concrete.

The men of the field and the woods know God is about them. All nature is in God, and God is in all of us. Jesus, the greatest of teachers and the most elemental of men, taught that. He tried to demonstrate, by word and deed, that he was the son of God. Not a God; not the son of God, but a man; a part of God. And so are we all. As parts of the universe, as parts of nature, we are part of God. God is in us and we in God. We cannot be separated.

If the Church would teach that to succeed we must work, and that work must be with the understanding of the laws of God, which are not mystic or capable of miracles, but are simply the laws of nature — of the wind and rain and sun and growing things and animals and men, the people of today could understand and believe. The pull that is today getting volunteers into Red Cross workrooms, into the jobs of air-raid wardens, Victory garden leaders, and the like, can be equally well used by the Church to get the rank and file of its members working for a better civilization.

As a starting point I should like to suggest that the old prayers of request and worship and adoration be discarded for a prayer of dedication, something like: "I will build in myself an understanding heart, and comprehending mind, and loving spirit, that I may have the necessary strength and courage

and power to be enabled to do my full share toward carrying on the work left unfinished by Jesus Christ, that he may not have died in vain." — *Leo Mehler, Monroe, Va.*

Paying the War Bill

Because I have hoped for so many years for such an article as Professor Alvin H. Hansen's "We Can Pay the War Bill" in the October issue, I want to tell you how deeply gratified I am to have been able to read and reread it in the *Atlantic*.

I have expected to find such an article, however, in one of the architectural magazines, and I have looked in vain for years for such a clear presentation of a host of thoughts which have kept me wondering for a long time.

My only wish now is that Professor Hansen does "carry no little weight in Washington" and that this weight will so increase that the scales of economic thought will touch the table with the pan which carries this weight.

I have taken the liberty to suggest to three architectural magazines that they should reprint at least Sections 5 and 6 of Professor Hansen's article, if not all of it, and if that could be done my gratification will be much greater. There must be many persons of responsible position in the building industry who read one or two of the architectural magazines yet have not the sense to read the *Atlantic*. — *Gardner C. Coughlen, Green Bay, Wis.*

I was interested in Alvin H. Hansen's article, "We Can Pay the War Bill," for several reasons. We are often told that we have as good a government as we deserve, because we have as good a one as we demand. It is probably also true that we have as good an economic system as we deserve. But we cannot demand a better one unless we understand economics. — *Mary L. McClere, Los Angeles, Cal.*

Atlantic Poets

Jan Struther's thirteen stanzas of "Traveling America" in the October *Atlantic* present happy surprises to the easy reader. She stabs us with a theme in the very first line, and we Americans who love to travel in old England lean back to see just how our native land compares with the faraway land of our dreams. Yes, New England, Middle Atlantic, and South Atlantic — even the Shenandoah and westward — all remind her of homeland. But coming to the great Southwest, here's the climax.

Lesser similarities are anticlimaxed midway in the poem. In Kentucky Miss Struther is carried to Scotland; but parts of the deep South are English enough, notwithstanding the paler mallow-blooms "wet with rain." In the grazing lands she takes us neatly to England, even transports us from the Black Hills.

1942-1943

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Atlantic Repartee

Only in the Southwest is there a land of lost echoes, a land of enchantment, which is strangeness that "brings peace."

The lyric qualities of "Traveling America" are truly those of the enchanted. With a few exceptions, the caesura is used effectively; and there is a rich handling of cadence. In the singing, there is a whiff of Whitman. — *Carl Wright, Marion, Tex.*

Jan Struther's poem in your October issue adds that much more, in my opinion, to her stature as Britain's outstanding ambassador to our country. She perceives the similarities and differences between us. She looks neither up nor down at America, but views it with a straight and level friendly interest. She is, in short, exactly the kind of Englishwoman we have known (and in spite of some evidence to the contrary) must exist! — *Virginia Scott Miner, Kansas City, Mo.*

Has Pegasus suddenly become the victim of spavin? Else why the stumbling prosody in the October issue of Jan Struther's poem entitled "Traveling America"?

If Mrs. Struther is not aware that she should not change horses in midstream and should stick to the medium of prose, in which she certainly excels, the *Atlantic* should know. Or is it that the old adage, "Nothing succeeds like success," has taken a sudden perverted twist?

Let *Atlantic* readers, who are poetry lovers, thirst and be filled with such a sonnet as appeared in the August issue. I have reference to the poem "Genesis Again" by Virginia French. Miss French has a comprehension of the symbolistic technique and a subtlety and smoothness of phraseology which, paradoxically enough, whet the mind and soothe the senses. Since first seeing a poem by this young writer which appeared some months ago in the *Atlantic* Contributors' Club and was entitled "Sonnet," I have been searching the pages for more contributions. Hence, I was highly gratified with the August issue.

So come now, Mr. Editor, let's have more like the above and not commence "Traveling America" in quite such a lumbering, teeth-jolting trot. May Pegasus always "rack on!" — *L. Virginia Holland, Decatur, Ill.*

Miss Converse's beautiful verses in the October *Atlantic*, "Descend, O Dante," are lovely beyond words. They have a constant place on my desk, and I am trying to learn some of the lines.

She has struck a chord that keeps reverberating in my soul, so deep and abiding.

The last two lines I find always are a part of my prayer. This is only a little acknowledgment of much I feel I owe to her. — *Rebekah C. Woods, Sewickley, Penn.*

I have read and reread "Descend, O Dante," and it has stirred me every time. What I mean by "stirred" is that the poem has sent the chills to my spine and called back a resolution to my heart. — *Elliott Coleman, Order of the Holy Cross, West Park, N. Y.*

The Patent Problem: An Inventor Speaks

A striking feature of discussions, both in and out of Congress, in reference to patents, is the ignoring of important fundamentals and the apparent disregard of constitutional rights of the individual. Abuses in the handling of patents by certain large corporations are made the reason for direct and vicious attack on guaranteed rights rather than a correction of the wrongs. Furthermore, an impression seems to prevail that the granting of a patent is purely a favor on the part of the government, which can be given out or withdrawn at will.

The neglect of the individual inventor, the broad claims to power by Congress, and the inherent unconstitutionality of patent laws in force and in bills proposed warrant a review of the constitutional provisions.

Article 1, Section 8, paragraph 8, of the United States Constitution, "Powers of Congress," limits patent legislation solely to the aim of the promotion of the arts and sciences. It, in itself, establishes the property right of the inventor in his inventions. It provides that the property right shall be an exclusive monopoly so far as the inventor himself is concerned. To Congress is given merely the right to establish the duration of this exclusive monopoly, and to set up machinery through which the inventor may maintain his rights. No power is given to Congress to limit otherwise, or do away with, such rights, or to abolish what we call a patent system when once established.

Patent bills now before Congress, if passed in their original form, would result in virtual confiscation of the rights of the individual. Upon the inventor would fall the brunt of securing accounting for wartime use of his invention, of instituting suit for recovery of monies due, and the like. Few individuals are in a position to stand such expense. Corporations with legal staffs and plenty of money would be the only ones who could afford to prosecute such actions and benefit thereby.

Paragraph 18 is the very kernel of a democratic constitution. It provides necessary flexibility as, for example, by permitting Congress to issue patents delimiting the invention. This paragraph also very definitely limits such extensions of government power to that which is "necessary" and "proper." The necessity must be shown on demand and the propriety established. For example, it may be necessary in war to make use of inventions of value and to prevent the enemy from acquiring knowledge of them. Nor may an inventor hinder the process. However, no necessity can be shown for cancelling a patent

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MARCH 3, 1933**

*of ATLANTIC MONTHLY
published Monthly at Concord, N. H.
for October 1st, 1942*

State of Massachusetts, County of Suffolk, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Donald B. Snyder, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the Atlantic Monthly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933 embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

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*Donald B. Snyder
(Signature of publisher)*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September 1942.

[SEAL]

*L. H. Houghton, Notary Public
(My commission expires September 4, 1947)*

monopoly for refusing to pay full value; or for making patent cancellation a penalty for a criminal act in violation of the Amendments, for example. Minimum monopoly abridgement is compulsory, with all costs of accounting, adjudication of disputes, and the like, forced by such invasion, a proper cost of such invasion payable in full by the government.

Monopoly legislation may never be used to interfere with any patent monopoly in which one or more inventors maintain a substantial interest. Property in invention comprises each act of application, or failure to apply during the monopoly life.

Space does not permit enlargement of these ideas. It is hoped, however, that they will suggest the need of examining more carefully proposed legislation. — *George Atwell Richardson, Philadelphia, Penn.*

Letters Save Lives

How I enjoyed "Letters Save Lives"! For four years, daily passing letters were the bread of life to two whom, before marriage, fate kept apart for months at a time. Now, thirteen years after death ended thirty-three years of a wonderful companionship, a rereading of her letters shows that she was a writer after your prescribed pattern.

So close did our lives run together in these letters and in after-living that when she had gone away my first impulse was to resume my pen. There was so much to tell. — *Walton Forstall, Rosemont, Penn.*

Pray send on to Anonymous, who wrote "Letters Save Lives" in the October number, my expression of appreciation of her article. I am wondering if the writing of the article was as healing to her soul as the reading of it was to me. I sent it immediately (by air) to my husband and am eagerly awaiting his response to it. I wish it could be put into the hands of every Service husband and wife separated involuntarily by this present state of the world. January 2, 1942, found me being evacuated from a very pleasant lend-lease base, leaving my entire immediate family there: my husband on duty of course; our two daughters permitted to stay because one was married to a subject of the country, the other twenty-one years old (and no longer a dependent, so classed) with a defense position. The second daughter has married since my departure. While I have not quite completed the first year, I do know, in truth, that Letters Save Lives. Is it possible to put me in direct communication with the writer? — *Mary Rogers Sward, Nashville, Ind.*

May I congratulate you on the article "Letters Save Lives" in the October issue under Accent on Living? I feel that this is a very significant and powerful piece of writing, expressing deep feeling and a keen understanding of human and spiritual values. The members of my journalism class were greatly impressed with it when I read the essay aloud to them this morning. Please convey my appreciation to Anonymous. — *J. Almus Russell, Dakota West*